

# Democrat and Sentinel.

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

NEW SERIES.

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## TERMS:

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## Select Poetry.

### WINTER.

BY R. JOHNSON.

I saw, come circling to the ground,  
November's sear and yellow leaf  
While dreary autumn strewn around  
Its garb to wrap the soul in grief.  
Ah, melancholy hour of time,  
The saddest that my heart e'er knows,  
When summer voices cease to clime,  
And winter round the mantle throws.

The wailing winds come rushing by,  
And seem to mock the summer's stay,  
The dark clouds send across the sky,  
The bird now has ceased his lay:  
We feel the blasts sweep o'er the earth,  
Where bloomed the flower fresh and fair,  
And see the hand that plucks the wreath,  
And hangs his byes to spectre there.

High on the tree top, bare and sear,  
Where snows on snows are piling high,  
The rook through the day we hear,  
Mingling his notes with winds that sigh—  
The heart grows sick, the spirits low,  
While winter harps his doleful strain;  
Yes, 'tis the saddest hour I know  
When summer voices leave the plain.

How unlike spring, Oh, winter drear  
Thou art, in all thy blighting sway;  
Oh, give me back the kindly cheer  
That glads the merry month of May;  
We hear no more the morning song  
Of thrush and robin on the hills,  
While winter birds in fifters throng  
The gentle ripples of the rills.

Those which in sparkling gambols stole  
With joyous music to the main,  
Now feel the hand that holds control,  
And sing no more in merry strain:  
The leaf that lent its grateful shade  
To cheer the weary traveller's way,  
Yields to the change that winter's made,  
And shivering flutters from the spray.

And then I think will Time no more  
Review the ashes of the urn,  
And will not spring with winter's o'er,  
Bring back those forms when flow'rs re-  
turn.

I seem to hear the voice once dear,  
I see the forms, I know the tread,  
Tho' autumn's leaves, now brown and sear,  
Strew thick the dwellings of the dead.

I know the time shall come again  
To clothe the earth in verdant bloom,  
And death shall cease his gloomy reign,  
Amid his tenants of the tomb,  
A mighty voice shall break the spell  
Of all that mould'rs in the dust,  
And Death no more of victories tell,  
For earth shall render back its trust.

## Tales and Sketches.

### "Lead us not into Temptation."

AN APPEALING COURT INDICTMENT.

LAW—though framed for the protection of society, for the individual benefit of its members—often admits of a construction adverse to the designs of its legislators; and in its application, frequently defeats the object which it was intended to sustain. We have, however, numerous instances, wherein honest juries have given their verdicts, conformable to the promptings of justice; and, happily, when such decisions have not been too widely different from the expressed will, they have escaped from the appeal.

We take pleasure in relating an incident, which greatly enlisted our sympathies, held us spell-bound by its interest, and finally made our heart leap with joy at its happy termination.

In the spring of 1841—we chanced to be spending a few days in a beautiful inland country town in Pennsylvania. It was court-week, and to relieve us from the somewhat monotonous indishments of village life, we stepped into the room where the court had convened.

Among the prisoners in the box, we saw a lad but ten years of age, whose sad and pensive countenance, his young and innocent appearance, caused him to look sadly out of place among the hardened criminals by whom he was surrounded. Close by the box, and manifesting the greatest interest in the proceedings, sat a fearful woman, whose anxious glance from the judge to the boy, left us no room to doubt that it was his mother. We turned with sadness from the scene to inquire of the offence of the prisoner, and learned he was accused of stealing money.

The case was soon commenced, and by the interest manifested by that large crowd, we found that our heart was not the only one in which sympathy for the lad existed. How we pitied him! The bright smile had vanished from his face, and now in more expressed the cares of the aged. His young sister—a bright-eyed girl—had gained admission to his side, and cheered him with the whisperings of hope. But that sweet voice, which before caused his heart to bound with happiness, added only to the grief his shame had brought upon him.

The progress of the case acquainted us with the circumstances of the loss, the extent of which was but a dime—no more!

The lad's employer, a wealthy, miserly and unprincipled manufacturer, had made use of it

for the purpose of what he called "testing the boy's honesty." It was placed, where from its very position the lad would oftentimes see it, and least suspect the trap. A day passed, and the master, to his mortification, not pleasure, found the coin untouched. Another day passed, and yet his object was not gained. He was, however, determined that the boy should take it, and so let it remain.

This continued temptation was too much for the lad's resistance. The dime was taken. A simple present for that little sister was purchased with it. But while returning home to gladden her heart, his own was made heavy by being treated—*a crime of the nature of which he little knew.* These circumstances were sustained by several of his employer's workmen, who were also parties to the plot. An attorney urged upon the jury the necessity of making the "little rogue" an example to others, by punishment.—His address had great effect upon all who heard it. Before, I could see many tears of sympathy for the lad, his widowed mother and his faithful sister. But their eyes were all dry now, and none looked as if they cared for, or expected aught else but a conviction. The accuser sat in a conspicuous place, smiling as if in fiend-like exultation over the misery he had brought upon that poor, but once happy trio. We felt that there was but little hope for the boy; and the youthful appearance of the attorney who had volunteered his defence, gave no encouragement—as we learned that it was the young man's maiden plea—his first address. He appeared greatly confused and reached to a desk near him, from which he took the Bible that had been used to solemnize the testimony. This movement was received with general laughter and taunting remarks—among which we heard a harsh fellow close by us cry out—

"He forgets where he is. Thinking to take hold of some ponderous law book, he has made a mistake and got the Bible."  
The remark made the young attorney flush with anger, and turning his flashing eye upon the audience, he convinced them it was no mistake, saying, "Justice wants no other book." His confusion was gone, and instantly he was as calm as the sober judge on the bench.

The Bible was opened, and every eye was upon him, as he quietly and leisurely turned over the leaves. Amidst a breathless silence, he read to the jury this sentence:

"Lead us not into temptation."  
We felt our heart throb at the sound of these words. The audience looked at each other without speaking—and the jury men mutely exchanged glances, as the appropriate quotation carried its moral to their hearts. Then followed an address which, for its pathetic eloquence, we have never heard excelled. Its influence was like magic. We saw the guilty accuser leave the room in fear of personal violence. The prisoner looked hopeful—the mother smiled again—and, before its conclusion, there was not an eye in the court that did not moisten. The speech, affecting to that degree which caused tears, held its hearers spell-bound.

The little time that was necessary to transpire before the verdict of the jury could be learned, was a period of great anxiety and suspense. But when their whispering consultation ceased, and those happy words, "Not guilty," came from the foreman, they passed like a thrill of electricity from lip to lip—the austere dignity of the court was forgotten, and not a voice was there, that did not join in the acclamation that hailed the lad's release.

The young lawyer's first plea was a successful one. He was soon a favorite, and now represents his district in the councils of the Commonwealth. The lad has never ceased his grateful remembrances—and we, by the affecting scene herein attempted to be described, have often been led to think how manifold greater is the crime of the tempter, than of the tempted.

[NOTE.—The above incident, so graphically described by a correspondent of Arthur's Home Gazette, occurred in our Court at Harrisburg.—The "youthful attorney" alluded to, who made such a brilliant debut, was JOHN C. KENNEL, now one of the ablest and most successful lawyers in this judicial district. For several years he represented Dauphin county in the popular branch of the Legislature, and was subsequently elected to the State Senate of which distinguished body he is now a member. The Whigs regard Mr. KENNEL as one of their ablest champions, and in various quarters we hear his name mentioned in connection with the next gubernatorial nomination.—Crystal Fountain.

### Life of a West Point Cadet.

The Cadet sleeps in the barracks, in a room with one other. At five in the morning, in summer, and at half past five in the winter reveille awakens him, he immediately arises, doubles up his blankets and mattress, and places them on the head of his iron bedstead, he studies until seven o'clock, at the hour the drum beats for breakfast, and the cadets fall into rank and proceed to the mess hall. Twenty minutes is the usual time to spend at the breakfast. Guard-mounting takes place at half-past seven, and twenty-four are placed on guard every day. At eight o'clock the bugle sounds, and the recitations commence. At one o'clock the bugle again sounds, the professors dismiss their respective stations, the cadets form ranks opposite the barracks and march to dinner. Between eleven and one a part of the cadets are occupied in riding and others in fencing daily. After dinner they have until two o'clock for recreation and from two to four they are in recitations. At four o'clock the bugle sounds, and they go either to battalion or light artillery drill. These exercises last an hour and a half. After that they devote the time to recreation until parade, which takes place at sunset. After parade they form into rank in front of the barracks, and the names of the delinquents are read by an officer of the

cadets. Supper comes next, and after supper recreation until eight o'clock, when the bugle sounds to call to quarters, and every cadet must be found in his room within a few minutes at study, and must remain there thus employed until half-past nine the bugle again sounds, this is called tattoo; and at ten the drum taps and every cadet must be in bed, having his light extinguished, and must remain there until morning. If during the night the cadet is found to be absent from his room more than thirty minutes, and does not give a satisfactory account of himself charges are preferred against him, and he is court-martialed. The punishment for such offences is, he is strictly repudiated, so as playing at chess wearing whiskers, and a great many other things. The punishment to which cadets are liable are privation of recreation, &c., extra hours of duty, reprimands, arrests, or confinement to his room or tent; confinement in light prison, confinement in dark prison, dismissal with the privilege of resigning, and public dishonour.

Through the months of July and August the cadets are encamped and during the encampment the instructions is exclusively military.

The only furlough allowed to cadets is two months when they are in the third class. The pay of the cadets is twenty-four dollars per month, and the board costs him ten of this. From the balance he is required to dress and defray his other expenses, and he is prohibited from contracting debts without.

As the reward for his labor and deprivation, the cadet acquires an excellent education, in mathematics, better probably than he can get at any other institution in the country. The training here of both body and mind is very thorough and complete.

### Winter.

Summer, like some queenly matron with loose and flowing mantle, has swept gracefully by.—The curtain has fallen on her final words, and now the golden haired Autumn leads the old man Winter on the stage. With faltering step and thin white locks he totters forward. His long and heavy robe he holds closely folded over his spare and shivering breast, and his cold white teeth chatter in the frosty air. His eyes are clear and hard and gray, his voice cracked and sharp and thin, and his beard bespangled with the frozen dew drops. At his approach the earth seems to shrink and crouch, the very heavens to lift themselves up, and the stars to recede farther into the blue depths above. Before his chilly breath the branches grow bare, the feathered songsters cease their merry notes, the music of the murmuring waters are hushed, and all nature, as in respect to his old age, becomes more thoughtful and silent. With an unmoved face—an unmolested eye, he looks upon the bleak and desolate earth, and totters on. Few to consider his stormy brow and wasted cheeks would think him kind; but in the old man's heart there are many warm and cozy corners. While the bleak winds whistle cold and clear, lifting his snowy lock in their rude career while over his brow breaks no smile, and his outward seeming bespeaks the death of life, the waste of joy, yet within there may be found summer and music—birds which sing a cherry song, and fountains that gush with happiness. He brings not with him frowns and chilling blasts alone—but also the bright warm fireside, the dear old books, and the gay gatherings of youths, and beauty as well. And to him, who hath the twin-flower of life growing at his side, to bloom in the sunshine and nestle closer in the storm, how fleet the moments fly. Like Parthenia for the rude son of the forest, she will "sing sweet songs, and tell brave tales," and in the melody of the lullaby voice, time rides a dashing race. Around the frozen brow of nature, love binds its brightest garland, and sunlight in the frown of winter seeks its refuge in the heart. With unsteady step he will soon go his way, and the bright-eyed youth, whom they call Spring, with a song on his lips and a wreath on his brow, will trip gaily forth and bid the world good morning.—Nashville Gaz.

### Lindley Murray.

It is not generally known that this "prince of English grammarians" was an American, and born within the present limits of Lebanon county. He was born in the year 1745, on the Swatara, in East Hanover township, then Lancaster, now Lebanon county. His father was a miller, and followed that occupation when Lindley was born, but afterwards devoted his attention to mercantile pursuits, and amassed a considerable fortune by trading to the West Indies. Lindley was the eldest of twelve children, and when about seven years of age was sent to Philadelphia, that he might have the benefit of a better education than could be had at Swatara. He studied law in New York, and at the age of twenty-two was called to the bar, where he gained for himself the reputation of an "honest lawyer." His "Grammar of the English Language" was composed in England, in 1794, and published in the spring of 1795, many millions of copies of which have been sold. He resided forty-two years in England, most of which time he was an invalid. He composed many other works besides his Grammar. He died in 1826, in a village in Yorkshire, being upwards of eighty years old. He is represented as a christian and a philanthropist. He left legacies to a number of relatives and friends, and sums of money to many religious societies. He also directed that the residue of his property, after the death of his wife (a New York lady, his "beloved and affectionate Hannah," who had been his companion for sixty years,) should be devoted to pious and benevolent uses. He was a Quaker, and interred in a burying ground of that sect, in the city of York, "far from friend and fatherland."

The Liquor Law has been defeated in Wisconsin.

### Longevity of Great Men.

From the advance sheets of "The Art of prolonging Life"—In press by Tickner, Reed and Fields:  
Academicians, in respect to longevity, have been particularly distinguished. I need mention only the venerable Fontenelle, who wanted but one year of a hundred, and that Nester, Formey, both perpetual secretaries, the former of the French, and the latter of the Berlin Academy.

We find, also, many instances of long life, and the continual intercourse with youth may contribute something towards our renovation and support.

But poets and artists; in short all those fortunate mortals whose principal occupation leads them to be conversant with the sports of fancy and self created worlds, and whose whole life, in the proper sense, is an agreeable dream, have a particular claim to a place in the history of longevity. We have already seen to what a great age Anacreon, Sapphoes, and Pindar attained.—Young, Voltaire, Bodmer, Haller, Metastasion, Gleim, Utz, and Oeser, all lived to be very old.

The following short list of the ages of distinguished men may be interesting to the reader in this place; for a more complete catalogue, arranged according to the classes of science and literature upon which they shed their light, he is referred to Madden's "Infrmitities of Genius."

Tass	51	Galileo	78
Virgil	52	Swift	78
Shakespeare	52	Roger Bacon	78
Mohere	53	Cornelle	78
Dante	56	Marmontel	79
Pope	56	Thucydidēs	80
Orvid	57	Juvenal	80
Poerice	57	Young	80
Rachine	59	Plato	81
Demosthenes	59	Buffon	81
Lavater	60	Goethe	82
Galvani	61	Claude	82
Baccaccio	62	West	82
Fenelon	63	Franklin	84
Aristotle	63	Metastasio	84
Cyren	64	Herschell	84
Milton	66	Anacreon	85
Roisseau	66	Newton	85
Erasmus	69	Voltaire	85
Cervantes	69	Halley	86
Benjaminichats	69	Sophocles	90
Dryden	70	Leuwenhoeek	93
Petrarch	70	Hans Sloane	93
Lessage	70	Weston	95
Linnaeus	71	Michael Angelo	96
Lacke	73	Titian	96
La Fontaine	75	Herodias	100
Handel	75	Fontenelle	100
Raumur	76	Georgias	107

### "Our Home."

Horace Groesly concludes a recent agricultural address in the following beautiful style:

"As for me, long tossed on the stormiest waves of doubtful conflict and arduous endeavor, I have begun to feel, since the shades of forty years fell upon me, the weary tempest driven voyager's longing for land, the wanderer's yearning for the hamlet where in childhood he nestled by his mother's knee, and was soothed to sleep on his breast. The sober down-hill of life dispels many illusions while it develops or strengthens within us the attachment, perhaps long smothered or overlaid, for 'that dear hut, our home.'—And so I, in the sober afternoon of life, when its sun, if not high, is still warm, have bought me a few acres of land in the broad, still country, and bearing thither my household treasures, have resolved to steal from the City's labors and anxieties at least one day in each week, wherein to revive the memories of my childhood's humble home. And already I realize that the experiment cannot cost so much as it is worth. Already I find in that day's quiet and solitude a solace for the feverish, fostering cares of the weeks which environ it. Already my brook murmurs a soothing, even-song to my burning, throbbing brain; and my trees, peevishly stirred by the fresh breezes, whisper to my spirit something of their own quiet strength and patient trust in God. And thus do I faintly realize, but for a brief and fitting day, the serene joy which shall irradiate the Farmer's vocation, when a fuller and truer Education shall have refined and chastened his animal cravings, and when Science shall have endowed him with her treasures, rendering labor from drudgery while quadrupling its efficiency, and crowning with beauty and plenty, our bounteous, beneficent Earth.

### Romantic Marriage.

On the last trip of the steamer Sonora, one of those little episodes of life occurred which is beyond those ordinary transactions that make the sum total of human existence. At an early hour as we are informed, this fleet and noble steamer might have been seen near the town of Greenville. The anxious looks exchanged between many of her passengers, portended that there was something extraordinary about to occur. Was it a case of cholera? or had some one's pocket been picked? were the exclamations of those who saw, but did not comprehend the mystery. At length the matter was explained by the announcement that if there was a Judge, Justice or Parson on board, his services were required. Every one breathed easier, for now it was a clear case of matrimony, and that too "on the wing." This important functionary was soon found in the person of Judge Barnett, who being on his way to Greenville, upon being introduced to the couple, declared his readiness to solemnize the bans on the arrival of the steamer at that place. Everybody was happy, for a wedding is always a joyful event, whatever the consequences may be that result from it. In a few minutes the boat arrived, and after she was fairly landed, the famous "shepherd boy," Thomas G. Noel, of Jefferson, led forth from the ladies' cabin the beautiful and accomplished Miss Lydia Stinson, of Evansville, attended by the charming Miss V. of New Orleans, and a gentleman from France, when his Honor, in the presence of a hundred passengers,aved into speechless silence by his

impressive manner, proceeded in the "beautiful formula" of judicial rite to make them one, and sealing their vows at his command "salute the bride," uttered with distinct measured tones, the breathless stillness was broken by the simultaneous echoes from a hundred tongues, "long live in blissful happiness the wedded pair." The steamer immediately unmoored her moorings, and Captain La Barge, with becoming liberality, had a feast prepared as was a feast, while a few bottles of champagne suffered, and all went happy as a bird on a tree. The first time that the City linked in golden chains, to pursue one life and one pathway. May that life and pathway be to them ever unclouded.—St. Louis Republican.

### A Thief in a Trap.

The Evansville (La.) Journal gives an account of a curious attempt at robbery in that city. It seems that a few nights ago the Rev. Mr. McCarter, of Evansville, was disturbed twice in the course of the night by a noise about the house.—Upon making his second thorough search, he tracked the noise to the chimney. A close examination convinced him that some owl or other wild animal had taken up quarters there for the night. In a truly unchristian spirit, he resolved to burn the intruder out, when what was his surprise, as the bold volumes of smoke and flame rolled up the chimney, to hear a half-stifled voice proceed from the flue, imploring him to "put out the fire." The fire was immediately quenched, the fire marshal was sent for, and the occupant of the chimney, who turned out to be a strapping thief, was hoisted out of his nest by means of a strong rope. He confessed that he had been particularly struck with the appearance of a fine watch which Mr. McCarter, had worn, and had resolved in this way to gain an entrance and appropriate the same for his own use. Unfortunately for himself, he forgot to measure the size of the chimney beforehand, and on arriving at the bottom of it, found himself in a sort of *cul de sac*. The aperture was too small for him to pass through, and all his attempts to ascend proved fruitless. It was the noise he made in trying to return which aroused his captors.

### Bill Leach's Dream.

Bill Leach, (who, by the way, can always be found at his *ranch*, corner of Concord and Jay streets, Brooklyn, cocked and primed with all the luxuries that thirst or appetite may desire,) tells a good one, as follows:  
"Some years ago," says Bill, "I was sick with the measles; (ugh, did you ever have them?)—During my illness I dreamt a dream—a singular one too. I dreamed that I had died, and went where the good folks go—Heaven of course. A short time after my arrival at my new home, an old gentleman, carrying in one hand a large bundle of keys, and whom I took to be St. Peter, from the description I had read of him, came up to me, and with a good natured smile illuminating his phiz, says he:  
"Young man what's your name?"  
"William Leach, sir," I answered.  
"Leach? Leach?" mumbled the old gentleman to himself. "Mr. Leach," he resumed, "where are you from?"  
"From Brooklyn, sir," I repeated.  
"Oh, no, my young friend," says St. Peter, "not Brooklyn—you're mistaken."  
"No, sir, I am not—I was born in Brooklyn, and always lived there," I answered.  
"Brooklyn—Brooklyn—let me see," says St. Peter, drawing the palm of his hand over his eyes, and then down over his face evidently trying to call to his mind some name long since forgotten.  
"Young man," he resumed, "are you certain that the name of the place is Brooklyn?"  
"Yes, sir, of course I am."  
"Where is it located?"  
"In the United States—State of New York—county of Kings—directly opposite New York city," I answered.  
"Here, point it out to me," says St. Peter, at the same time handing me a map of the State of New York.  
I, of course, did so very readily, which astonished the old gentleman, and he acknowledged the correctness of my answer.  
"Well, young man," says he, "I was never more astonished in my life."  
"Why so, sir?" I asked.  
"From this fact, sir: so long as I have had charge of this department, I have never known a man, woman, or child to enter Heaven, who hailed from Brooklyn!"

### Gen. Leslie Coombs on Story Telling.

Few men have ever gone to Congress with more fun and popularity than the Hon. Leslie Coombs, of Kentucky. In the way of anecdote, he is unequalled, while his mode of telling stories imparts a tone to them that no one can appreciate who has not made his acquaintance. Among the "characters" that Mr. Coombs knows like a book, is old Major Luckey, whose taste for bragging amounts at times to the sublime. Whenever the Major has a stranger in the neighborhood, he "opens wide and spreads himself," and with a success that leaves us nothing to desire. The following scene took place between the Major and Col. Peters, "a late arrival from Illinois:"  
"Major, I understand from Gen. Coombs, that shortly after the Revolution you visited England; how did you like the jaunt?"  
"Capitally! I had not been in London five hours before Rex sent for me to play whist, and a devil of a time we had of it!"  
"Rex! what Rex?"  
"Why, Rex the King—George the third. The game came off at Windsor Castle—Rex and I played against Billy Pitt and Edward Burke—and resulted rather comically."  
"How so?"

"As we were playing the last game, Rex said in rather a familiar manner, Major, I suppose you know George Washington, the Father of his country." "Father he d—d," says he, "he was a cursed rebel, and had I served him right, he would be hung long ago." This, of course, riled me, and to that degree, that I just drew back, and gave him a blow between the eyes, that fell ed him like a bullock. The next moment Pitt and Burke mounted me, and in less than ten minutes my shirt and breeches were so torn and tattered, that I looked like Lazarus. This gave the next morning I left England, and on weeks afterwards I landed at Washington. The first person I met, after entering the city was Q?"

"Q! what Q?"  
"Why, that d—d old federalist, Quincy Adams. He wanted me to play noupus with him, and I did so. Won \$200 at two shillings a game, and then had a row."  
"About what?"  
"He wanted to pay me off in Continental money, worth about a shilling a peck. I got angry, and knocked him into a spout. Whilst I still had him down, Jim came in and dragged me off to the White House."  
"What Jim?"  
"Why, Jim Madison. I went, played euchre for two hours, when Tom came in and insisted that I should go home with him."  
"What Tom?"  
"Why, Tom Jefferson. Jim, however, would not listen to it, and the consequence was that they went into a fight. In the midst of it they fell over the banisters, and dropped about fifty feet. When I left they were giving each other hell in the coal cellar. How it terminated I never could learn, as just then Martha came in, and said I must accompany her up to Mount Vernon, to see George."

"What Martha do you mean?"  
"Martha Washington, wife of George, the old boy that give Jesus to the Hessians."  
"About here, Coombs said the stranger began to discover that he was "swallowing things." The next stage that came along he took passage in it for an adjacent town. The Major, we believe, is still living, and still believes that the walloping he gave Louis the Eighteenth is the d—d best thing on record.—New York Dutchman.

### Dick Dailey's Stump Speech.

FELLER CITIZENS:—This is a day for the population of Booneville, like a bolted pullet on a rickety hen roost, to be lookin' up. A crisis have arrived, and somethin's bust. What are we? Here it is, and I'd stand here and expirate from now till the days of the synagogues, if you'd but whoop for Dick Dailey.

Feller Citizens—Jerusalem's to pay, an' we hain't got any p'itch. Our hyperbolical and majestic canal of creation has unshipped her rudder, and the captain's broke his neck and the cook's diy to the depths of the vasy deep in search of dimuns? Our wigwam's torn to pieces like a shirt on a bush fence, and cities of those ere latitudes is vanishing in a blue flame. Are such things to be did? I ask you in the name of the American Eagle who was whipped by the shaggy headed lion, and now sits on the magnetic telegraph, if such doings is going to be conglomerated? I repeat to you in the name of the p'cock of Liberty, when he's flowin over the cloud capped summits of the Rocky Mountains, if we's goin' to be extemporaneously bigdotted in this fashion?

"Oh answer me,"  
as Shakespear says. Shall we be bamboozified with such unmitigated outlandishness? Methinks I can hear you yelp No, sir, e-e-c, hossly!—Then 'lect me to Congress, and that'll be a revolution sartain."  
Feller Citizens—If I was standin' on the adamantine throne of Jupiter, and the lightning was flashing around me, I'd countin to spout! I'm full of bilin' /ather of Mount Ebnry, and I won't be quenched! I've sprung a leak, and must howl like a bear with a sore head. Flop together—jump into ranks—and bear me through.  
Feller Citizens—You know me, and blast my pictures, if I won't stick to yer like brick dust to a bar of soap. What is my opponent? No whar! I was brought up among ye, feller citizens, and papped in a school house, but he can't get round me with his highfalutin big words.—Quasha, albram o' catnip, Brazzel, Eoglossay, and Baffins Bay, what do you think o' that?

"Go it porkie—root hog or die,"  
as Shakespear said when Ceesar stabbed him in the House of Representatives.  
Feller Citizens—'lect me to Congress, and I'd abolish mad dogs, musketeers, bad evats and go in for the annihilation of niggers, catnip meetings and jails. I'll repudiate evats and sustifins, hawx—I'll have brain raisins' every day, Sunday's excepted, and tieker enough to swim in. Xet, feller citizens, 'lect me to Congress, and I shall be led to exclude in the sublime and terrific language of Bonaparte, when preachin' in the wilderness—

"Richard's hamself again."  
On, then, onward to the polls—gallop across fiery-footed steeds," and let the welkin ring with anti-epidemic yells for Dayley!  
"Hence, ye Brutus! broad axe and glory!"  
Let's tickler.  
The New York Herald says that the losses on fancy stocks in that city within the last three months, have not been less than three millions of dollars.  
The New York Courier says that the Money Market of that city is beginning to improve. Good paper is becoming scarce, and the rates are tending downwards.