



R. L. JOHNSTON, Editor.

HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKE FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE.

H. A. M'PIKE, Publisher

VOLUME 2.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1868.

NUMBER 22.

The Cambria Freeman

WILL BE PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, At Ebensburg, Cambria Co., Pa. At the following rates, payable within three months from date of subscribing:

One copy, one year, \$2 00
One copy, six months, 1 00
One copy, three months, 50

Those who fail to pay their subscriptions until after the expiration of six months will be charged at the rate of \$2.50 per year, and those who fail to pay until after the expiration of twelve months will be charged at the rate of \$3.00 per year.

Twenty-five numbers constitute a quarter; twenty-five, six months; and fifty numbers, one year.

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One square, 12 lines, one insertion, \$1 00
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Thankful for past favors, I solicit a continuance of the same. Gallery on Julian street, two doors south of Town Hall.
T. T. SPENCER, Photographer.
Ebensburg, Nov. 14, 1867.

FARM FOR SALE.—The subscriber offers at Private Sale his valuable FARM, situated in Cambria township, two miles east of Ebensburg, on the road leading to Loretto. The Farm consists of 80 Acres, more or less, about 54 Acres of which are cleared, under good fence, and in a good state of cultivation. The balance of the land is well set with sugar, chestnut, locust and other marketable timber. There is a comfortable FRAME HOUSE and a FRAME BARN on the premises, and an Orchard of choice Fruit Trees that have never yet failed to bear. There is also a never-failing spring of pure water and other necessary conveniences on the premises. The Farm will be sold on fair terms and easy payments, and an irrevocable title will be given. What is known as Bradley's Station, on the E. & C. Rail Road, is located on this land.
Further information can be obtained by applying to
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REVERE THE MEMORY OF FRIENDS DEPARTED!
MONUMENTS, TOMBSTONES, &c.
The subscriber still continues to manufacture of the best material and in the most workmanlike manner, at the

Loretto Marble Works,
all kind of MONUMENTS and TOMBSTONES, as well as TABLE and BUREAU TOPS, and all other work in his line. None but the best American and Italian Marble used, and perfect satisfaction guaranteed to all cases at prices as low as like work can be obtained in the cities or elsewhere. Call and see specimens and judge for yourselves as to the merits of my work.
JAMES WILKINSON.
Loretto, March 12, 1868.

JOSEPH ZOLNER
HAS just opened, and offers for sale lower than they can be bought elsewhere, a splendid lot of eight days and twenty-four hour CLOCKS, fine WATCHES of every description, ACCORDIONS, JEWELRY, and a variety of articles in his line. Repairing of Clocks, Watches, and all kinds of Jewelry, done on short notice and most reasonable terms. All work warranted.—Call at his shop, High street, opposite Public School House, Ebensburg. [Sep. 5, '67.]

T. O. M. P. DAVIS
WITH
BOYD & STROUD,
Importers and Dealers in
QUEENSWARE, CHINA and GLASS,
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Four doors below Merchants' Hotel, PHILA.

From N. Y. Metropolitan (Campaign) Record. DARBY DODD.

OUR CORRESPONDENT JOINS THE CHASE.

WASHINGTON, June 17, 1868.

You will be sorry to hear that my last effort to save the country was not a success. A wealthy and patriotic gentleman sent me a note, of which the following is a copy:

DEAR SIR: Knowing your influence among your fellow citizens, and believing you to be a sincere and ardent admirer of statesmanship and profound ability, I earnestly request that you will exert yourself in behalf of the distinguished gentleman now occupying the high office of the United States, as an eminently proper candidate for the Presidency. Please call at a Chase meeting, and endeavor to make it as enthusiastic as possible.

Very truly yours,
PETER MORGAN THOMPSON.

In accordance with Mr. Thompson's request I did call at a Chase meeting. It was enthusiastic.

In fact, I may say it was the most enthusiastic meeting I ever saw. I held a good-sized ball, and it was pretty well filled with my Democratic fellow-citizens.

There was some difficulty about getting a chairman, several persons whom I thought to act in that capacity regretting previous engagements, so I finally concluded to take the chair myself and call the meeting to order.

As the first business was to state the object of the meeting I got up and said:

"I am rejoiced, gentlemen, to see so many enlightened and noble-hearted Democrats present on this occasion. We have assembled to proclaim our devotion to that upright, dignified and honorable man whose name is a synonym for purity and integrity—used I tell you whose name I mean?"

The meeting intimated by a hearty "No!" that it was not necessary, so I went on:

"You show by your enthusiasm that the name of Salmon P. Chase is as dear to your hearts as that of Andrew Jackson, and as dear to the hearts of the back part of the hall, and the meeting burst out with loud applause.

"My fellow Democrats, in the person of the distinguished gentleman whose name has evoked so much—"

"He is changed!" interrupted another man, "I want on:

"Whose name has evoked so much enthusiasm in this patriotic assemblage, we have all the qualities requisite in a candidate for the suffrages of the steadfast Democracy. It may be true that he has not been with us heretofore; it may be true that he will not come over to us now; but why should these considerations deter us from embracing him? If Mr. Chase will not come to us why should we not go to him. If—"

I was again interrupted by a man who wanted to know how much I "expected to make out of this meeting?" but without coming to any result, I proceeded with my address:

"If Mr. Chase does not agree with the Democratic party on the question of suffrage, what is to prevent the Democratic party from agreeing with Mr. Chase in his ideas on that question? What is to prevent us from throwing away our principles and accepting his? Can we not do this?"

Another interruption by a man who was inquisitive as to my prospects for a post-office, and I returned to notice him:

"Can we not go over to him and embrace his theories? He has made more out of them than the Democratic party, clinging to the principles of the Constitution, have made out of their principles. In olden times Mahomet commanded a mountain to go to him. It would not obey, so Mahomet went to the mountain. That did very well in the olden times, but we have changed things since—instead of giving Mahomet the trouble to go to the mountain, now, the mountain will go to Mahomet."

"Not if the mountain knows itself," said a man quite near me, and he looked as if he meant it, too.

"The gentleman says, 'not if the mountain knows itself.' Does the mountain know itself?"

THE NEXT SPEAKER SAID HE BELIEVED IN standing on the platform of justice, and he meant to stand there or nowhere.

All the speakers were in their working clothes, and looked like mechanics. The meeting cheered them so much that it was hard to hear anything they said.

In fact, as I have already observed, it was the most enthusiastic meeting I ever saw. Then one of them proposed some resolutions about the Constitution, the rights of the States, and the government being intended for white men, and those were unanimously adopted.

I had to vote for them myself. At first I objected, but I subsequently found that it would be better to vote with the crowd.

It was rather mortifying, but Democrats are not safe customers to fool with. The meeting adjourned with three groans for tomatoes, and three cheers for the Constitution and the White Man.

I have concluded not to call any more Chase meetings at present. My influence with my Democratic fellow-citizens did not turn out as well as I expected.

If things go on as they are now I may retire from public life pretty soon. And you will then have to get some other person to save the country.

DARBY DODD.
P. S.—Allow me to remark that the Cambria Freeman is the best newspaper in the United States.

It copies my letters and credits them to the METROPOLITAN RECORD. Which is a creditable proceeding. I want no better proof of the superiority of the Freeman to any other journal in the world than the simple fact that it copies my letters.

I think this testimony to its ability and good taste should be satisfactory to any reasonable person. The Constitutional Union is another excellent paper.

Next to the Freeman I think it is the best in the United States. It would probably be as good a paper as the Freeman if it gave credit to the Record as well as to me for the portions of my letter which it is knowing enough to copy.

It is always lively, but considerably more so when it draws on my department for something to fill up with.

Colonel Florence unquestionably one of the most accomplished journalists in the world, and I don't mind your telling him so. The other papers that take my best jokes and give no credit at all have not enticed themselves to any particular notice from me, and I do not mean to give them any until they learn better manners.

Which I hope will be pretty soon. D. D.

A Tough Story about Twenty-three Eggs.

A writer for Our Young Folks votes for the truth of the following story:

At eight years old I was as wide awake and saw as many things between daybreak and sunrise as I could see. I was in the country, and was, without, very fond of telling quite as much as I saw, and now and then a good deal more.

My mother sometimes suspected me of great powers of exaggeration, but as, on looking at my statements, she could never detect me in a direct lie, I was little likely to receive the correction which I was often conscious of deserving. This came to me in an unexpected manner, and the way I was helped out of the worst and last falsehood I ever told has always been a mystery to me.

I was loitering in the kitchen one morning, where my mother was working, making tarts, when—tarts suggesting cake, and cakes eggs—she turned to me and said: "I don't see as your new-fangled chickens turned out any better than the old ones. We don't seem to have any more eggs."

Here my mother touched a wicker spoon. I had bought the chickens with my own money, and on the positive assurance of their being magnificent layers.

"Yes, they do," I said, "not stopping to think what my hasty vindication might cost me,—yes, they do; they lay splendidly in this morning."

JOSH BILLINGS.

HIS OPINION OF LAGER BEER.

I have finally cum tve the conclusion that lager beer as a beverage is not intoxicating.

I hav bin told so by a german who sed he had drunk it awl nite long, just to try the experiment, and was obliged to go home entirely sober in the morning. I have seen this same man drink sixteen glasses, and if he was drunk he was drunk in german, and nobody could understand it. It is proper enuff to state that this man kept a lager beer saloon, and could hav no object in stating what was not strictly true.

I believed him tw the full extent of my ability. I never drunk but three glasses of lager beer in mi life, and that made mi bed outwast as tho it was hung on the end of a string, but I was told that it was owin to mi bile bein out of place; and i guess that it was so, for i never billed over wuss than i did when i got hum that nite. My wife tho that i was goin tw die, and i was afraid that i shouldnt, for it did seem as tho every thing i had ever eaten in mi life wuz cummin to the surface, and i do really believe that if mi wife hadnt pulled off mi boots just as she did, they woud hav cum thunderin up too.

O! how sick i was! 14 years ago, and i can taste it now.

I never had so much experience in so short a time.

If eny man shud tell me that lager beer was not intoxicating, i shud believe him; but if he shud tell me that i wasn't drunk that nite, but that mi stummick was out of order, shud ask him tw state in a few words, jest how a man fell and acted when he was well set up.

If i wasn't drunk that nite i had som of the most natural simptoms that a man ever had, and kep sober.

In the first place it was about 80 rods from where i drank the lager beer to mi house, and i was over 2 hours on the road, and had a hole bustid thru each one of mi pantloon nees, and didnt hav any hat, and tried to open the door by the bev pull, and hickupped awfully, and saw every thing in the room twyng to get on the back side of me; and i setin down in a chair i didnt wait long enuff for it to get exactly under me when it was goin around and i set down a little too soon and missed the chair about 12 inches, and couldnt git up soon enuff to take the next one that cum along; and that aint awl; mi wife sed i was az drunk az a beer, and az i sed before, i began to spin up things freely.

If lager beer is not intoxicating, it used me most almighty mean, that i know.

Still, i hardly think that lager beer iz intoxicating, for i hev been told so; and i am probably the only man living who ever drank enny wheg his life was not plumb.

I dont want to say anything agin a harmless temperance bevridge, but if i ever drink any more, it will be with mi hands tied behind me, and my mouth pried open.

I dont think lager beer is intoxicating, but if i remember right, i think it tastes to me like a glass of soap suds that a pickle had bin put twak so in.

HE DISCOVERETH OF THE TOMATO.

IT IS NOW ABOUT 8 OR ELEVEN YEARS SINCE folks began to hanker after the tomato. About that time some doktor or pills disekted one of these fragrant vegetables and discovered some doktor stuff in 'em.

As soon as the folks found out they was fisek the begun to be very sweet on the tomato.

At that time they were in the habit of growing in sly places, where they wanst afraid, over behind stone walls among broken jugs, ded kats, and old injin rubber boots, for people wouldnt let them grow in gardens any more then they would a Kanada thissel.

They were vagabond weeds, and even a good hogg wouldnt eat one of the berries that grows on them any quicker than he would a bawl of red stocking yarn.

But it was decided that there wuz som pills in them, and they were put twuss in pots and vases, and lived on the phat or the land, in hot houses, alongside of tiger lilies and reses of sharon.

It took most folks about 18 months of perseverance and sea-sickness to get the tomato to go quietly down, and from a vile weed, more smelly than a deceased kilm, the tomato hev actually got to be honorated more than a buk-wheat slapjack, or even a pumpkin pi.

down alive. I would az soon undertake to eat a handful of putty.

There is one thing I do hope, that nobody will undertake tw prove kaster ile one of the luxuries until after I am ded, for kaster ile and bed bugs iz 2 things that I solemnlyswear I won't have, if I get to be ever so 'fashionable.

HE GOES IN ON REAL ESTATE.

I can sell for eighteen hundred and thirty-nine dollars, a palance in sweet and pensive retirement, located on the virgin banks of the Hudson, containing 85 acres. The land is luxuriously divided by the hand of natur and art into parlor and tillage, into plain and deklivity, into stern abruptness, and the dalliance ev stornstuffed medder; streams of sparkling gladness (thick with trout) dance through this wilderness of beauty tew the low music of the cricket and grasshopper.

The evergreen sighs az the evening zephyr firs thro its shadowy buzzum and the aspen trembles like the lov-smitten harpe of a damsel. Fruits of the tropiks in golden buty melt on the bows, and the bees go heavy and sweet from the fields to their garnering hives. The manshun iz a diamond set with rubiz and the mother-er or pearl; the floors are ov rosewood, and the ceilings are more butful than the stary vault of heaven. Hot and cold water bubbles and squirts in every apartment, and nothing is wanting that a poet could pray for or art could portray.

The stables are worthy of the steeds of Nimrod or the studs of Achilles, while sombre in the distance, like the cave of a hermit, glimpes are caught of the dog-house. Here poets have cum and warbled their lazy, here sculptors have sculpt; here painters rubbed the scene of dreamy landscapes, and here the philosopher discovered the study which made him the alkimist of natur. Nex northward on this thing or buty sleeps the residence and domain of the Duke John Smith; southward, and nearer the spice-breathing tropics, may be seen the baronial villy of Earl Brown and the Duchess Widdy Betsy Stevens. Walls ov primitif rock, laid in Roman sement, bound the estate, while upward and downward the eye catches far away the majesta and slow grander of the Hudson. As the young morn hangs like a curving of silver from the blue breast or the ski, an angel may be seen each night dancing with golden tiptoes on the green. (N. B.—This angel goes with the place.)

Diagrams can be seen at the office of the broker. Terms flattering. None but principals dealt with. Title as pure as the breth or a white milk infant, and possession given with the lark. For more full diskriphion, read Ovid's art ov Loxe, or kall (in yule carriage) on

JOSH BILLINGS, Real Estate Agent.

A THRILLING SKETCH.

In the year 1836, the inhabitants living in a district bordering on Rock River, in the northern part of the State of Illinois were much incensed by the depredations of a band of horse thieves who infested that portion of the country. Every exertion had been made to discover the men engaged in the nefarious business, but hitherto, in vain, and valuable animals were stolen, and lost to their owners, in defiance of the utmost vigilance and care.

During such a state of affairs, the citizens residing in the region of the thieves became thoroughly excited, and were wound up to such a pitch of indignation, that a body of men were formed styled Rangers, whose explicit duty was to expunge the district of all suspicious characters, and endeavor to put a stop to their depredations.

Shortly after this band commenced operations word was conveyed to the leader of the Rangers that a valuable horse which had been stolen the night previous, could then be found on the premises of a man named Burt, locked up in the stable. Although Burt, heretofore had been looked upon as an honest man and an upright citizen, yet the Captain deemed it his duty to at least examine his farm and learn the truth or falsity of the report.

Accordingly he summoned some half dozen of his Rangers to meet him at a spot not far from Burt's house, and before morning set out for the same place himself. Daylight was hardly discernible in the east, and the hazy light of coming dawn had not yet penetrated the bottom, when the suspicious man resided, as the Rangers, charged with the fearful mission of life or death, silently approached, and surrounded the dwelling. Leaving three of the band to guard the entrance, the Captain opened the door, and found the missing horse, as had been stated, safely stalled inside.

Not a lingering doubt now remained of Burt's guilt, and with a stern determination to make such an example of him as would deter others from a like transaction, the Rangers returned to the house. In the meantime, Burt had risen, and upon coming to the door, was seized by those in waiting, and upon demanding the reason was informed that a stolen animal was found in his stable, and that he was considered a thief. Muttering something about "he knew it would come to this," his captors had in store for him.

A short consultation was held, and it was resolved to hang the criminal upon a large elm tree that grew in front of his own house, it being deemed that such an

act would strike terror and dismay into the ranks of the horse thieves.

Burt had asked half an hour to prepare for his death, and the sun had risen in all his golden majesty, ere the fatal moment had arrived which would launch him into eternity. In vain his grey-headed father and mother pleaded for his life, with trembling tongues—they tottering forth from the dwelling, and kneeling in suppliant mood to his apparently merciless captors. In vain had the wife of his bosom knelt in tears of agony, and entreated as her husbands to spare his life, for each Ranger had suffered more or less in person, and they deemed the example absolutely necessary to deter others, and it seemed as though Burt must die.

The dreadful preparations were completed—the half hour had expired—and the criminal was arranged under the limb of a stout elm, over which a rope was thrown, one end being noosed around the prisoner's neck, and the other held by three of the Rangers.

Then came a moment of dreadful silence; that awful stillness which precludes the launching of a fellow-being into eternity—while the three strong men who held the ropes' end, gazed fixedly upon the Captain for the signal. It was given by raising the right arm; and already the noose was tightening around the doomed man's neck, when the wife of Burt issued forth from the house holding an infant, a little more than a year old, in her arms.

Rushing forward, she fell on her knees directly in front of the Captain, and raising the child with arms outstretched, towards him, she exclaimed, in tones that would have pierced a heart of steel—

"If you will not spare him for the sake of his grey-haired sire, or the wife of his bosom, spare him in the name of God, for the sake of his infant boy!"

Another dead silence reigned like a pall over the spot; then, as though inspired by heaven itself, the child also stretched out its little arms towards its father, and exclaimed, in a voice heard by all the single word.

"Father!"

And then, as though despairing of success, huddled into its mother's bosom, and burst into a sobbing cry.

It was more than the Rangers could stand, and after a short consultation, the rope was taken from the criminal's throat, and the band left the spot; and Burt became a reformed man through the powerful effects of his "Infant's Appeal.—Great West.

A STRANGE ROMANCE.

"Evelyn," the New Orleans correspondent of the Mobile Sunday Times writes: Something like two years ago young M——, the son of the wealthiest man in Louisiana, fell deeply in love with a young lady of a neighboring parish. His love was returned with warmth, and they were engaged. But now an obstacle came in their way. M——'s father opposed the match. For some time he kept this a secret from his fiancée, and meanwhile she was making preparations for her marriage: She was an orphan, but had been left a small property, which, valuable before the war, brought her but little over \$3,000. This she expended upon her trousseau, feeling that, as her intended husband was rich, she had no necessity for saving, and that she should make her appearance worthy of their station. As the time drew near when they were to be united, M—— seemed to change toward her, and grew cool and serious. In vain she tried, with all the arts which love could suggest, to learn the secret of the change, but he did not confide in her, and she could only wait and wonder. At last the time fixed for the ceremony came, and M—— was forced to make a confession. He said his father forbade the match, that he had supposed her an heiress when he engaged himself to her, and now he could not marry her against his dear father's will. The shock which this gave the young girl can be imagined. Naturally, one will say that she should have despised him, and felt herself fortunate in making her escape; but, on the contrary, it was then only that she felt how much she loved him. She had given herself without reserve, and so far as she was concerned, she was his forever. For the next year and a half she was in a convent, entirely excluded from the world; but some two months ago she was persuaded to come to this city, and remained here for some two or three weeks. One day she received a letter which seemed to disturb her, and on going to her room later, a friend found her on her knees praying for the man who had deserted her. He was very sick in the country, and begged her to come to him. On that very day M——'s father died, and the funeral notice was handed to her as she stepped into the carriage to go to the cars. For a week nothing was heard from her, but soon we got the finale of the romance. The girl had gone immediately to M——'s bedside, and found him very ill, attended by his two sisters. He told her that he was dying, and now that his father was gone, wished to make her his wife. They were married. He told her that he was giving her one-half of his large fortune, the other half to his two sisters, and the next day he followed his father from earth. Contrary to the advice of her friends, the young maiden widow announces her intention of retiring to the convent for life.

A PUNGENT LETTER.

A New York correspondent of the Boston Commercial Bulletin, writes the following humorous letter: I am stopping at the Westminster, so-called because it is east of Broadway, I suppose. Being in (yearst is what makes it a rising hotel.

All the great guns stop here—except those that have gone off. Dickens was here; I am here; (The Duke's Motto) and Burlingame and a cargo of mummies arrived last week. It is the Chinese Embassy, and the hall of the hotel looks as if a tea ship had just been discharged there.

Some of the embassy are of the "ton" of China—Canton. Ferrin has been buying black and tan terriers for the last three months, in expectation of their arrival (keeps them in the w(h)ine cellar), and has contracted for all the last year's birds' nests in Central Park. Some of the ladies of the hotel have attempted to set their caps at the Celestials by wearing rats in their hair.

I give you the names of the embassy, copied verbatim from the hotel register: Mr. Shueshong, Mr. Flor E. Pekoe, Mr. Ho Hce, Mr. Hi Yai, Mr. High Son and Mr. Young High Son, Mr. T. Wankey, Mr. Oook, Mr. High Sunskin, Mr. Teap-Ot, Mr. O. P. Umm, Mr. T. Caddie, Mr. Teap Ot, Mr. Tab Ta E. Metik.

One of them registered his residence as Shanghai, and Chadwick immediately roomed him on the eighteenth story. John said he was not room-atic—didn't want to go any High Yah in New York.

Some of the residents of the hotel have had to change their rooms to accommodate the embassy, and one of them has moved so often that he calls himself a flying roomer.

The chambermaid's name is Abby, and Westminster Abby is worth looking at, I can tell you. She says the Chinese are a querulous people; says they have looked into every room in the house; and some of them are great men at Pekin.

Breakfast with them the other morning. Cook asked if he should send the meat up in Chinese junks; laughed, and got a piece of mutton in my throat; waiter asked:

"What's the matter?"
Says I, "The chops ticks."
"Better try a fork," said he.

They mind their P's and Q's pretty well, but Ferrin says, although they are so quiet, he has not had so much broken China in the house before or since he has been there.

One Mandarin, who has been unfortunate in growing his hair, has engaged Sylvanus Cobb to have his tale continued in the New York Ledger.

Asked one of them what their principal entertainment was in China. He said the Feast of the Lanterns. A sort of light supper, I suppose. Asked me whom he could get his tea in the house. Told him he could probably get his high-on in the bar-room.

He went there and took a drink, and asked why they didn't keep fire crackers on the counter. Bar-keeper said they had pilot-bread, and Jim D.— "larfed."

Think there must be some good billiard players among the embassy, from the clever way in which they handle their queues. Palmer took them down to see the White Fawn; said they thought American legs much more attractive than Chinese.

They think the Americans a very tart race, as most of our countrymen who visit China come after tea.

They were serenaded the other night; the band played "Polly put the kettle on, we'll all take tea."

They have been sight-seeing this week. Went down to Wall street to see the kite flying, and had a lunch off the rise in stocks. Went up to Central Park—saw Lester Wallack's new drag. Offered to buy one for them. Said there was no use sending a drag on to China.

They want some tables of the showing of the consumption of tea in this country; they have seen several tea tables illustrated with plates—in fact, set down at them a China set.

Their costumes are somewhat worn; much of the service they have undergone in China wear however. You may expect to see them in Boston, soon, so—commercially speaking—look out for a movement in rats, and a crash in gongs may be expected, by both buyers and sellers.

ANECDOTE OF PIUS IX.—On the 10th of May, while the Pope was walking alone through the galleries of the Vatican, he suddenly came on a young man who was deeply absorbed in the study of one of Raphael's paintings. He approached him and said, "You are an artist?" "Yes, Holy Father," replied the young man. "You are come to Rome to study?" "Yes, Holy Father." "Then you belong to the Academia?" "No, I am too poor; study by myself, and endeavor to imitate Raphael." "Well, my young friend, go to the Academia; I shall think about the expense." "But, Holy Father," said the young man, "you are not aware that—that—" "That what?" replied the Pope. "That I am a Protestant." "Oh!" said the Pope, smiling, "that makes no difference at the Academia." From that day forward the young man, George Johnson, probably an Englishman, entered the Academia to pursue his studies at the Pope's expense.

RADICAL Senator Yates is known as the corned beef of the Rump.