Cambria Freeman.

R. L. JOHNSTON, Editor. HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE. H. A. M'PIKE, Publisher.

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The Cambria Freeman

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One copy, three months,	50

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We have made arrangements by which we can do or have done all kinds of plain and fancy Job Printing, such as Books, Pamphets, Show Cards, Bill and Letter Heads, Handbills, Circulars, &c., in the best style of the art and at the most moderate prices. Also, all kinds of Ruling, Blank Books, Book Binding, &c., executed to order as good as the best and as cheap as the cheapest.

M. L. OATMAN,

DEALER IN

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES

CONSISTING OF

Double Extra Family Flour,

GRAIN, FEED,

BACON, SALT, FISH,

FRESH VEGETABLES,

ALL KINDS OF FRUITS,

SUGARS, TEAS, COFFEES,

SYRUPS, MOLASSES, CHEESE, &c.

Also, a large stock of the

Best Brands of Cigars and Tobacco.

STORE ON HIGH STREET,

Four Doors East of Crawford's Hotel,

Ebensburg, Pa.

SECURE THE SHADOW ERE *THE SUBSTANCE FADES!*

SPENCE'S NEW

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY

Is now in perfect order for executing Pictures in every style of the art. Photographs of life like accuracy, ranging from the smallest card picture to the largest size for framing, taken in any weather, and warranted to give satisfaction. Particular attention paid to children's pictures. Frames of all kinds for sale cheap. Frames of any kind not on hand will be ordered when desired. Instructions in the art on liberal terms. ☞Gallery on Julian street, 3 doors north of Town Hall. T. T. SPENCE.

Ebensburg, Oct. 8, 1868. Photographer.

New Firm---New Goods.

THE undersigned, having given his son, J. E. Shields, an interest in his store, the business will hereafter be conducted under the firm name of P. H. Shields & Co., and as we are determined to sell Goods cheap for cash, or exchange for grain, lumber or produce, we hope by strict attention to business to merit a liberal patronage from a generous public.

Having determined to settle up my old books of thirty years standing, I now ask those indebted to me to come forward and make settlement on or before the 1st day of December, 1868. P. H. SHIELDS.

Loretto, Oct. 15, 1868. tf.

JOHN CROUSE,

WHOLESLE DEALER IN

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC WINES AND LIQUORS.

BEST BRANDS OF BRANDY, WHISKY, IRISH WHISKY, GIN, &c., &c.

The very best qualities of Liquors, Wines, &c., for Medical purposes. Prices LOW.

☞Hotel and Saloon keepers will do well to give me a call at my store on Canal street, in building formerly occupied by T. G. Stewart & Co. Johnstown, Aug. 27, 1868. tf.

JOHN GAY. WM. WELSH.

GAY & WELSH,

Successors to Gay & Painter,

WHOLESALE

Grocers and Commission Merchants,

AND DEALERS IN

FLOUR, PRODUCE, FISH, SALT, CARBON OILS, &c., &c..

362 LIBERTY STREET, - PITTSBURGH.

L. L. LANGSTROTH'S

PATENT MOVABLE COMB BEE HIVE!

PRONOUNCED THE BEST EVER YET introduced in this County or State. Any person buying a family right can have their Bees transferred from an old box to a new one. In every instance in which this has been done the result has been entirely satisfactory, and the first take of honey has invariably paid all expenses, and frequently exceeded them. Proof of the superior merits of this invention will be found in the testimony of every man who has given it a trial, and among the number are the gentlemen named below, and their experience should induce every one interested in Bees to

BUY A FAMILY RIGHT!

Henry C. Kirkpatrick, of Carroll township, took 106 pounds of surplus honey from two hives, which he sold at 35 cents per pound.

Adam Deltrich, of Carroll township, took from two hives 100 pounds of surplus honey.

James Kirkpatrick, of Chest township, took 60 pounds of surplus honey from one hive.

Jacob Kirkpatrick, of Chest township, obtained 72 pounds of surplus honey from one hive, worth not less than $21, and the right cost him only $5.

Peter Campbell from one hive obtained 36 pounds of surplus honey at one time.

☞Quite a number of similar statements, authenticated by some of the best citizens of Cambria county, could be obtained in proof of the superior merits of Langstroth's Patent Movable Comb Bee Hive.

Persons wishing to purchase family rights should call on or address

PETER CAMPBELL,

Nov. 5, 1868. tf. Carrolltown, Pa.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE!—By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, on the premises in Susquehanna township, on SATURDAY, THE 28TH DAY OF NOVEMBER, inst., at 1 o'clock P. M., the following described real estate of which Henry Lloyd late of Susquehanna twp., died seized: A PIECE OR PARCEL OF LAND situated in Susquehanna township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Lloyd & Craver, Uriah Lloyd, Abraham Kerns, heirs of Richard Nagle, and others, containing 131 ACRES and 156 PERCHES, about 50 Acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a one-and-a half story Frame House.

TERMS OF SALE—One-third of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale, and the residue in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by the mortgage and judgment bonds of the purchaser.

AUGUSTINE CRAVER,
Administrator of Henry Lloyd, dec'd.

Susquehanna Tp., Nov. 5, 1868.-4t.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE!—By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the house of Lawrence Schroth, in Carrolltown, on FRIDAY, the 4th day of December next, at 2 o'clock P. M., the following described valuable Real Estate, to wit: The one undivided four fifths of that certain PIECE OR PARCEL OF LAND situate in Carroll township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of Adam Lieb, —— Sheriff, Michael Forabaugh and Peter Swinger, containing 77 ACRES and 89 PERCHES, more or less, about 20 Acres of which are cleared

TERMS OF SALE—One-half of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of the sale, and the residue in one year thereafter, to be secured by the mortgage and judgment bond of the purchaser.

JOSEPH A. KRUMENACHER,
Guardian of Margaret Lynch, (formerly Margaret Haynes), Catharine Haynes, Celestine Haynes and Jacob Haynes. [Nov.12-3t.

FOR SALE —The undersigned offers for sale the FARM on which they now reside, situate in Allegheny township, Cambria county, within two miles of Loretto, (formerly owned by James McAteer,) containing ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-SEVEN ACRES, more or less, 100 Acres of which are cleared—the balance well timbered. There is erected on the premises a good DWELLING HOUSE and splendid BARN, together with other necessary outbuildings, such as Blacksmith Shop, Corn Crib, Sheep House, &c.; also, an excellent ORCHARD of choice fruit. Title perfect. For terms apply on the premises to

B. & C. SHIELDS.

Loretto P. O., Aug. 20, 1868.-tf.

TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT REMOVED.—The subscriber would respectfully announce to his customers and the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity generally, that he has removed to the new building on Centre street, opposite the Mountain House and adjoining the law office of Geo. M. Reade, Esq., and is now not only prepared to manufacture all goods which may be brought to him but is supplied with a fine line of CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, &c., which he will make to order in the best style and at the lowest prices. Feeling confident of giving entire satisfaction, I hope for an increased patronage in my new location. D. J. EVANS.

BAILEY, FARRELL & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

LEAD AND BLOCK TIN PIPE,

SHEET AND BAR LEAD,

AND ALL KINDS OF

Plumbers', Gas and Steam Fitters' Materials,

No. 167 SMITHFIELD STREET,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

☞Send for a Price List [nov.19.-5m.

NOTICE.—Letters of Administration CUM TESTAMENTO ANNEXO on the estate of Thomas Durbin, late of Clearfield township, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Cambria county, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

JOHN DURBIN, Administrator.

Clearfield Tp., Oct 22, 1868.-6t

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of Administration on the estate of Catharine Otterson, late of Summitville borough, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Cambria county, notice is hereby given to those indebted to said estate to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement.

Nov.5-6t. JAMES BROWN, Adm'r.

NOTICE.—Letters of Administration cum testamento annexo on the estate of John Fitzpatrick, late of Summerhill township, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

F. A. SHOEMAKER, Administrator.

Ebensburg, Oct. 29, 1868.-6t.

Original Poetry.

CHILDHOOD'S YEARS.

DEDICATED TO HER SISTER MAGGIE BY L. P. K.

Oh! vanished years of childhood,
How ye haunt my pensive hours,
As again in mem'ry I roam the wildwood
To gather Spring's first flowers:
Or ramble where the voice of vernal gales
O'er the soft green meadow blows,
And stray where the stream thro' even vales
Softly murmurs as it onward flows.

Again I cull the woodland flowers,
And twine a wreath, sister dear, for thee,
As oft I've done in childhood's hours—
Those hours of thoughtless glee—
When joy from out the violet grew,
In woods and pastures green;
When Summer skies were far more blue
Than since they e'er have been.

I see again the garden shade,
Where, in the Summer days we played:
Where brother Tom our houses made
Of moss we gathered in the glade.

I see the swing 'neath the beach trees,
The "cottage shelter" for the bees.
I see them all, and beyond these
A something DEARER still.
I see an eye serenely blue,
A cheek of girlhood's freshest hue:
A buoyant heart, a spirit true
Alike in good and ill.

Dear sister, thou wert all to me,
And I sufficient friend for thee;
Where was there a happier twain than we
With brother by our side?
Like the sweet flowers of early May,
Our pleasures 'round about us lay.
Oh! a happy morning had life's day,
What e'er its eve betide.

Again, to lisp our evening prayer,
At a fond mother's side we knel;
Her gentle voice methinks I hear—
That voice, how all our griefs 'twould heal.

Oh! who is there but would be fain
To be a child once more,
If childhood's years could bring again
All that they brought before.
And oft amid the sordid strife
Of worldly wisdom do I turn
To those early years, and scenes of life,
And for our joyous childhood yearn.
Yes, oft I wish, 'mid care and pain,
To be a happy child again.

ELIZABETH, Pa., November, 1868.

Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.

A WONDERFUL PHENOMENON.

ISLANDS OF PURE GEMS THROWN UP FROM THE BED OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN BY THE LATE EARTHQUAKE.

To the Editor of the St. Louis Times:

One of the most extraordinary stories ever read or written has since a late hour last night been gaining ground in certain quiet quarters of the city. It is so marvelous that one could scarcely believe it to be anything but the chimera of a madman's brain, if it were not confirmed by scientific facts, and by a vast number of the theories of modern philosophy. It is difficult to determine what amount of credibility we should attach to it, and it is best to let every man who reads the following paragraphs judge for himself. It will be remembered that the late catastrophe in South America occurred simultaneously with an extraordinary eclipse of the sun, which astronomers affirm has not occurred before for two thousand years and will not occur again for two thousand years to come.

No event of equal magnitude to the late earthquake in South America has occurred since the days of Herculaneum and Pompeii; but the convulsion which overwhelmed those two cities was nearly local (so far as is known), and of scarcely any extent compared to the late catastrophe, which shook the entire continent of America, from the river Sacramento to Cape Horn, and which must have been felt with a thousand times more terrific force out in the wide Pacific. It must be borne in mind that geologists affirm that the crust of the earth in that quarter of the globe is much thinner than at others; and some of them even go so far as to say that the bed of the Pacific is formed of a submerged continent. At all events, the great majority of the islands of the Pacific archipelago are of volcanic formation, and navigators have been known to discover islands in these latitudes which they knew from their previous experience not to have existed some years before. It is now an established fact that the entire center of the earth is filled with a boiling ocean of liquid fire, which horrible and enormous masses are liable to the same changes of ebb and flow as the mighty mass of waters on the outside crust of our globe. This horrible reservoir has been described by Sir Charles Lyele and other profound thinkers as the great furnace of nature, wherein are smelted all the metals,—gold, silver, lead, iron, platina, &c.,—and which are afterward pushed up to the surface by the volcanic action of the seething ocean beneath. It is here also that are produced the beautiful diamonds and crystalized stones, for it is now known that they owe the form and brilliancy they possess simply to the fact that they have been exposed to the high temperature which exists in the center of the earth. We could make diamonds out of charcoal, could we reach the proper degree of heat; but that can, perhaps, never be reached by any artificial means at the command of man. As we said above the ocean of liquid fire is subject to tidal motion, and it is to this fact must be attributed the fearful events that have desolated South America. The eclipse in the East Indies, where the sun and moon were in direct conjunction, must have created a stronger tidal current than has existed for two thousand years; and this current, rushing back with accelerated velocity, shook the crust of the earth in the western hemisphere (just as a wave of the ocean would shake the sides of an old oaken vessel) and vomited up to the surface the seething masses of matter which had been agitated in its bosom for thousands of years. These masses, on coming in contact with lower temperature, instantly crystalized just as water crystalizes into ice in winter time.

The captain of a vessel, trading between San Francisco and Valparaiso, describes what he witnessed in the Pacific ocean, but in what latitude he keeps a secret to himself. This captain has, or rather had, a brother boarding in a house on North Fourth street, and it is a letter which he wrote to his brother that has given occasion to the rumors that are whispered about in that quarter of the city. The substance of the letter, as it has reached us, is mainly as follows:

When nearly half way on the voyage, and at the time the earthquake took place, a fearful phenomenon presented itself.—The ocean became convulsed to its highest depths, and a terrible wave was swept along so high that, as the captain humorously said, he thought it would have landed him in the city of Quito. The seamen were terribly frightened, but the vessel was to rights again in less than ten minutes. The affair was a mere joke among the men, for they fancied it was one of the high tidal waves which are common in the Pacific. They continued their voyage, but towards midnight were alarmed by an extraordinary light which appeared in the heavens, and was first noticed on the larboard side, and which the ignorant and superstitious attributed to supernatural causes. The captain, who seems to be an intelligent and courageous man, steered his vessel right in the direction of the light, and just before sunrise a sight, of magnificence—such as no human eye has ever rested on—met his gaze. It was no less than a group of islands formed of huge masses of solid diamond of every color, and, in some places, of the purest brilliancy. The sailors fell into ecstasies, and one man, a half-breed from the Sandwich Islands, lost his senses so far that he would have thrown himself overboard if he had not been tied down. They sailed among the group the entire day, and found it to consist, on a rough calculation, of from 12 to 20 in number; but the exact number, or their relative size, there was no time to ascertain. They consist of a large, white flint rocks of crystalized shape (some places nearly transparent) which rise to a height of about 150 feet from the water. Thick layers of various metals are imbedded into them, and the diamonds form thick layers beside these latter. This is the general formation; but some of the smaller islands are composed nearly altogether of diamond, in which the emerald prevails. There are agate, opaque topaz, ruby, and, indeed, diamonds of every hue; but one island, which he describes as being almost seventy miles long by fifteen wide, consists of an entirely pure emerald without any admixture of foreign substance. It was difficult to effect a landing on any of the group. At length some of the men succeeded; but the captain himself, satisfied with what he had seen, did not leave the vessel.

The men describe the interior of the island on which they landed as consisting almost entirely of mud, which is gradually coagulating under the heat of the sun. A curious thing was, that the brilliants were seen in the muddy quarters of the island, lying about like huge boulders—the smallest ones they saw being about 200 tons in weight, but there were numbers of others considerably larger. Of course there was no water or vegetation to be seen. The most curious effect the sight had on the men, both those in the vessel as well as those who visited the island, was that the extraordinary brilliancy sickened their stomach, and vomiting, followed by a copious discharge from the bowels, was the consequence. All efforts to detach portions of the diamond rock proved abortive; and it was out of question to attempt removing any of the great brilliant boulders. They made an attempt to detach portions of rock by means of a crowbar and sledge, but it was so hard all efforts were useless, and, though they had powder enough on board, they had no implements with which to drill the holes for blasting. The captain would have proceeded on his voyage to Valparaiso; but the men mutinied and obliged him to put back to Panama. He afterward, with the consent of the crew, ran the vessel on shore on the northern coast of Columbia, and, telegraphing to the owners that she was lost, came on as far as Aspinwall, from which city he wrote to his brother in St. Louis. He desired his brother to come along at once, and bring with him the finest and best tempered implements for blasting purposes, and if possible, a quantity of nitro glycerine. The brother departed for New York immediately, but, before going, he communicated the secret to a confidential comrade, through whom the news leaked out only as late as yesterday evening. I am told that it has already reached the ears of a rich jeweler in this city, who is about to start an expedition which he proposes to carry on himself. It is more than probable that the crew of the abandoned vessel have anticipated him; and if they were lucky enough to keep their secret and fit out a small craft with whatever they required on board, are now quarrying the diamond archipelago.

P. S.—I forgot to state that the captain writes that the entire bottom of the sea seemed as if glittering with gems for at least five miles from the islands.—These will propably never be of use, for they must be huge rocks of diamond, and cannot be detached unless some better mode of blasting under water than that already practiced can be invented. I forgot also to add my conjecture that the reason the diamond rock is seen in its full purity arises from the fact that they were projected right forward from the very centre of the earth. What the captain calls white transparent flint rock is probably some formation not known as yet to geologists. This will be better understood as soon as the place is explored.

The Niagara of the West.

The Oregon *Statesman* gives the following description of the neighborhood of the splendid Shoshonee Falls, Idaho:

Snake river is the south fork of the Columbia, having the alternative name of Lewis river. The valley of the Snake lies along an almost direct line from the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains, and in the early days it furnished the most practicable route overland to the Pacific. In its descent over the elevated plains of Idaho, about 400 miles from whence it takes its rise in the Rocky Mountains Snake river forms the great Shoshonee Falls. The river here runs through a narrow, rocky gorge, which widens and terminates abruptly in precipitous cliffs, the summit of which is about one hundred feet above the level of the rapids, and so steep that the traveler can descend at only one point—an old Indian trail, its numerous windings making it about a mile in length. Following this trail slowly and carefully, the tourist will in due time find himself standing upon the bank of the river on a level with the rapids and overlooking the falls. The width of the river at this point has been variously estimated; we thought it at least two hundred yards.

The rapids here form a series of cascades, ranging from thirty to sixty feet each in height, and just below them the river, in one unbroken mass, leaps two hundred and ten feet into the bottomless pit below. The course of the river at this point is almost due east and west; the contour of the falls is that of an irregular horse shoe, and their width, following the course of the water, is at least four hundred yards. Although the river is not quite as wide at this point as the Niagara river, the falls are higher and quite as beautiful. The most complete views of the falls, including the river above and below the rapids, cliffs and surrounding scenery, is obtained from Lookout Point. Lookout Point is a narrow cape of rocks projecting from the main bluff about three hundred yards lower down on the river than the fall, so narrow that two persons cannot walk abreast.

Standing upon this point, we will endeavor to name the prominent places of interest. The first object which attracts our attention is Eagle Rock, a perpendicular pillar of rock about one hundred feet in height, rising from the midst of the rapids fifty yards from the south bank of the river, and almost overhanging the main cataract. Upon the topmost peak of this rock an American eagle has built his eyrie, a fitting home for our national bird—long may he live to occupy his unique and romantic abode! Just above and about the centre of the cataract is Ballard Island, a small rocky island covered with cedar and juniper trees. Several smaller islands to the right and left of the large one, or Ballard Island add to the beauty and picturesqueness of the scene.

The Two Sentinels—two huge rocky pillars—are one on the north, the other on the south side, overlooking the falls, and reminding one of grim sentinels guarding their object. Lower down the river, and from a higher stand-point, one can obtain a fine panoramic view of the whole—the falls, the foaming rapids, Eagle Rock, the Two Sentinels, the huge pillars of perpetual spray arising from the the bottom and near the centre of the cataract, but extending as it rises to either side, and made beautiful by the many colored rainbows which shed a halo of glory upon the whole scene. Still lower down the river is Prospect Gulch. Several gentlemen of the party, actuated by the spirit of adventure, determined to attempt through the gulch to reach the river below the falls. They lowered themselves fifty feet on the rope down the perpendicular sides of a rocky cliff. Reaching firm ground, they managed with but little difficulty to scramble down about five hundred feet to the banks of the river. Arriving there they found that their troubles had just begun; they were six hundred yards from the falls, to reach which their path lay around and over some huge boulders of slippery rock, winding along the foot of the steep banks, and then through the foaming and boiling waters, the heavy swells of which reminded them strikingly of the breakers on the sea shore. Finally they reached a point about thirty feet from the falls. Their journey here came to an abrupt termination by the shelving of the rocks into deep water. The wind struck this point with such violence that they feared to trust themselves in an erect posture. On their knees, they held with their hands to the overhanging brush to prevent being blown into the river.

We think that one cannot fully comprehend the immensity of the sheet of water and the sublimity of the scene, until he can gaze upward as we did. This point is the cave of the Winds. The Shoshonee Falls, as a whole, will compare favorably with Niagara. Those of our party who have seen both places pronounce the former superior in many respects. In beauty and mildness of scenery, the Shoshonee cannot be surpassed. Niagara excels in magnitude only.

The Story of a Popular Song.

W. W., in the *Stationer*, gives the following account of the singing of "Father Come Home," in one of the music halls in London: "Having reached the hall, we paid an admission fee of sixpence. There was a very neat stage, with gaudy drop-scene, side wings, and a tolerable good orchestra. In the stalls sat the chairman, to keep order over as motley an audience as ever was seen out of the gallery of the Victory Theatre. 'Costers' seemed to predominate. All appeared plentifully suplied with porter, and all were enjoying their pipes at such an extent as to make the place almost suffocating; for there must have been an audience of nearly five hundred. A nigger 'walk-round' was just being finished, and the shouts of 'encore!' whistling and stamping of feet made the hall perfectly bewildering. A name was announced from the chairman, which we could not catch, and amidst clapping of hands and stamping of feet there was a buzz of 'This is the Song!' The waiter called loudly 'Any more orders?' and these being taken and duly executed, all seemed to settle down quietly to listen to the song. There was the symphony, and another buzz of 'This is it!' and we began to feel anxious. Presently a female came in front of the curtain, amidst great applause, and commenced, 'Father, dear father,' &c. Every word was distinct, and she sang the ballad with great feeling. In order, however, to fully describe the scene which followed each verse, it is necessary to give 'little Mary's' song:

"'Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes One! (gong)
You, promised, dear father, that you would come home
As soon as your day's work was done.
Our fire has gone out—our house is all dark,
And mother's been watching since tea,
With poor little Benny so sick in her arms,
And no one to help her but me.
Come home, come home, come home,
Please father, dear father, come home.'

"At the conclusion of the last line the drop scene drew up, disclosing the father sitting at the door of a public house, in a drunken, bemuddled state, with pipe and pot before him. Little Mary was trying to drag him from his seat, at the same time pointing to a curtain behind, as she took up the refrain from the lady, and touchingly sang, 'Come home,' &c. This other curtain was now drawn aside, disclosing a wretched room in which was the mother with the poor sickly looking boy in her lap, and in the act of feeding him with a spoon. Simultaneously with the drawing of the curtain the lime light was brought to bear upon the tableaux, giving them a truly startling effect. After a moment or two the act-drop came down, and the lady proceeded:

"'Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes two! (gong, gong,)
The night has grown colder, and Benny is worse,
But he has been calling for you.
Indeed he is worse, mother says he will die,
Perhaps before morning shall dawn,
And this was the message she sent me to bring—
Come quickly or he will be gone.
Come home, come home, come home,
Please father, dear father, come home.'

"The act drop rises again, and now the child has hold of the pewter pot, trying to take it from the drunken parent, and, as she continues the last two lines, 'Come home,' &c., the other curtain is drawn aside, and we next see the child stretched out on its mother's lap, and as it just raises its little head and falls back with a gasp, with the lime-light reflecting strongly upon it, there was a reality about the whole, terrible to view. Sobs were heard coming from all parts of the hall, coming from the female portion of the audience, while tears trickled down many a male cheek. We have seen 'Susan Hopley,' 'The Stranger,' 'Jane Shore,' 'East Lynn' and other effective pieces played, but never before did we witness such a scene of general crying. The principal feature called to mind the picture of the 'Sister of Mercy,' with the dying child in her lap, and the death was fearfully natural. Even the lady who sang the song was affected, and could scarcely proceed with the third verse:

"'Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes Three!
(gong, gong, gong,)
The house is so lonely the hours are so long,
For poor weeping mother and me.
Yes, we are alone—poor Benny is dead,
And gone with the angels of light!
And these are the very last words that he said—
'I want to kiss papa good night.'
Come home, come home, come home,
Please, father, dear father, come home.'

"Again the drop rose, disclosing little Mary on her knees appealing to her father, who, with pot elevated, is in the act of striking her with it, as she sings 'come home,' and then the back curtain draws aside, showing the mother praying over a child's coffin. But now the sobs burst more freely, and two females were carried out fainting. The scene was truly harrowing, and we gladly turned our eyes away.

"An additional verse was sung about 'Poor Benny' being with the angels above. The drop rose; the father, sober now, is weeping over the coffin with the mother, and little Mary on her knees singing, 'Home, home, father, dear father's come home!' At this moment the curtain is drawn aside, and little Benny is suspended over the coffin with wings, smiling down upon them and pointing upwards. The father falls forward on his face, the act-drop descends, and for a few minutes all is hushed save the sobs of the females.

"There!' said a workingman by our side, as he heaved a sigh of relief, 'Mr. Spurgeon never preached a better sermon than that!'—an expression to which we assented, and then left the hall."

Chinese Street Jugglers.

A letter from China to the Chicago *Tribune*, says:

Street jugglers and mountebanks abound in Canton, and in fact in every Chinese city. They also travel from place to place throughout the country, displaying their feats and picking up a little cash here and there. As a general thing their juggling feats do not amount to a great deal, yet some of them are very clever, and would create fully as much of a theatrical *furore* in the United States as did the Japanese performers. Sword-swallowing and stone eating appear to be the commonest feats, and operators of this description can be seen in almost every street. One fellow, however, performed a number of feats in front of our hotel which demand from me a passing notice. He stationed himself in the centre of the street, and having blown a blast upon a bugle to give warning that he was about to begin his entertainment, he took a small lemon or orange tree, which was covered with fruit, and balanced it upon his head. He then blew a sort of a chirruping whistle, when immediately a number of rice birds came from every direction and settled upon the boughs of the bush he balanced or fluttered about his head. He then took a cup in his hand and began to rattle some seeds in it, when the birds disappeared. Taking a small bamboo tube, he next took the seeds, and, putting one in it, blew it at one of the fruit, when it opened, and out flew one of the birds, which fluttered above the circle surrounding the performer. He continued to shoot his seeds at the oranges until nearly a dozen birds were released. He then removed the tree from his forehead, and, setting it down, took up a dish, which he held above his head, when all the birds flew into it, then covering it with a cover, and giving it a whirl or two about his head, opened and displayed a quantity of eggs, the shells of which he broke with a little stick, releasing a bird from each shell. The trick was neatly performed, and defied detection from my eyes. The next trick was equally clever and difficult of detection. Borrowing a handkerchief from one of his spectators, he took an orange, cut a small hole in it, then squeezed all the juice out and crammed the handkerchief into it. Giving the handkerchief to a bystander to hold, he caught up a teapot and began to pour a cup of tea from it when the spout became clogged. Looking into the pot, apparently for the purpose of detecting what was the matter, he pulled out the handkerchief and returned it to the owner. He next took the orange from the bystander and cut it open, when it was found to be full of rice. He performed a number of very pleasing feats, but I have given enough to satisfy the reader that they are equally as expert as the Japanese.

Passing Away.

An exchange beautifully treats this subject as follows: It is astonishing with what rapidity time passes away; how the days, the weeks, months, and the years roll round, carrying with them the life, the beauty and the hopes of the world into a vast and unknown future. It seems but a short time, indeed, since we all felt and enjoyed the springs and buoyancy of youth, the delight of home, the influences of paternal love, the society and counsel of friends, who now sleep in the grave; and yet some of us are aged and the majority have attained to mature manhood. The young, of the present generation, are growing up around us, but in our youth we knew them not. While we have been passing on, in the direction of the grave, they have sprung up to occupy our places and follow rapidly in the rear. Before us we see the aged tottering along in their feebleness and leaning upon their staves, behind us is the youth flushed with promises and the infant prattling in its mother's arms. That circle has been kept up, unbroken, until time is lost in eternity. Our life is a moving panorama—the pictures on the canvass pass before our eyes, delighting us for a moment, but each containing a solemn lesson and warning. He is but an indifferent observer who does not study himself. There is the ocean, the lake, the river, the mountain, and the vale; the one sweeps in its majestic grandeur and murmurs its defiant tones, which are heard upon either shore; the other rests like a calm mirror, reflecting the light of the millions of stars that sparkle in the blue concave; the river dashes on its way to the sea; the mountain lifts its head among the clouds and casts its frowning shadows into the vale below; the vale echoes to the songs of its birds, the hum of human voices, the lowing of herds, while here and there is the busy town, with its active life, its ceaseless commotions, its impetuous struggles, its attractive homes, and the spires of its churches pointing toward heaven. The bell rings, and the picture passes away from our sight to be seen no more. Thus it is with human life. It is an association of objects, interests, attractions and beauties which burst upon our sight, perform their mission, and accomplish their purposes, and are then lost to sight. The bell tolls, the canvass moves, the lights are put out, the vision is lost in darkness, silence reigns, the curtain drops, and all is ended in the sleep, the forgetfulness and the inscrutability of the grave.

A GOLDEN THOUGHT.—We know not the author of the following, but it is one of the most beautiful productions of the human mind we have ever read: "Nature will be reported. All things are engaged in writing their own history. The plant and the pebble go attended by their own shadows. The rock leaves its scratches on the mountain side, the river its bed in the soil; the animal leaves its bones in the stratum, the fern and the leaf their modest epitaph in the coal, the falling drop makes its sepulchre in the sand or stone. Not a footstep in the snow or along the ground but prints in characters more or less lasting a map of its march.—Every act of man inscribes its memories on its fellows and his own face. The air is full of sound, the sky of tokens; the ground is all memoranda, signatures, and every object is covered over with hints which speak to the intelligent."

THERE is a Gaelic preverb which says that if the best man's faults were written on his forehead it would make him pull his hat over his eyes.