



H. A. M'PHEE, Editor and Publisher.

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

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VOLUME 3.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1869.

NUMBER 3.

DENTISTRY.—The undersigned, a graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity, which place he will visit on the fourth Monday of each month, to remain one week.
Aug. 13. SAM'L BELFORD, D. D. S.

DR. H. B. MILLER,
Atto., Pa.
Operative and Mechanical DENTIST.
Office on Caroline street between Virginia and Emma streets. Persons from Cambria county or elsewhere who get work done by me to the amount of Ten Dollars and upwards, will have the railroad fare deducted from their bills. ALL WORK WARRANTED. Jan. 21, 1869-4f.

DR. W. ZIEGLER, Surgeon Dentist, will visit Ebensburg professionally on the SECOND Monday of each month, and remain one week, during which time he may be found at the office heretofore occupied by him, adjoining Hundley's Hardware Store. Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Nitrate Oxide, or Laughing Gas.

JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon to the citizens of Carrolltown and vicinity. Office in rear of building occupied by J. Back & Co. as a store. Night calls can be made at his residence, one clear south of A. Hang's tin and hardware store. [May 9, 1867.]

R. DEVEREAUX, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Summit, Pa. Office east end of Mansion House, on Railroad street. Night calls may be made at the office. [my23-4f]

R. J. LLOYD, successor to R. S. BROWN, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, &c. Store on Main street, opposite the "Mansion House," Ebensburg, Pa. October 17, 1867-6m-9

FRANK W. HAY, WHOLESALE and RETAIL Manufacturer of TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE, Canal street, below Clinton, Johnstown, Pa. A large stock constantly on hand.

D. MCLAUGHLIN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Johnstown, Pa.—Office in the Exchange building, on the corner of Clinton and Locust streets—up stairs. Will attend to all business connected with his profession. Jan. 31, 1867-4f.

R. L. JOHNSTON, J. R. SCANLAN, JOHNSTON & SCANLAN, Attorneys at Law. Ebensburg, Cambria Co., Pa. Office opposite the Court House. Ebensburg, Jan. 31, 1867-4f.

JOHN P. LINTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Johnstown, Pa.—Office in building on corner of Main and Franklin streets, opposite Mansion House, second floor. Entrance on Franklin street. Johnstown, Jan. 31, 1867-4f.

A. KOPELIN, T. W. DICK, Attorneys at Law, Ebensburg. **KOPELIN & DICK,** ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office with Wm. Kittell, Esq., Colonnade Row. [Jan. 22-4f.]

F. A. SHOEMAKER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—Office on High street, one door East of the Banking House of Lloyd & Co. January 31, 1867-4f.

F. P. TIERNEY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—Office in Colonnade Row. Jan. 5, 1867-4f.

JOSEPH M'DONALD, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—Office on Centre street, opposite Linton's Hotel. [Jan. 31, 1867-4f.]

JOHN FENLON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—Office on High street, adjoining his residence. Jan. 31, 1867-4f.

GEORGE W. OATMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—Office in Colonnade Row, Centre street. January 31, 1867-4f.

WILLIAM KITTELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa.—Office in Colonnade Row, Centre street. Jan. 21, 1867-4f.

G. L. PERSHING, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Johnstown, Pa. Office on Franklin street, upstairs, over John Benton's Hardware Store. Jan. 31, 1867.

W. M. H. SECHLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in rooms recently occupied by Geo. M. Reade, Esq., in Colonnade Row, Centre street. [Aug. 27.]

GEO. M. READE, Attorney-at-Law, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in new building recently erected on Centre street, two doors from High street. [Aug. 27.]

JAMES C. EASLY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Carrolltown, Cambria Co., Pa. Collections and all legal business promptly attended to. Jan. 31, 1867.

H. KINKEAD, Justice of the Peace and Claim Agent—Office removed to the office formerly occupied by M. Hanson, Esq., dec'd., on High St., Ebensburg. [13.]

J. S. STRAYER, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Johnstown, Pa. Office on the corner of Market street and Locust alley, Second Ward. [Jan. 12-17]

10,000 PRIME CIGARS just received at M. L. Oatman's, one stock of the best brands of Chewing Tobacco. Cigars at wholesale prices.

SHERIFF'S SALES.—By virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria County, and to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on MONDAY, the 15th day of February next, at 10 o'clock P. M., the following Real Estate, to wit:—All the right, title and interest of J. W. Boody, dec'd., of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situated in Jackson township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Wm. Gillan, Joseph Burkhardt, and others, containing 254 acres, more or less, about 60 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story plank house, now in the occupancy of Henry Ely, and a water saw mill not now occupied. Also, all the right title and interest of J. W. Boody, dec'd., of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situated in Jackson township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Wm. Gillan, Andrew Ribblett, and others, containing 33 acres, more or less, unimproved. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Lewis Donnie.

Also, all the right, title and interest of E. J. Morrison, Administrator of Joseph Ward Boody, dec'd., who died on Dec. 1865, conveyed unto the said defendant, in said tract and parcel of land situated in Jackson township, in the county of Cambria and State of Pennsylvania, adjoining lands now or late the property of J. W. Boody, dec'd., on the west, lands of Joseph Burkhardt, the said lands now or late of Simon Dormer on the north, and lands now or late of Peter Berg and John Arnold on the east, and others, containing 18 acres, more or less, excepting, nevertheless, the surface of 18 acres, to be reserved, it being part of the same land which L. Dormer conveyed to Geo. Stonaker, dec'd., and which Elizabeth Stonaker, by deed bearing date Dec. 18th of January, A. D. 1865, conveyed unto the said defendant, in said tract securing part of the said purchase money of the same, with the appurtenances and hereditaments. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Geo. H. Slinger.

JOHN A. BLAIR, Sheriff, Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Jan. 28, 1869-3f.

CHEAP REAL ESTATE.—I will sell for cash, or on time, the following described Real Estate:—

FOUR HOUSES and LOTS in the Borough of Ebensburg.

SIXTEEN ACRES OF LAND lying immediately south of Ebensburg, Pa. 1865, conveyed into the said defendant, in said tract securing part of the said purchase money of the same, with the appurtenances and hereditaments. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Geo. H. Slinger.

VALUABLE TOWN PROPERTY FOR SALE.—Will be sold at private sale, that valuable property situated at the corner of Horner and Mary Ann streets, in the borough of Ebensburg, containing nearly an acre of ground, with a large and commodious frame dwelling house, outbuildings and stable—all in excellent order. The property embraces a wood-house, wash house, and an excellent cellar, and there are on the premises a large number of selected fruit trees. A further description is deemed unnecessary, as those wishing to purchase will call and examine for themselves. The title is indisputable. For particulars inquire of

R. L. JOHNSTON, Ebensburg, January 7th, 1869.

FOR SALE.—The undersigned offers for sale the FARM on which they now reside, within the Allegheny township, Cambria county, with two cities of Loretto, (formerly owned by James McAtee) containing ONE HUNDRED 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, Forge, Crib, Shanty House, &c. &c. An excellent ORCHARD of choice fruit. Title perfect. For terms apply on the premises to

B. C. SHIELDS, Loretto P. O., Aug. 20, 1868-4f.

LICENSE NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the petitions of Baltzer Helfrich, of Chest township, and Daniel Good, of East Cambria township, for a License to Sell Liquor, for the year 1869, are on file in my office, and the same will be presented to the Judge of the Court of Quarter Sessions at the special term commencing on Monday, Feb. 15th, 1869, at 10 o'clock P. M. in the Court House, Ebensburg, Jan. 28, 1869-3f.

SURAY STEER.—Came to the premises of the subscriber, in Clearfield township, Cambria county, on or about the first of September last; a large DARK BROWN FEEB—Age unknown, and no marks visible. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him away, otherwise he will be disposed of according to law. Jan. 28, 1869-3f. HENRY B. NOEL.

NOTICE.—The account of Jeremiah McGonigle, Committee of Peter Moyers, a lunatic, was filed in the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria County, on the 10th day of December last, and will be presented for the action of the Court on Monday, the 1st day of March next. J. K. HITE, Proth. J. K. HITE, Esq., Ebensburg, Jan. 28, 1869.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.—Mrs. Mary Owens offers for sale her House and Lot situated on the corner of Ogde and Mary Ann streets. The House has lately been rebuilt and fitted up with all the modern improvements. Terms liberal. For further information apply to

GEORGE M. READE, Agent, Ebensburg, Nov. 19, 1868-3m.

FOR RENT.—A House and two Lots of Ground, with Stable and other outbuildings, belonging to the estate of M. C. McCague, dec'd., (now occupied by Fred' K. Kittell.) Possession given immediately. Apply to

GEO. HUNTER, Ebensburg, Nov. 19, '68-4f. Guardian.

LEONORA BROWN.

A STORY OF A HEROIC GIRL.

On the border of Green Lake, in Minnesota, there lived a sturdy, white-haired frontiersman named Walter Brown. He was one of those adventurous spirits ever to be found in the van of advancing civilization, always courting the free, wild air of the prairie, and rejoicing in the profound depths of uninhabited forests. But the country became more and more thickly settled, and Walter Brown became uneasy. His wife had borne him a daughter, the third or fourth year of their residence at the headwaters of the St. Croix, whom he called Leonora. She was a good girl, and the idol of her father. He purchased a rifle for her when she was but twelve years old, and took the utmost pains in teaching her the use of it. She was brave and steady of nerve, and soon acquired wonderful skill as a shot, and the number of prairie chickens, partridges, wild water fowls, and other small game, she managed to shoot each day was really large. Occasionally she would shoot a deer, and one eventful morning, by a lucky shot through the eye into the brain, she killed a bear.

When she came home with the news, her father could scarcely credit her. But knowing her perfectly truthful nature, he danced around the room for joy, and seizing the sturdy little maid, he mounted her on his shoulders, and insisted on carrying her all the way to the spot where the dead brute lay.

Thicker and thicker flowed the tide of emigration into Minnesota and Wisconsin, following the navigable rivers as a matter of course, and more and more uneasy and "crowded," felt Walter Brown. At length his wife died. Leonora was then sixteen, and engaged to be married to a handsome young trapper by the name of Watson, who had joined her father in business.

The death of the mother had made it necessary to postpone the wedding, and in the interim old Walter decided to move into northwest Minnesota. Neighbors were getting too near, and hunting and trapping were bad. As the young man had proved up and pre-empted a quarter section of land near Taylor's Fall, then beginning to grow rapidly, he did not wish to either abandon or sell it just then, and persuading Leonora to agree to write to him when they got settled, he bade her an affectionate good-bye.

Brown lived in Minnesota for three or four years in peace and quiet, finding good trapping and hunting grounds, when all at once young Watson arrived, and renewed the proposal of marriage with Leonora. The old man had about determined to move no more, and had accordingly located and pre-empted several thousand acres of land about him; and learning from Watson that he had money enough to do likewise, proposed that he should go down to St. Paul and buy land warrants with the money, and take up all the land around he could "swing." He might then marry Leonora, and they two would go to work, and after they built plenty of stables, etc., would get a good stock of cattle and sheep, and try and lead a pastoral life the rest of their days.

To this proposition the young man heartily assented, and after returning from St. Paul, went bravely to work in the woods, felling trees for building purposes. It was agreed first that they build a new hewed log house, for the united family, as Walter had only got up a small single-roomed cabin. Then the wedding was to take place, and the two men would resume their work.

While thus busily engaged the Sioux war broke out. It was the habit of Leonora to take her rifle out every morning and shoot prairie chickens for the table, while her lover and father were hard at work on the new house. Watson had brought her a present from St. Paul, a light and handsome revolving rifle, of which she was immensely fond, and with which she became so expert she could shoot a duck or prairie chicken on the wing with almost absolute certainty.

One morning as she was strolling around the lake, rifle in hand, she noticed three canoe loads of Indians paddling along the opposite side of the water, steadily and stealthily approaching the spot where her father and lover were at work. She did not immediately apprehend any tragedy, but in some unaccountable way she felt impelled to remain and watch their motions. She, therefore, concealed herself behind the top of a full-canoe tree, and observed their movements, which grew more and more suspicious.

There were two Indians in each canoe, and after paddling steadily to a point where a thick, overhanging birch tree afforded concealment for their canoes, they disembarked, and crept carefully and noiselessly along until they were within a few feet of where the two unsuspecting men were chopping. Suddenly, with a yell that made the forest ring, and which echoed and re-echoed across the broad still lake, they sprang upon their victims and bore them to the earth.

Leonora trembled with excitement and apprehension, expecting nothing less than to witness the horrible butchery of her father and lover at once.

But this did not seem to be the purpose of the Indians; for, tying the arms of their captives behind them, they took them to the canoes, where taking the old

man into one and the young man into the other, they shoved boldly into the lake and paddled rapidly down toward where the house stood. Leonora divined their intent instantly.

"Ha!" she said to herself, "they design capturing me, too. They deem that an easy job, perhaps!" and her eyes flashed and her face flushed with anger. "See! there is a fourth canoe, which they no doubt suppose will carry me. This villainous work has been well calculated; but, ha! you bad savages! mistaken your girl this time! Leonora Brown had been taught better things than to cook a venison steak. Oh, dear, dear father, your Leonora will soon show you how bravely she can succor you, and how your instructing her the use of the rifle has saved you this day. And you, too, darling Harry Watson, have won a longer lease of your precious life by presenting me this splendid revolving rifle. Six bullets for six ruffians! Miss one of them! ah, if I should—there's my knife! No, Leonora, you must not—will not miss one of them."

The girl now crept stealthily through the underbrush to the bank to the prairie above. She knew that to reach the house, the Indians would have to pass a broad, flat field, where there was no shelter for their persons. She did not think they would hesitate to do this, because, having taken the two men, they would hardly expect any resistance from a single girl. About thirty rods to the right of the path a cattle yard had been erected by her father, and in the corner of the fence stood an immense elm tree. Inside of this yard climbed Leonora, and behind the big elm she concealed herself.

A few minutes more proved she was right in her conjecture. The Indians, after having tied stout rawhide thongs around the feet of their prisoners, laid them down in the bottom of the canoes, and taking their guns strode gaily and laughingly along toward the house, without any attempt at concealment.

Leonora's heart grew as hard as a stone, and her nerves—which fluttered a little before—now grew as firm as steel. She had put fresh water-proof caps upon each nipple of her rifle, and resting the barrel on a rail of the fence, she drew a sharp bead upon the foremost one; but as her finger curved to press the triggers she heard what actually seemed to be a voice whisper:

"Not yet, Leonora!" She poised, and then, as if by inspiration, she flashed this thought into her mind: "Wait until they get nearer to the house, and then shoot the hindmost one first."

She obeyed the impression, and let them come on a few rods nearer. Suddenly the thought came again: "Now's your time!" Clapping her face to the rifle-breech, she trained the death-dealing tube steadily upon the chest of the rear-most Indian for an instant and fired.

The bullet sped true to its mark, and the burly Indian merely threw up his arms and fell dead, the rifle ball having gone directly through his heart. A clap of thunder from a clear sky could not have so utterly astonished those remaining Indians. Wildly they looked in every direction to see whence came the fatal shot. In the next instant, bang! went Leonora's rifle again, and another of their number dropped dead.

But they saw the smoke of the last shot and caught a glimpse of the shooter. At once they comprehended their peril. They could not hide, and their only show for life was in rushing to the tree and tomahawking their presumptuous foe on the spot. Instantly sounded the war-whoop, they bounded forward, but with the notes half uttered, another of their number leaped into the air and fell back to rise no more. Leonora had fired again.

The remaining three rushed on, but again the brave girl's rifle rang like the knell of doom, and a fourth savage pitched headlong to the ground.

The terror of the remaining two was now pitiful to behold. They stopped short in their onward course, and uttered the most fearful screams, discharging their rifles at the tree in the wildest and most unavailing manner. But again the relentless rifle blazed, and another of the remaining two sunk to the ground as the bullet went crashing through his brain.

Immediately the one left threw down his rifle and cried out:

"No shoot me! No shoot me! Me give up!"

Leonora had drawn a bead on him, but now that he seemed so perfectly in her power she lowered her rifle, and stepping from behind the tree, climbed the fence briskly, and commenced approaching the savage.

The surprise and indignation of the Indian at the sight of the girl was intense, and forgetting his supplicating cry, he put his hand behind him and drew forth his tomahawk to throw at her.

Leonora's eye was as sharp as an eagle's. She saw the treacherous move, and just as the bright blade of the hatchet gleamed for the throw, she raised her rifle and shot the faithless scoundrel dead in his tracks.

With the speed of a deer she bounded forward to the Lake.

Harry Watson shouted "Glory hallelujah! I knew it was Leonora!" and the father cried for joy as her little form appeared on the bluff, rifle in hand.

Quickly she descended to the canoes and unbound the two men, who embraced her and cried over her in the most extravagant manner.

But they felt they had no time to lose; and, hastily gearing up their teams and loading up their valuables, they set out for Minneapolis, where they arrived safely, and where Leonora and Harry Watson were immediately made a flesh. Old Walter Brown and Harry Watson, which followed a study, whom the savages had been finally exterminated, they went back to their old home on Green Lake, where they now live. They have all of the largest stock farms in the State; and Leonora, though a bumpy wife and mother, clings to her beautiful revolving rifle, and yet occasionally uses it to keep herself in practice.

PROVERBS.

From the cradle to the grave we are plied, warned, puzzled, and taught with proverbs. We fancy ourselves in frock and trousers, just commencing our walk on the journey of life. There is a nase or motor on either side of us well loaded with proverbs to discharge upon us at every corner we turn. Here and there amongst those fired is a golden word which never fails, but generally it is met by some delusive counter-part calculated to undermine it. "Train up a child in the way he should go," says some one; "You cannot make a silk purse of a sow's ear," answers the other. And then we journey on again until we come into some juvenile dilemma from which we know not how to extricate ourselves, or whether it would be best to remain as we are. In one ear there is whispered, "Anything for a change," and our other auricular catches the words, "Never jump out of the frying-pan into the fire." After a while we fall away, and are inclined to rest, but are dissuaded from so doing by the sage information that "A rolling stone gathers no moss." From this we suppose that the moss alluded to is something which we must at all hazards avoid coming into contact with, and, therefore, we inwardly resolve to keep continually on the move. But, alas! no sooner is the resolution made than we are astounded by hearing the very same words used as an inducement to quietness, as if this moss were something wherewith to line our nest—something without which we must not expect to get comfortably through the world. Therefore we are at last left in ignorance how the words really ought to be understood. We advance a little and then we fall in love, and there is quite a war of proverbs on the subject. "Strike while the iron's hot," says Dexter. "Marry in haste and repent at leisure," makes answer Sinitzer. "Happy is the wooing that isn't long in doing," is the ready reply. And equally ready comes the words, "Hotest love is soonest cold." And then the Spectator is opened, and the authority of Addison brought forward to tell us that "Those marriages generally abound most in love and constancy that are preceded by long courtship. The passion should strike root, and gather strength before marriage be granted on it. A long course of hopes and expectations fixes the idea in our minds, and habituates us to a fondness of the persons beloved." And how long Addison would go on we know not, for we cannot bear to listen to him on this subject, knowing how notably he himself set aside his own marriage-precepts when he married the old countess for her title. As may be supposed, we are on the whole very little enlightened on the question by the several remarks. We consider to marry, or not to marry, as the case may be. We are parted from our beloved. Again proverbs come to bother us. Hope whispers us, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." But fear makes answer, "Out of sight, out of mind." We are, therefore, just as much in the dark as ever, and, for light, must bid our times. Suppose, however, that we have not married; then we are anxious to be doing something, to be stirring ourselves, and making our way in the world. We are not content with lying ourselves down to one hum-drum occupation, we would be many things at once—we would be a different man in one, so we give a ready ear to the advice, "Keep two strings to your bow;" but then there is a counter-craik, "Between two stools you come to the ground." We weigh the matter for a while, and unsettled till again we hear, "Kill two birds with one stone;" and even this fails to establish us for a long time, for our equilibrium is again disturbed by the words, "If you have too many irons in the fire, some of them will burn;" and we are at last in desperation, and in firm resolve to have our own way, are obliged to resort to Dr. Clarke, and energetically read, "The old adage of 'Too many irons in the fire' is a great mistake. You cannot have too many; poker, tongs and all—keep them all going."

On the other hand, we will suppose that we have married. Then, perchance, there comes the care of a family. We are anxious to know what to do with our boys. We hold a discussion with our other self. Perhaps we become rather heated in that discussion, and she must needs say, "Think twice before you speak once," quite forgetting, dear soul, that though such words sound well as a maxim, still, if they were acted upon, there would be very little talking in the world. Per-

haps we are wishful to lead our child in some unfrequented path, where he will have elbow room, where he can make himself seen and known, and not be lost in the vast crowd of similarity. We resent how worn out are all the ordinary occupations of life, how it is almost impossible in any of them above mediocrity. She is anxious to agree with us, and says, "Yes, 'Everything is the worse for wearing.'" "No, no," we answer "not everything." We don't want so much concession as that. Surely virtue, goodness, kindness, and love, are not the worse for wearing. Why, then, say everything?"

She says that she is equally wrong, both when she agrees with us, and when she differs from us; so, probably, she concludes to leave the matter entirely in our own hands. Not so is it, however, with the Monitors at our elbows. They will not let us make our children anything out of the common way. They will keep whispering, "Never waste in unknown waters;" and vainly do we urge that it has only been by wading in unknown waters that all great discoveries have been made, and all great deeds achieved, since the world began.

ROUGH ON THE YANKEES.

The Cleveland Plain Dealer says: Don Platt, the Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial, has been holding a talk with an intelligent negro, a Southern delegate to the colored convention, lately in session at Washington, in reference to the future of the negro race. The theory assumed by the negro, if true, presents in the most revolting light the result of the officious intermeddling of pious New England with this class of people. The following is an extract from the conversation referred to:

"You have a right, then, to anticipate a bright future for your race."
"My friend paused a moment, and then said sadly:
"No, sir; I have no bright anticipations. In a few generations the colored race of America will have disappeared.—We have taken the vices with the virtues of the stronger race, and they are fatal to us."
"I don't clearly understand you."
"Well, sir, it is generally believed that the black race is a hardy race. This is not true. The average duration of life, under the whip, on the plantation, is only ten years. The supply was kept up by the master's care in breeding—it being his interest. Now, this is not the case, and while the mortality continues through dissipation, the increase through population has fallen off painfully. On plantations and in neighborhoods where, before the war, children swarmed almost, you scarcely find one now."
"Why, how do you account for that?"
"What becomes of the children?"
"The mothers have learned from New England how to kill them. You know, sir, that New England is dying out from a lack of Yankees, and the poor colored people have not been slow to learn. But while the whites receive a fresh supply from emigration, the colored race has none."
We are loth to believe that this is true. It is too horrible to imagine that the New England element that went South ostensibly to civilize and christianize the poor negro, has, instead, introduced among them that which is ten times worse than their former condition of slavery, the most revolting of all crimes, infanticide. What a terrible responsibility rests upon the heads of those who under the guise of Christianity, have lured this poor ignorant race to certain destruction.

A WIDOW'S INVITATION.—In former days there dwelt in the brave crackmaker State, in close proximity to each other, a young, buxom, and wealthy widow, and a bachelor of scarcely more than her own age. Hope whispers us, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." But fear makes answer, "Out of sight, out of mind." We are, therefore, just as much in the dark as ever, and, for light, must bid our times. Suppose, however, that we have not married; then we are anxious to be doing something, to be stirring ourselves, and making our way in the world. We are not content with lying ourselves down to one hum-drum occupation, we would be many things at once—we would be a different man in one, so we give a ready ear to the advice, "Keep two strings to your bow;" but then there is a counter-craik, "Between two stools you come to the ground." We weigh the matter for a while, and unsettled till again we hear, "Kill two birds with one stone;" and even this fails to establish us for a long time, for our equilibrium is again disturbed by the words, "If you have too many irons in the fire, some of them will burn;" and we are at last in desperation, and in firm resolve to have our own way, are obliged to resort to Dr. Clarke, and energetically read, "The old adage of 'Too many irons in the fire' is a great mistake. You cannot have too many; poker, tongs and all—keep them all going."

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"I don't clearly understand you."
"Well, sir, it is generally believed that the black race is a hardy race. This is not true. The average duration of life, under the whip, on the plantation, is only ten years. The supply was kept up by the master's care in breeding—it being his interest. Now, this is not the case, and while the mortality continues through dissipation, the increase through population has fallen off painfully. On plantations and in neighborhoods where, before the war, children swarmed almost, you scarcely find one now."
"Why, how do you account for that?"
"What becomes of the children?"
"The mothers have learned from New England how to kill them. You know, sir, that New England is dying out from a lack of Yankees, and the poor colored people have not been slow to learn. But while the whites receive a fresh supply from emigration, the colored race has none."
We are loth to believe that this is true. It is too horrible to imagine that the New England element that went South ostensibly to civilize and christianize the poor negro, has, instead, introduced among them that which is ten times worse than their former condition of slavery, the most revolting of all crimes, infanticide. What a terrible responsibility rests upon the heads of those who under the guise of Christianity, have lured this poor ignorant race to certain destruction.

A WIDOW'S INVITATION.—In former days there dwelt in the brave crackmaker State, in close proximity to each other, a young, buxom, and wealthy widow, and a bachelor of scarcely more than her own age. Hope whispers us, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." But fear makes answer, "Out of sight, out of mind." We are, therefore, just as much in the dark as ever, and, for light, must bid our times. Suppose, however, that we have not married; then we are anxious to be doing something, to be stirring ourselves, and making our way in the world. We are not content with lying ourselves down to one hum-drum occupation, we would be many things at once—we would be a different man in one, so we give a ready ear to the advice, "Keep two strings to your bow;" but then there is a counter-craik, "Between two stools you come to the ground." We weigh the matter for a while, and unsettled till again we hear, "Kill two birds with one stone;" and even this fails to establish us for a long time, for our equilibrium is again disturbed by the words, "If you have too many irons in the fire, some of them will burn;" and we are at last in desperation, and in firm resolve to have our own way, are obliged to resort to Dr. Clarke, and energetically read, "The old adage of 'Too many irons in the fire' is a great mistake. You cannot have too many; poker, tongs and all—keep them all going."

On the other hand, we will suppose that we have married. Then, perchance, there comes the care of a family. We are anxious to know what to do with our boys. We hold a discussion with our other self. Perhaps we become rather heated in that discussion, and she must needs say, "Think twice before you speak once," quite forgetting, dear soul, that though such words sound well as a maxim, still, if they were acted upon, there would be very little talking in the world. Per-

THE SEVEN BRIDE.

On a high rock, overlooking the Rhine, that river of legends, stood the half-castle, half-fortress of Ehrenburg, which, with its high and gloomy battlements, seemed to pierce the very clouds. Its dungeon and keep were said to be the strongest in Germany; and, indeed, it was so, for it could be only accessible from one point, which was a narrow path, where but one man could walk at a time. The owner and governor of this castellated fortress was Sir John Verrieh, a haughty, overbearing man, subject at times to fits of the most violent passion, which at one time led him to commit a crime of the most horrid nature, which formed the legend connected with the old ruins that now stand gazing gloomily, as it were, upon the passing steamboats bearing parties of tourists up the Rhine.

Sir John was a widower, his wife having died of a broken heart, after giving birth to a daughter, three years after marriage. This daughter, the Lady Isadore, though treated severely by her father, grew up with all the beauty which enhances the fair sex within man's eye. She had a lover; what young girl of seventeen has not? He was captain of the guards belonging to the castle, a young man of low birth, though gifted with a fine education and some personal beauty, which, together with his