Cambria Freeman.

H. A. M'PIKE, Editor and Publisher. HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE. Terms, $2 per year in advance.

VOLUME 4. EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 27, 1870. NUMBER 1.

NEW ARRIVAL

AT THE

EBENSBURG

STOVE, HARDWARE,

AND

GEN'L HOUSE-FURNISHING

DEPOT.

CONSISTING OF

THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF

SLEIGH BELLS

Ever brought to Ebensburg!

THE LARGEST LOT OF)) BAR IRON ((Ever brought to Ebensburg

THE LARGEST STOCK OF

BOYS' SKATES AND SLEDS

Ever brought to Ebensburg!

Also, a large stock of CHOPPING AXES, FELLING AXES, BASKETS, SOAP & SPONE CAKE BRUSHES, HORSE COLLARS, HORSE SHOES and HORSE SHOE NAILS.

Cook & Heating Stoves,

and a general assortment of all articles in my line of business.

ALL WILL BE SOLD LOW FOR CASH.

GEO. HUNTLEY.

Ebensburg, Dec. 2, 1869. 3m

FIRE! FIRE!! FIRE!!!

DO YOU HEAR THAT, FIREMEN?

AND ARE YOU PREPARED TO

OBEY THE SUMMONS!

If you are not, unless you have been to

WOLFF'S Clothing Store,

and have bought one of these superb

FIREMAN'S COATS,

to keep you warm and dry. Wolff makes them at from $18 to $20, and any other garment you want you can have made to order at reasonable rates.

NO FIT, NO CHARGE!

Mr. WOLFF has just returned from the East, and his READY MADE

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT

now contains the largest assortment, the most varied assortment, and altogether the most pleasing assortment of

WINTER GARMENTS FOR MEN & BOYS

EVER DISPLAYED IN ALTOONA.

OVERCOATS, from the lowest priced Kersmere to the finest Beaver—all sizes.

Full Suits of Clothing at from $9 to $30, Pants from $1.50 to $9. Vests from 75 cents to $3. Also, a general variety of

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Satchels, SATCHELS, TRUNKS, &c.

In the LADIES' DEPARTMENT will be found a full stock of FURS, from the low-priced Coney to the finest Mink and Sable.

GODFREY WOLFF.

Next door to the Post Office, Altoona City.

FARMERS, Look to Your Interests,

AND BUY ONE OF

SPROUT'S COMBINED

HAY FORK AND KNIFE,

THE BEST AND ONLY PERFECTLY COMBINED

Hay Fork and Knife Manufactured.

EVERY FORK WARRANTED.

Only a limited number can be supplied for this county, orders for this celebrated Hay Fork and Knife should be sent in early to

GEO. HUNTLEY, EBENSBURG, PA.,

Sole Agent for Cambria County.

Also supply WOODEN PULLEYS, far superior to Iron Pulleys. Also, PULLEY GRAPPLES for fastenining Pulleys to Shafts or Rafters—the most convenient fastener yet introduced, as they can be put up or taken down without the use of ladders.

Ebensburg, Dec. 9, 1869. 6m.

FARMERS AND OTHERS

SHOULD NOT FAIL TO GET

THE OF THE JUSTLY CELEBRATED

Lima Double-Geared

FEED-SAWING MACHINES,

FOR WHICH

GEORGE HUNTLEY,

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Sole Agent for Cambria County.

REAL ESTATE

SAVINGS BANK,

No. 63 Fourth Avenue,

Adjoining new Merchants' and Manufacturers' National Bank,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

ESTABLISHED IN 1862.

ISAAC JONES, President.
WM. H. SMITH, Vice President.
S. S. CARRIER, Sec. and Treas.
B. C. PARKE, Accountant.
E. B. TODD, Solicitor.

TRUSTEES:

Hon. Thos. M. Howe, Jacob Painter,
Hon. J. K. Moorhead, C. G. Hussey,
Harvey Childs, Wm. H. Smith,
Isaac Jones, D. W. C. Bidwell,
Nicholas Voeghdy, Jr.

Statement of October 30, 1869.

ASSETS

Bonds and Mortgages, being first liens on Real Estate,	$502,957 00
U. S. 1881 Bonds, at par	25,000 00
U. S. 10-40 Bonds, at par	25,081 00
Real Estate	2,720 47
Office Furniture	418 60
Cash	51,400 32
Total	$607,496 39

LIABILITIES.

Amount due Depositors	$556,103 71
" " " Interest, Nov. 1, 1869	14,027 79
Contingent Fund	43,364 89
Total	$607,496 39

INTEREST ALLOWED on Deposits, at SIX PER CENT. PER ANNUM, payable to Depositors in May and November, which, if not drawn, will be added to the principal, and compounded.

Open for Deposit from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M., daily; also on Saturday Evenings, from 6 to 9 o'clock.

Money loaned on Bond and Mortgage only. Slips for the use of depositors who cannot visit the city, and copies of Charter and By-laws furnished by mail

S. S. CARRIER,
Secretary and Treasurer.
No. 63 FOURTH AVE., PITTSBURGH, PA.
November 25, 1869. 5m.

THOMAS CARLAND,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN

GROCERIES & QUEENSWARE,

WOOD AND WILLOW WARE,

STATIONERY AND NOTIONS,

FISH, SALT, SUGAR CURED MEATS,

BACON, FLOUR,

FEED AND PROVISIONS,

NO. 136 VIRGINIA STREET,

Between Julia and Caroline, - *ALTOONA.*

All such goods as Spices, Brushes, Wood and Willow Ware, Shoe Blacking and Stationery will be sold from manufacturer's printed price lists, and all other goods in my line at Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati and Pittsburgh current prices. To dealers I present the peculiar advantage of saying them all freight and drayage, as they are not required to pay freights from the principal cities and no drayage charges are made. Dealers may rest assured that my goods are of the best quality and my prices as moderate as city rates. By doing a fair, upright business, and by promptly and satisfactorily filling all orders, I hope to merit the patronage of retail dealers and others in Cambria county and elsewhere. Orders respectfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed in all cases. THOMAS CARLAND.

Altoona, July 29, 1869.-tf.

"Poor women are on every side, and orphans cry for bread, because husbands and fathers lived and died uninsured."

AMERICAN

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF PHILADELPHIA.

Organized 1850.

ALEX. WHILLDIN, Pres't. JOHN S. WILSON, Sec.

All policies non forfeitable. All policies are payable at death or 80 years of age.

ECONOMY in management, CARE in the selection of risks, PROMPTNESS in the payment of death claims, and SECURITY in the investment of its immense funds, are rigidly adhered to and have ALWAYS characterized this Company.

J. FRANK CONDON,
Special Agent.
Nov. 11, 1869.-1y.

FOREIGN SHIPPING AND EXCHANGE OFFICE.

WE ARE NOW SELLING EXCHANGE AT NEW YORK RATES, ON

England,	Ireland,	Scotland,
Wales,	Germany,	Prussia,
Austria,	Bavaria,	Wurtemberg,
Baden,	Hessen,	Saxony,
Hanover,	Belgium,	Switzerland,
Holland,	Norway and	France.

And Tickets to and from any Port in

England,	Ireland,	Scotland,
Germany,	France,	California,
New South Wales or		Australia.

KERR & CO.

Altoona, Pa., Jan. 21, 1867.

LLOYD & CO., Bankers,

EBENSBURG, PA.

Gold, Silver, Government Loans, and other Securities, bought and sold. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made in all accessible points in the United States, and a general Banking business transacted.

W. M. LLOYD & CO.,

BANKERS, ALTOONA, PA.

Drafts on the principal cities and Silver and Gold for sale. Collections made.—Moneys received on deposit, payable on demand, without interest, or upon time, with interest at fair rates. -an31.

The Poet's Department.

PITILESS FATE.

BY ALICE CARY.

I saw in my dream a wonderful stream,
And over the stream was a bridge so slender,
And over the white there was a scarlet light,
And over the scarlet a golden splendor.

And beyond the bridge was a goodly ridge
Where bees made honey, and corn was growing,
And down that way through the golden gray
A gay young man was rowing.

I could see from the shore that a rose he wore
Stuck in his button hole, rare as the rarest,
And singing a song and rowing along—
I guessed his face to be fair as the fairest.

And all by the corn where the bees at morn
Made combs of honey—with breathing bated,
I saw by the stream (it was only a dream)
A lovely lady that watched and waited.

There were fair green leaves in her silken sleeves,
And loose her locks in the winds were blowing,
And she kiss'd to land with her milk-white hand
The gay young man in the boat a rowing.

And all so light in her apron white
She caught the little red rose he cast her,
And "Haste!" she cried, with her arms so wide,
"Haste, sweetheart, haste!" but the boat was past her.

And the gray so cold ran over the gold,
And she sighed with only the winds to hear her—
"He loves me still," and he rowed with a will,
But pitiless Fate, not he, was steerer.

And there till the morn blushed over the corn
And over the bees in their sweet combs humming,
Her locks with the dew drenched through and through,
She watched and waited her false love's coming!

But the maid to-day who reads my lay
May keep her young heart light as a feather:
It was only a dream, the bridge and the stream,
And lady and lover, and all together.

—Hearth and Home

Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.

[From the Buffalo Express]

EARLY DAYS IN NEVADA.

SILVER LAND NABOBS.

BY MARK TWAIN

One of the curious features of Pacific Coast life is the startling uncertainty that marks a man's career in the mines. He may spring from poverty to wealth so suddenly as to turn his hair white, and then after a while he may become poor again so suddenly as to make all that white hair fall out and leave his head as clean as a billiard ball. The great Nevada silver excitement of '58-'59 was prolific of this sort of vicissitudes.

Two brothers, teamsters, did some hauling for a man in Virginia city, and had to take a small segregated portion of a silver mine in lieu of $300 cash. They gave an outsider a third to open the mine, and they went on teaming. But not long. Ten months afterwards the mine was out of debt and paying each owner $8,000 to $10,000 a month—say $100,000 a year. They had that handsome income for just about two years—and they dressed in the loudest kind of costumes and wore mighty diamonds and played poker for amusement, there men who had seldom $20 at one time in all their lives before. One of them is tending bar for wages now, and the other is serving his country as commander-in-chief of a street car in San Francisco at $75 per month. He was very glad to get that employment, too.

One of the earliest nabobs that Nevada was delivered of wore $6,000 worth of diamonds in his bosom, and swore he was unhappy because he couldn't spend his money as fast as he made it. But let us learn from him that persistent effort is bound to achieve success at last. Within a year's time his happiness was secure, for he hadn't a cent to spend.

Another Nevada nabob boasted an income that often reached $16,000 a month; and he used to love to tell how he had worked in the very mine that yielded it, for $5 a day, when he first came to the country. Three years afterward he attained to the far more exceeding grandeur of working in it again, at *four* dollars a day.

The silver and sage-brush State has knowledge of another of these pets of fortune—lifted from actual poverty to affluence almost in a single night—who was able to offer $100,000 for a position of high official distinction shortly afterward, and did offer it—and a little over a year ago a friend saw him shoveling snow on the Pacific Railroad for a living, away up on the summit of the Sierras, some 7,000 feet above the level of comfort and the sea. The friend remarked that it must be pretty hard work; though, as the snow was twenty-five feet deep, it promised to be a steady job, at least. Yes, he said, he didn't mind it *now*, though a month or so ago, when it was sixty-two feet deep and still a snowing, he was not so much attached to it. Such is life.

Then there was John Smith. That wasn't his name, but we will call him that. He was a good, honest, kind-hearted fellow, born and reared in the lower ranks of life, and miraculously ignorant. He drove a team, and the team belonged to another man. By and by he married an excellent woman, who owned a small ranch—a ranch that paid them a comfortable living, for although it yielded but little hay, what little it did yield was worth from $250 to $500 in gold per ton in the market. Presently Smith traded a few acres of the ranch for a small, undeveloped silver-mine in Gold Hill. He opened the mine and built a little unpretending ten-stamp mill. Eighteen months afterward he quit raising hay, for his mining income had reached a most comfortable figure. Some people said it was $30,000 a month, and others said it was $60,000. Smith was very rich anyhow. He built a house out in the desert—right in the most forbidding and otherwise howling desert—and it was currently reported that that house cost him a quarter of a million. Possibly that was exaggerated somewhat, though it certainly was a fine house and a costly one. The bedsteads cost $400 or $500 apiece.

And then the Smiths went to Europe and traveled. And when they came back Smith was never tired of telling about the fine hogs he had seen in England, and the gorgeous sheep he had seen in Spain, and the fine cattle he had noticed in the vicinity of Rome. He was full of the wonders of the old world, and advised everybody to travel. He said a man never imagined what surprising things there were in the world till he had traveled.

One day, on board ship, the passengers made up a pool of $500, which was to be the property of the man who should come nearest to guessing the run of the vessel for the next twenty-four hours. Next day, toward noon, the figures were all in the purser's hands in sealed envelopes.—Smith was serene and happy, for he had been bribing the engineer. But another party won the prize! Smith said,

"Here, that won't do! He guessed two miles wider of the mark than I did."

The purser said, "Mr. Smith, you missed it further than any man on board. We traveled two hundred and eight miles yesterday."

"Well, sir," said Smith, "that's just where I've got you, for I guessed two hundred and nine. If you'll look at my figgers again you'll find a 2 and two naughts, which stands for 200, don't it?—and after 'em you'll find a 9 (2009), which stands for two hundred and nine. I reckon I'll take that money, if you please."

Well, Smith is dead. And when he died he wasn't worth a cent. The lesson of this is, that one must *learn how* to do everything he does—one must have experience in being rich before he can *remain* rich. The history of California will prove this to your entire satisfaction. Sudden wealth is an awful misfortune to the average run of men. It is wasting breath to instruct the reader after this fashion, though, for no man was ever convinced of it yet till he had tried it himself—and I am around now hunting for a man who is afraid to try it. I haven't had any luck, so far.

All the early pioneers of California acquired more or less wealth, but an enormous majority of them have not got any now. Those that have, get it slowly and by patient toil.

The reader has heard of the great Gould & Curry silver mine of Nevada. I believe its shares are still quoted in the stock sales in New York papers. The claim comprised 1,200 feet, if I remember rightly, or may be it was 800—and I think it all belonged originally to two men whose names it bears. Mr. Curry owned two-thirds of it—and he said that he sold it out for twenty-five hundred dollars, in cash, and an old plug horse that ate up his market value in hay and barley in seventeen days by the watch. And he said that Gould sold out for a pair of second-hand government blankets and a bottle of whisky that killed nine men in three hours, and an unoffending stranger that smelt the cork was disabled for life four years afterward the mine thus disposed of was worth in the San Francisco market seven million six hundred thousand dollars in gold coin.

In the early days a poverty-stricken Mexican who lived in a canon right back of Virginia City, had a stream of water as large as a man's wrist trickling from the hillside on his premises. The Ophir Company segregeted 100 feet of their mine and swapped it to him for the stream of water. The hundred feet proved to be the richest part of the entire mine; four years after the swap, its market value (including its mill), was $1,500,000. I was down in it about that time, 600 feet under the ground, and about half of it caved in over my head—and yet, valuable as that property was, I would have given the entire mine to have been out of that. I do not wish to brag—but I can be liberal if you take me right.

An individual who owned 20 feet in the Ophir mine before its great riches were revealed to men, traded it for a horse, and a very sorry looking brute he was too. A year or so afterward, when Ophir stock went up to $3,000 a foot, this man, who hadn't a cent, used to say he was the most startling example of magnificence and misery the world had ever seen—because he was able to ride a 60,000-dollar horse and yet had to ride him bareback because he couldn't scare up cash enough to buy a saddle. He said if fortune were to give him another 60,000 dollar horse it would ruin him.

The shiftless people I have been talking about have settled sedimentally down to their proper place on the bottom, but the solid mining prosperity of California and Nevada continues—the two together producing some $40,000,000 annually in gold and silver. White Pine is giving birth to the usual number of suddenly-created nabobs, but three years hence nearly every one of them will be scratching for wages again. Petroleum bred a few of these butterflies for the eastern market. They don't live long in Nevada. I was worth half a million dollars myself, once, for ten days—and now I'm prowling around the lecture field and the field of journalism instructing the public for a subsistence. I was just as happy as the other butterflies, and no wiser—except that I am sincerely glad that my supernatural stupidity lost me my great windfall before it had a chance to make a more inspired ass of me than I was before. I am satisfied that I do not know enough to be wealthy and live to survive it. I had two partners in this brilliant stroke of fortune. The sensible one is still worth a hundred thousand dollars or so—he never lost his wits—but the other one (and by far the best and worthless of our trio), can't pay his board.

I was personally acquainted with the several nabobs mentioned in this letter, and so, for old acquaintance sake, I have swapped their occupations and experiences around in such a way as to keep the Pacific public from recognizing these notorious men. I have no desire to drag them out of their retirement and make them uncomfortable by exhibiting them without mask or disguise—I merely wish to use their fortunes and misfortunes for a moment for the adornment of this newspaper article.

SINGULAR DOTAGE.—One of the most singular cases of dotage we have ever heard of came to our notice a few days ago. An old lady in her eighty-fourth year, residing at the southern extremity of one of our principal streets, named Deborah Brant, has for a long time attracted the attention of her neighbors and immediate relatives by her singular conduct. It appears that Miss B. received a very good education, so considered in her youth, and at the age or thirty having no means of support, opened a school in the southern portion of this county. She would take only eighteen pupils; though numerous applications were made for admission, none succeeded. If any vacancies occurred, she took up the applications in order of the date, and admitted a number sufficient to make the magic eighteen. She would have her school open but eighteen days in a month, and the school year divided into two terms of eighteen weeks each. She charged eighteen cents a week for tuition for smaller pupils, and twice eighteen for older and more advanced ones. In health she would work eighteen hours a day, devoting the remaining six to sleep.

She led this peculiar and sedentary life for many years, with long vacation periods. In 1849, having received a legacy from an only relative, she came to Columbia and has since then led a quiet, secluded life, refusing to see strangers, and seldom if ever allowing those around her to converse with her. On each returning eighteenth birthday, she shows unusual depression of spirits, and during the day will not speak a word. On the eighteenth of each month, the reticence and depressions are more noticeable than at any other times.

She keeps her own secrets, something which young ladies find it hard to do, and very little is known to assign for her singular conduct. In other respects she retains her faculties to a remarkable degree. The theory with the most knowing and speculative ones is that Miss B. was made the victim of misplaced confidence in early youth, culminating, no doubt in terrible reality on or about her eighteenth birthday. She speaks of no one in unkind tones. The future may develop more of her singular history.—*Columbia (Pa.) Spy.*

A GOOD ONE.—A pretty rich occurrence came off at Sandyville, Ohio, the other day. Mr. McFarland, the landlord, and also a farmer, took a lot of sheep from Colonel Black to keep for him. The bargain was that if any of the sheep died McFarland was to pelt or wool them, which means that he was to take the hides off or pull the wool, as he thought proper. A stormy night came and three of the sheep died. McFarland had a chunk of a boy in his employ who was not up to sheep talk, and he ordered the boy to go and pelt the sheep. He came back in a couple of hours, and McFarland asked him how he had got on, to which he demurely replied: "Oh, middling; I got the most of them pelted, but there were three I could not catch." McFarland went to the sheep pasture and discovered the boy had "pelted" nineteen of the sheep to death, and pretty thoroughly run down the three wild ones.

A LAZY MENDICANT applied to Horace Greely for a letter recommending him as a proper subject for charity. The beggar did a thriving business for about two months, as the philanthropists to whom he showed it could decipher only the well-known signature; but that they deemed a sufficient endorsement. At last a printer, familiar with Mr. Greely's manuscript, was called on for aid; and he astonished the beggar by informing him that Mr. Greely had played a joke upon him, and had given him a note stating, "The bearer is suffering from chronic laziness, and should be compelled to saw wood by every person anxious to protect the public against impostors."

HIRAM GREEN'S WOOING.

Love, Courtship, Swill Barrels, and Matrimony.

This life would be a one hoss sho,
Witnout a day to spart in;
There isent a thing a man can do
So hunkey as a cortin.

So rites the poeck Green. A man which hasent been a cortin, and engoid them ere hunky times, is no more complete than is a bole of mush and milk without the usual quantity of lacteal flooid. Standin leenin over the front gate of the old humsted, holding the diggits of her who has frozed tite to yoor affeckshuns—oh! its soothin like. It makes a feller tingle all over as if a hul regiment of little naked coopids was a skwirtin laffin gas, ise creem and colone water into his eres with a 40-hoss power steem fire ingin. Memry carries me back on her plade out velosipede to the days of my yooth, when I was castin longin eyes and heavin deep size to she who was Mariar Conklin; but she now struts about wearin the uniform of Mrs. Square Green, and rockin the spots off of any woman in this ere nashun as a gitter up of veal pot pize and ingun puddings.

I remember, sunday evenings, when fallin into with the rest of the boys about the church doors waitin for Mariar to cum out, my gizzard wood wable up and down into my throte like a mule's ere when sentin his otes.

The kurious sensashun that a man feels them times is extremely bully. I uster to rite short snatches of poickry. Sum of them I considered of hi order then, but since I've grode to an age of discreshun and takin to hell letters, the insignifisents of them yoothful efforts are sublimely fotografi on my inteleck.

For instants:

CANTO 1ST.

Owe! Mariar, Mariar,
I sure will eckspire,
With my buzzum a heevin for thee;
If you won't be mine,
I bet I shall pine—
I shall pine—and bekum a pine tree.

CANTO 2D.

My hart is afire
For thee, my troo love;
I pant for Mariar,
My sweet turkle duv.

I coodent egsist with my sowl harhow-up so. Therefore, one pleasant evenin, when natoor, with the ade of Mother Winslow's soothin sirrup, had hushed the prattlin offspring to sleep, I dipt my flaxen locks into a lot of medicated hog's lard—grest my boots with cole tar—put on my tother close, and jinted for Deekin Conklins, determined to woo the old man's darter, or else be called a foofoo.

Mariar's mother cum to the door and ushered me into the presents of my life. There sot Mariar quarterin apples to dry. Cricky! didn't I feel sick! Jess so. I'll never forgit my feelins if I live to be old enuff for the last revolushanary soger. I wisht I was an apple and was being quartered by them hands, as she so gayly chucket her old case knife into the core.

As the old woman left suddenly, it occurred to me that she smelt a dead rat, and knew what I cum for. Walkin up to Mariar, I took her by the apple-stained hand and sed:

"Mariar, yoor jest old punkins," and I slightly squeezed her hand.

She sed, with a little titter, "Now yeou git out, Hi Green."

"I've cum," sed I, "to offer thee this hart of mine. Will you share my lot? Will you be my light fingered antelope—my rite bower! Oh! Mariar! Mariar!" I continood, throwin a little stage actin into my voice, "coodist you, with them ere peepers of yourn, see the agitashun of this distractid hart, and beholdist the"—

I dident go no further, for goin through the attitoods, I stepped back, when "kersouss" I went into the swill keg, which was set out to catch the apple parins into.

As I went down, up squashed the porcine fodder, coverin Mariars caliker dress. This sot her to hollerin, when in comes Deekin Conklin, Mrs. Conklin and 2 or 3 other nabors. There I was, doubled up like a jack knife, with my nose atween my nees, lookin as doggish as a string of sassiges.

A rose by any other name
Wood smell as sweet as I,
With onelean food all ore my close,
And sich perfoom, oh, my!

Old Mrs. Conklin was the fust to brake the silents. Sed she:

"Hiram Green, you are a fool. Yoove jist got yourself into a sweet old mess. If you want to marry my gal, why don't you up and say so, and not be dumpin yoorself into the swill barrel without no regard whatever for your best harniss. Heer, Mariar," she continood, "git the tongs and pull Hiram out, and skrape him off with a chip."

I was jerked out pooty lively, when the Conklin's sot to and skraped me off.—then says the old woman:

"Heer, Hiram, take her, shees yourn; but in the futer keep out of swill barrels and sich."

We were soon united in the holy bonds of wedlox, and Ime free to admit it was trooly the most momentsius event of my checkered life. (N. B. No keerds.) I lade out a serious of rules with which to govern my wife, but she bein a little decided in her opinions, thru obstickles in my way resemblin broom sticks, &c., which caused me to abandin the rules.

But I defy any man, or strong minded woman, standin, to rise and git up and say that Mariar haint been a good wife and a virtcos housekeeper, darnin my storkins and patchin my old close, like an old roman Mother, while watchin over the 11 off-spring of which she and I are the respeckted parints.

I hope the publick wont consider it egotistism when I my honors has been showered onto me like hot cakes. Like one of our many presidents, Ive risen from the lowermost round of the ladder, havin served successfully as a tailor, stage driver, pound master, hog constable, skool trustee, &c., until my feller citizens called onto me to dump my encicloopedian form into the magisterial chear, and my deeds as Gustice of the Peece has gone into history hed fast along with Square Solomon. How troo was the saying of H. Ward Beecher:

"There is occashuns a time,
With a tied man,
Which, if taken by the horns,
Will lead him, if he keeps his hed level,
To nobody nose whare.

HIRAM GREEN, Esq.,
Late Gustice of the Peece.

Thrilling Scene on a Tight Rope.

An English paper thus details a thrilling affair which occurred during one of Blondin's recent exhibitions:

After he had crossed in a sack stood on a chair, and had done some of his minor feats, it was found that the rope, which was a new one, had slackened so considerably that it would be necessary to tighten it, in order to allow of his performing his new and extraordinary feat of crossing it on a bicycle, and he was, therefore, compelled to appeal to the audience for time to tighten the rope. Half an hour was asked for and cheerfully granted, but, after the guy ropes had been loosened and the rope tightened up, some difficulty was found in refixing the pole to which the guys were attached, in consequence of the tension of the rope having dragged them forcibly out of the ground. Quite three quarters of an hour elapsed before this was done, and then Blondin appeared again, and starting from the west end of the building carried his assistant over on his back. It was evident, from the lowering of some ballast bags on the guy poles, that during this passage across, the rope slackened a good deal, but Blondin either did not observe this or did not think it important, for after a short interval, during which he changed his dress, he appeared on his bicycle, and amid the cheers of the spectators started on what seemed an awful perilous journey. He had not gone far when it became apparent from the decline of the rope that it had slackened very much, and people who understood the nature of bicycles and the impossibility of propelling them up hill began to calculate the probabilities of his getting up the incline he must inevitably meet at the other end of the rope, but Blondin looked extremely cool and confident, and no fears for his safety seemed to be entertained till, after stopping cleverly about midway, he began to traverse the incline. It then became apparent from the gradual slacking of his speed, that he was doing some hard work, and murmurs began to rise from the audience. When about twenty yards from the landing stage he came to a dead stop and appeared to rest, balancing himself cautiously with a great pole he carried. He then made another effort and got a few yards further, when he stopped again. It then became apparent that he could not get further, as, although to the danger of disturbing his equilibrium, he tried to jerk the machine forward, it refused to move. The scene that then ensued was most exciting. People left their seats; ladies with frightened faces, made for the doors, and the general mass of the people at the east end of the building made a rush to the west end, hundreds jumping into the arena. When the rush and noise had subsided, a marvellous stillness succeeded. The crowds on the floor beneath the rope, and in the galleries nearest the spot, seemed to be hushed in eager expectation of something unpleasant, gazing some with horror-stricken faces on the performer, who sat motionless as a statue on the rope, about six yards from the landing-place, while his assistant leaned over the stage and appeared to be speaking to him, but looked helpless in the emergency. After the delay of two or three minutes, which seemed an age, the assistant, evidently by Blondin's directions, procured a rope, and this he threw out cautiously. It fell on the performer's shoulders, and he, with some difficulty, sustained the pole with one hand, while with the other he tied the rope round his waist. The assistant then gently pulled him in. Every move of the wheels was watched by the audience in silent horror till the machine ran on the landing stage, when the suppressed excitement culminated in one great shout of joy, succeeded by the wildest demonstrations.

A WESTERN PAPER publishes the following word of caution: "The young people who were seen feeding each other, dove-fashion, over a gate post, the other evening, had better be a little more cautious in future."

A SOUTHERN ORATOR, speaking of the battle of Bull Run, said: "The Federals ran so fast that the hard tack rattled in their stomachs like beans in a sheet-iron pot."