

HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE. EBENSBURG, PA., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1871.

Advertisements. NEW YORK DAY-BOOK. THE PITCHE'S Family Physician. FOR OUR PATRONS. BIRDSONG & BROS. Flower and Vegetable Seeds. Flowering Bulbs. THE VEGETABLE. HAWN DIPLOMATY POWER. THE JAPANESE HAIR. WAGNER & CO. Newspaper Advertising. NEW MASONIC TEMPLE LOAN. WILSON & BRO. PHILADELPHIA.

NEW FIRM IN AN OLD STAND. COME AND SEE! GOOD GOODS & GREAT BARGAINS FOR THE READY CASH!

STOCK OF NEW GOODS. PRICES FULLY AS LOW AS THE MARKET. EARLY VISITS FROM ONE AND ALL.

TOWN AND COUNTRY PROPERTY FOR SALE. A LOT OF GROUND IN Moorestown, with good Plank House and other buildings.

SHERRIFF'S SALES. By virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cumberland county.

SHERRIFF'S SALES. By virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cumberland county.

SHERRIFF'S SALES. By virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cumberland county.

SHERRIFF'S SALES. By virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cumberland county.

A WEST INDIAN TORNADO. BY AN OLD BARBARIAN. The 11th of August, 1841, is a day that will never pass from my memory while I have an existence.

I reached my friend Palmer's house a little after sunset on the night of the 10th, and found the whole family seated in the veranda, with a couple of gentleman neighbors, who had dropped in for an evening's social call.

During the next quarter of an hour the servants, to the number of ten, all negroes, made their appearance, crying, and looking as if they feared their last minute had come.

No description can do justice to such a scene, and imagination itself must fall far short of the horrible reality. For myself, I had been buried back into an inner room, and found a human body resting heavily upon me.

Suddenly we were startled by a favorite cat springing into the room from the one adjoining, mewling as if from fright, and running crouching around the walls, with disordered and glaring eyes.

"Something terrible!" said she, in a nervous whisper. "Only a storm," I replied, assuming an indifference I did not feel.

"Unerring instinct often tells the brute creation more than our reasons does. I fear this is only the beginning of a wild tempest!"

As she spoke, and as if in confirmation of her words, a lurid flash was visible through the cracks of the shutters, and was instantly followed by a crash that fairly brought us to our feet, so terrible was it.

cold; and feeling Clara shiver, I went and got a shawl from the adjoining room, and threw it carefully over the poor girl's shoulders.

"Do not give way to your fears," I exclaimed in her ear, "the only way I could make my words distinguishable above the awful roar; "the storm is doubtless at its height, and will soon abate."

By this time the fury of the tornado had begun to abate; but the wind still blew so fiercely that, in spite of my utmost exertions, it took me a whole hour to get back to the rooms from which I had been so swiftly removed.

What I have so feebly described as happening at the house of my friend, is only a faint picture of the ruin, destruction and desolation which entirely extended over the devoted island.

Of the eighteen persons, white and black, in the dwelling of my friend on that awful night, nine perished within forty-eight hours, Mr. Palmer himself making one of the fatal number.

Three months later, the houses everywhere had been rebuilt, new vegetation had taken the place of the old, the entire island looked as bright and peaceful as before it had been a land of mourning and a howling waste.

A WONFUL TALE.—A North German paper receives directly from a relative of the Hanoverian officer in question the following touching recital:

The company to which the young officer belonged captured twenty-five Frenchmen, and, upon inquiring at headquarters as to their disposal, received orders that they must be shot.

only to make visible the horrors of that appalling night. Look where you might, the eye rested upon nothing but the most dire destruction—houses in ruins, trees prostrated, fences swept away, and fields as completely ruined as if a fire had passed over them.

There the sight met my eyes beggars description. Mrs. Palmer, Clara and the children were still together where I had left them; but the eldest daughter had been killed by a flying piece of timber striking her on the head, and the others were nearly distracted.

What I have so feebly described as happening at the house of my friend, is only a faint picture of the ruin, destruction and desolation which entirely extended over the devoted island.

Of the eighteen persons, white and black, in the dwelling of my friend on that awful night, nine perished within forty-eight hours, Mr. Palmer himself making one of the fatal number.

Three months later, the houses everywhere had been rebuilt, new vegetation had taken the place of the old, the entire island looked as bright and peaceful as before it had been a land of mourning and a howling waste.

A WONFUL TALE.—A North German paper receives directly from a relative of the Hanoverian officer in question the following touching recital:

The company to which the young officer belonged captured twenty-five Frenchmen, and, upon inquiring at headquarters as to their disposal, received orders that they must be shot.

The young man, who was a devoted Christian, hesitated in the execution of such a terrible duty, but, in order not to appear too weak, he repressed his feelings, and had them conducted to a neighboring wood, where, upon a little elevation, they were to meet their fate.

Aunt Keziah's Skating on New Year's Day. It seems to me that Beauville never was half so dead as 'tis now; everybody is still in their shells, like a turtle in a frozen mud puddle, if not more so—and I am about as dead as any of 'em.

The Beauville folks knowing how awful kinder dull 'tis here, condescended to get up a New Year's skating party. The mill pond was fruz up just right for it, they sed; and it would be fine amusement.

"I'm bleeged to ye," sez I; "dunno as I shall undertake to skate any myself, but I guess I'll go down to the pond, and see the rest of 'em perform, I'm powerful fond of seeing folks enjoy themselves."

The pond was lively enough, I tell ye. All Beauville was there, hopping and strutting it—the mazetta! it was enough to make your head dizzy to see how they flew round on the ice.

Three months later, the houses everywhere had been rebuilt, new vegetation had taken the place of the old, the entire island looked as bright and peaceful as before it had been a land of mourning and a howling waste.

A WONFUL TALE.—A North German paper receives directly from a relative of the Hanoverian officer in question the following touching recital:

The company to which the young officer belonged captured twenty-five Frenchmen, and, upon inquiring at headquarters as to their disposal, received orders that they must be shot.

The young man, who was a devoted Christian, hesitated in the execution of such a terrible duty, but, in order not to appear too weak, he repressed his feelings, and had them conducted to a neighboring wood, where, upon a little elevation, they were to meet their fate.

down he come, down come his wife, and on went I! I wasn't to be stopped by small obstacles! My umbrill cracked a leetle in the fray, but it wasn't hurt, and neither was I, if I except the fact that my cap and wig had long before blew off, and departed for lands unknown.

I made a little prayer, and determining if I went down, to go with flying colors, I listed my umbrill, and in I went! It nigh about friz me to the bone—but in a minute or two, I found out that I was not drowned, but safe and sound for the umbrill highed me up just like a life preserver!

I found Sarah Ann crying as if her heart would break, and when she seed me she screeched out and jumped rite into my face and eyes! The folks had been up from the pond, she sed, and told her I was drowned!

The river was lined with a little million of folks, all of 'em talking at once, and everybody was ordering everybody else. Some of 'em was a poverly bilin' water onto the ice out of tea-kittles; and some with steel yards, and some with grabbers, was a fishing in the river after Keziah Small.

THE PRAYERS OF THE CHURCH.—The following story of a Cincinnati Church incident is from the Muncie (Ind.) Telegraph of last week:

The writer hereof attended Park Street M. E. Church, in Cincinnati, a few weeks since, where a revival has been in progress for some time.

A LAUGHABLE thing took place at a revival meeting somewhere in Mississippi not long since. The minister noticed a seedy chap in one of the seats, looking as though he needed religion or a good square meal.

A LADY in Memphis, not exactly comprehending what the word "disfranchised" meant, was told that Mr. Smith was disfranchised, and she wanted to know how long he had "been so."