Cambria Freeman.

L. 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 5. EBENSBURG, PA., SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1871. NUMBER 16.

New Advertisements.

THE SCHOOL!

...patronized by Young Men than ...for a Business or Academic Education ...College, Poughkeepsie, N.Y. It ...most reasonable Practical School ...States, and the only one providing ...for Graduates. Refer to patrons in ...Address H. G. EASTMAN, L.L.D., President.

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...Acres. 13 Greenhouses. Large ...—all sizes. Best Stock! Low ...Would you know What, When, How ...Fruit, Shade, Evergreen Trees, Root ...Seedlings, Osage Plants, Apple Seed, ...Poultice, Shrubs, Roses, Greenhouse ...Plants, &c. Flower and Vegetable Seeds! Finest, Best Collection—Sorts ...Send 10 cents for New, Illustrated, ...Catalogue—40 pages. Send stamp, ...Catalogues of Seeds, with plain directions; Bedding and Garden Plants—32 ...Wholesale Price List—24 pages. Address PHŒNIX, Bloomington, Illinois.

A remedy which has been tested for 10 years, and proved in thousands of cases, capable of curing all Diseases of the Throat and Lungs; performing many remarkable cures ...a trial from all who are suffering from similar affections and earnestly seeking relief. Will you let prejudice prevent you from being cured cheap?

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For Scrofula, Scrofulous Tumors, Scrofulous Diseases of the Eyes, or Scrofula in any form, Dyspepsia, Diseases of the Liver, Diseases of the Skin, Eruptions, Pimples, Boils, Tetter, Scald Head, Ulcers, and old Sores, or any disease depending on a depraved condition of the blood, take Dr. Crook's Compound Syrup of Poke Root. It is combined with the iodide preparations of iron known, and is the best Alterative and Blood Purifier made. Cleanse your blood. Try one Bottle. Sold by Druggists. Prepared only by OLIVER CROOK & CO., Dayton, O.

THE RED HORSE POWDER.—(20 ...Red Horse. Trade Mark.) Horses ...—Aaron Snyder's, U.S. Assist. ...Mount Erna, Pa.; C. Bacon's Livery Exchange Stable, Sunbury, Pa. Horses ...—Wolf & Wilhelm's, Danville, Pa.; Merchant, Washingtonville, Pa.; ...Barnes's, Jersey Shore, Pa. Horse ...Hog Cholera.—Hess & Bro.'s, Lewisburg, Pa. Cure of Colic.—Thos. Clingan's, Union ...Hog Cure of Cholera.—H. Barr's, H. & ...Milton. Cows Cured.—Dr. McCord's, Milton, Pa. Chickens Cured of Gapes.—Dr. D. T. Krebs', ...Dr. C. J. Davis, C. W. Sticker, ...James Finney, Milton, Pa. Hundreds ...could be cited whose stock was saved by ...the Red Horse Powder prepared by CYRUS W. Druggist, Chemist and Horse-...Sole Wholesale and Retail Drug and ...Emporium, Broadway, Milton, Pa., to ...orders should be addressed.

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...Twenty-five Cents for a Ticket and ...Sewing Machine, Piano, or some ...valuable. No blanks. Six for One Dollar. Address PACKARD & CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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...SCANLAN, Attorney-at-Law, ...Ebensburg, Cambria Co., Pa. All manner of legal business attended to promptly and ...Collections a specialty.

LIST OF RETAILERS OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC MERCHANDIZE in Cambria county, as appraised for the year 1871:

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14 Dan'l Dunmire	7 50	14 Charles Helser	$7 50
14 Lewis Shank	7 50		
ALLEGHENY TOWNSHIP.			
14 William J Buck	7 00		
BLACKLICK TOWNSHIP.			
14 G B Wyke	7 50		
CARROLLTOWN BOROUGH.			
14 Simon Schroth	7 00	14 J Buck	7 00
14 J W Sharbaugh	7 00	14 A A Barker&Son	7 00
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CAMBRIA BOROUGH.			
14 John Ryan	7 00	14 John Kurtz	7 00
14 D McDonald	7 00	14 J Stibich	7 00
COOPERSDALE BOROUGH.			
14 J D Adams	7 50		
CONEMAUGH BOROUGH.			
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14 L Aaron	7 00	14 John Bradley	7 50
14 John Stormer	7 00		
CLEARFIELD TOWNSHIP.			
14 E R Dunegan	7 00		
CROYLE TOWNSHIP.			
14 J D Plummer	7 00	14 P M & J Brown	7 00
14 W D Wentroth	7 00	14 S S Paul	7 50
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14 E & H Nutter	7 00	14 W W Saupp	7 00
EAST CONEMAUGH BOROUGH.			
14 J S Buchanan	7 00	14 Bracken & Egan	7 00
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EBENSBURG BOROUGH.			
14 M L Oatman&Co	7 00	14 J P Thompson	7 00
13 E Roberts & Son	10 00	13 A A Barker&Son	10 00
13 V S Barker	10 00	14 Jacob Thomas	7 00
13 Geo Hunt'ley	10 00	14 R R Davis	7 00
14 Lemon & Murray	7 00	14 R J Lloyd	7 00
14 R R Thomas	7 00	14 Zahm & Son	7 00
14 Myers & Lloyd	7 00	14 E J Mills	7 00
14 G G Owens	7 00	14 John Dougherty	7 50
14 C H Davis	7 00	14 C T Roberts	7 00
14 N Vinroe	7 00		
FRANKLIN BOROUGH.			
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14 D W Coulter	7 50		
GALLITZIN TOWNSHIP.			
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14 Margret Whalen	7 50	14 Mrs R Kane	7 00
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1 Wood, Morrell & Co.	200 00	14 John Muller	7 00
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14 Robt Sugersoe	7 00	14 Jacob Fend	7 00
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14 W M Updegrave	7 00	14 John Hannan	7 00
14 G Bently	7 00	14 J Cunningham & Co	7 00
14 Adam Pfarr	7 50	14 A D Brinker	7 00
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14 F W Kress	7 00	14 Davis & Lewis	7 00
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14 C T Frazer	7 00	14 Wm Bowers	7 00
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14 Bentona Wayne	7 00	ergood	7 00
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14 M H Mayer	7 00	14 F Krotts	7 00
14 John Dibert	7 00	14 Chas Hochstein	7 00
14 John Dibert	7 00	14 A Blauch & Co.	7 00
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14 J Thomas	7 00	14 John Bloch	7 00
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14 Mary Fromald	7 50	14 A S Wagstaff	7 50
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LORETTO BOROUGH.			
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14 A J Christy	7 00	14 F X Hald	7 00
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J Stich, Carrolltown Borough	15 00
H Blume, " "	15 00
G J Schawderer, Washington Township	15 50

AN APPEAL will be held at the office of the Treasurer, at Ebensburg, on **Monday, June 5th, 1871.** A. D. CRESTE, *Mercantile Appraiser.*
May 13, 1871.-4t.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Jeremiah McGonigle, dec'd.

Letters Testamentary to the Estate of JEREMIAH MCGONIGLE, late of Washington township, Cambria county, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of said county, all persons having claims against the estate of said decedent are hereby notified to present the same duly probated for settlement, and those indebted thereto are required to make payment without unnecessary delay.

ANNA B. MCGONIGLE, JNO. E. SCANLAN, } *Executors.*
April 15, 1871.-6t.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of RICHARD BENNETT, dec'd.

Letters Testamentary to the estate of Rich'd Bennett, late of Cambria 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 that prompt payment must be made, and to those having claims against the same that they must present their accounts in proper shape for settlement. EVAN BENNETT, Executor.
Cambria Twp., April 29, 1871.-4t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of MICHAEL DURBIN, dec'd.

Whereas Letters of Administration on the estate of Mich'l Durbin, late of Clearfield township, Cambria county, dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against said estate to present them legally authenticated for settlement, and those indebted to the same are requested to make payment without delay.

JOHN H. DOUGLASS, Adm'r.
St. Augustine, April 29, 1871.-4t.*

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—

Notice is hereby given that I have purchased 2 Gray Horses, 1 Wagon, 1 Windmill, Horse Gears, 2 Cows, 4 Hogs, Plow, Harrow and Log Chains at private sale, and have left the same in the possession of Charles H. Stitzel at my pleasure. All persons are therefore warned against interfering with said property in any manner whatsoever. HENRY HOPPLE.
Carroll Twp., May 6, 1871.-3t.

GEO. W. OATMAN & CO., ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Cambria Co., Pa. The collection of notes and bills, whether due or past due, will receive prompt attention.

Original Poetry.

LINES.

Inscribed, with deepest sympathy, to Mrs. E. L——.

The summer day, that rest and radiance gave
To earth and sky and sea,
Had shed its glory o'er an open grave,
That soon the rest should be
Of one who wearied in the early morn
Of life's short, troubled day,
And, e'er its noon, was still and silent borne,
From all its cares, away.

The sun was high, upon the coffin lid
We saw his splendor fall:
And 'neath it lay a vanish'd treasure hid,
Beyond our lips' recall.
Above, the mourners bent in silent grief,
A child among them, one,
A child in years, but in sublime belief
To more than manhood grown.

The rites were over, earth to earth consign'd,
The tearful prayers were said;
The grave was left, another link to bind
The living and the dead.
And, Oh! what mem'ries dimmed again their eyes
As nearer home they drew,
The child among them, nearer paradise
Than only angels, knew.

The days went by and oft beside her grave
His sister's rest he prayed,
While summer's mornings rest and radiance gave,
And autumn's rest and shade;
And, through the winter, when the shorten'd days,
Their wings of storm outspread,
He sought how oft, with long and loving gaze,
Her snow enshrouded bed.

And now 'tis spring, but here he prays no more,
The mourners once again
Have gather'd here all silent as before,
But fewer now than then.
His soul, that looked to Heav'n with humble faith
When sorrow's hand oppressed,
The saints have carried through the gates of death,
To Heaven's unending rest. LINNET.

Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.

THE SWITCH-TENDER'S STORY.

It ran thus: "It's nigh onto eleven years, sir, since I came on this road. For the first three years I was brakesman, and if I had stuck to it I might have become a conductor by this time—who knows.—My character was good and I've always been a steady man, but you see it wasn't to be. My old womau always objected to me running on the train, it kept me so much away from home, not to speak of the danger, and at the end of the third year, when our little boy was born, she begged so hard to give it up that I consented, and the company put me in this place, where I've been ever since. It's not hard, I've only got to tend one switch and do odd jobs about the depot, the pay is just the same as what I got before, only there's no chance for promotion, but then I'm always at home, which makes it up. I live only a little way across the bridge, in the outskirts of the town, yonder, on the other side of the river—a small white house with an elm tree in the yard. You can see it from the other end of the switch.

"So you think the river is very beautiful at this season of the year? Well, sir, I dare say it is. I thought so once myself; but I don't take my pleasure in looking at it now, nor have I done so for many a day. Its green banks and its clear water, with the sunshine sparkling on it, only makes it seem the crueler to me, as if it laughed over the misery it has caused to human beings; but my opinions haven't got anything to do with what you come to ask me about so I'll try and get to the point at once.

"It will be three years come Monday, the 13th of next month, which is May, that after eatin' my breakfast and smokin' my pipe, which latter operation I generally gits through with about seven o'clock, I started across the bridge, takin' with me my little boy, Willie, who was at this time just risin' o' five years. He was awfully tickled at the idea of bein' allowed to go out with me, as his mother kept him mostly around the house, havin' like nearly all women, great fear of the trains. I don't think, sir, I ever seen a finer mornin'—the sun well nigh up, but not too warm, with a white cloud here and there in the blue sky, the trees and grass green and fresh, and glistenin' with the dew, and underneath us the river flowin' bright and clear, just as you see it now, sir. My heart felt light, and havin' nothin' on my mind—I had just finished payin' for my house the week before—I began to think on comparin' my troubles with my blessings that after all it would be hard to find a better place than this same much-abused world we live in.

"The time-table was a little different then from what it is now. The freight train came down at 7:30 a. m., switched off, and waited for the express to go by, which followed in fifteen minutes later. I reached the switch about ten minutes ahead of time—I always do—and sittin' down on the tie, I filled a fresh pipe and smoked away, while little Willie gathered pebbles, and throwing 'em in the water, laughed and shouted at the splashes they made.

"Finally growin' bolder, he ventured to the river's edge, and pluckin' one of the lilies that grew there in abundance, he came in great glee and laid it at my feet. I put the flower carefully in my packet so as not to bruise it, intending to show it to his mother. He lisped out that pretty blue ones grew further down, and begged to go and get one of them; but as it was almost time for the train, I refused my permission, and taking him some ten or fifteen yards from the track, sat him down at the foot of a tree—the maple yonder—and bade him remain there till I called.

"The time for the train came and passed, and still no signs of it. I grew nervous and did not notice my boy. Minute after minute passed away, and at last when I began to be certain that some accident had occurred it hove in sight just five minutes before the express train was due, which I knew could not be more than two miles behind. I saw at once the cause of the delay; the train was unusually long and heavy, and the engine No. 42, which the fireman had christened "Old Ricketty," was the worst on the road. The switch was all ready, but the train moved so slowly that the last car had hardly left the main track, when I heard the whistle of the express, and the next moment she rounded the bend at full speed. I knew that I didn't have any too much time to get the switch in position, and went at my work with a will when suddenly I heard a child's scream, and turning round I saw little Willie struggling in the water. For an instant the sight of my child's danger overpowered every other consideration and I sprang for the river, but before I got half the distance the hoarse whistle of the approaching train rang in my ear like a trumpet, and the thought of my duty, and the hundreds of lives that would be sacrificed if I deserted my post, went through my brain like a flash of lightning, while all the time there was a feeling about my heart I can't tell in so many words—I only knew it was worse than death—beseeching me to save my boy.

"The whole thing couldn't have lasted more than two seconds, and how the one feeling got the better of the other I never knew. I have no recollection of turning back, but the next thing I remember I was at the switch working away like mad. I never had such strength. I felt that I could have wrenched up the solid iron rails in my agony, and bent them like straw; and I did not seem to see anything about me distinctly, neither rails nor ties—but dimly and vaguely, as if in a dream, or at a great distance. What I did see as plainly as I do now, although it was behind me, was the clear and beautiful river flowing on in the morning sun, and in the midst of it little Willie weakly struggling for help, while the bright, cruel waves smote him in the face and laughed. I had no ear for the nearing train, but all I heard—or seemed to, for I can't rightly say—were his cries to his father for help, growing fainter and fainter; and then the horrible bubbling sound, as he sank finally, and his last breath found its way to the surface.

"At length the switch was in position, and although it's a short job at best, and I must have accomplished it at that time with a quickness I can never again equal, yet it seemed longer than the longest summer's day; but it was done, and I rushed to the river and gazed eagerly around for some sign that might tell me where to plunge in to rescue my child; but there was nothing, nothing but the sunlight that glistened brightly on the little wavelets that smiled mockingly in my face as they hurried onward. I don't remember anything further. There was a great choking in my throat, a huge weight of lead seemed to fall on my brain, and all was black. When I came to my senses it was three weeks afterward, with my old woman—God bless her—sitting alongside of me holdin' my hand in hers. The doctor said I had made a close miss of it, and at first I felt sorry that I had lived at all; but that didn't last long, for I knew there was another one—she who sat beside me—who had suffered more than I had and stood it nobly, so I tried to get better in order to console her. It was two weeks more before I got out of bed, and quite two months before I was able to go around. I will never be the same man again.

"The company pensioned me, and didn't want me to do any more work at all. But I couldn't bear to be idle—you see, sir, I wasn't brought up to it, and strange as it may appear, I didn't feel like working anywhere save in the old place; I seemed to be closer to my boy there, I found the lily he had gathered, just as I had placed it in my jacket pocket, and gave it to his mother. She has it yet all withered and colorless, in a little glass on the mantle piece, and there, sir, it shall remain in sight of us both until our time comes to join him."

MR. GREELEY says the reason there is a scarcity of maple sugar this spring is, that the farmers didn't more than half manure their sugar seeds when they planted them last fall. He says for every seed you plant you want a whole pile of manure, when the vines will be fairly weighed down with little scolloped cakes. Farmers never will learn anything if they keep on fooling away their time as they have the past year.

AN exchange says if you fasten a nail or key to a string and suspend it to your thumb and finger, the nail will oscillate like a pendulum. Let some one place his open hand under the nail, and it will change to circular motion. Then let a third person place his hand upon your shoulder, and the nail becomes in a moment stationary.

A Festive Account of a Mule Ride in Florida.

We have had a hearty laugh, says the Pine Bluff *Press*, over the following article of an epistolary nature, written by a New Yorker sojourning in Fernandina, Florida. It is decidedly rich:

Well, I'm down here in Florida *percolating* through the sand—all sand—much of it as white as snow. A very quiet State is Florida. No bustle. No confusion. Nobody in a hurry. To-morrow is as good as to-day to do anything, and better. Time is of no account. The climate is glorious. Just one beautiful day after another till you fail to appreciate them.

* * * * *

The boys insisted that I needed relaxation. My health required it. I had a pretty fair article of health, I thought; enough to last me as long as I lived.—But I must accumulate a stock for future use. The South was the place to get it. And riding was healthy. The sand is too deep to ride, except on horse-back, so I thought I would take a ride. I applied to the livery man for a horse. He had one. He looked sorrowfully at me, as though he pitied me. Did I ever ride a mule? I never had. He had as good riding horses as were ever saddled, but if I wanted a "Rock me to Sleep, Mother" style of a ride, I should take a mule. I don't consider myself a first-class judge of mules. I had some vague notions in regard to them; supposed they would do a large amount of work with very little feed, and were immortal. I had read of one being driven over the same route by the same boy for eighty-seven years, and he was a young mule yet.

Bring forth the mule. He was brought. He was a meek-looking cuss—a perfect "Uriah Heap" of a mule so far as humbleness was concerned. At least that was the view I took of him. He was saddled and mounted. For a mile or two he paced beautifully. I thought those old monks I had read about knew what they were doing when they traveled on mules. I had a high respect for their judgment. Just then my mule began to show symptoms—symptoms of what I did not know. I found out. Dropping his head between his legs, his heels described a parabolic curve, or a diabolic curve, or some other infernal curve, in the air, and I got off and sat down upon the ground. I got off over his head, and I did it quick. I'm not so old but I can get off an animal of that kind as quick as a boy. Then I looked at the mule to see if he was hurt. He didn't appear to be. Then I inquired around to see how I was. I reported an abrasion on the left hip, and a contusion on the lower end of my back. Then I thought I would pronounce a left-handed blessing on that mule, and on his fore-fathers and fore-mothers before him, and on his children after him. But I didn't. I wondered if he would stand fire. If I had had a pistol I would have put the muzzle to his ear and tried him Not that I was afraid of him, but I was afraid somebody might take a ride on him some day and get hurt. But I had no pistol, so that benevolent and sanguinary idea was frustrated. Then I got up and shook the dust off my feet, and brushed the sand off my trousers, as a testimony against that place. Then I led the mule carefully home, and stated my case to the livery man. But when I told him that he should send for a doctor, or a Samaritan, to do me up in rags, and pour olive oil and champagne on my multitudinous bruises, he only laughed. And his man that he had to help him laid down on a bench and laughed—then he rolled off the bench and laughed—and I stood holding the mule—then I laughed. It was ridiculous. But I've learned a little wisdom. Next time I ride on horse-back it will be a different kind of beast from a bogus jackass.

A POLITE HORSE.—We must certainly judge that politeness is increasing in the world, when we find that even horses are setting a good example. A correspondent writes:

"Going one day to a worthy deacon's for dinner, I went with him to the stable to provide for the wants of my horse, which, as I consider, is as much entitled to his dinners as I am myself. Before installing my steed, the deacon turned out a pair of sprightly ponies, and told me to watch their performance.

"In the yard was a well, the bucket of which hung on an old fashioned sweep. One of the ponies led the way to this well, and reaching up to the pole, brought it down with his teeth. Dipping up a pail of water, he set it on a shelf inside the well-curb, and then waited till his mate had drank before helping himself. Sometimes he would even draw two buckets for her in this wonderfully gallant manner. What man can be rude when horses are so polite?"

THREE little girls who had very carefully buried in a garden in Portsmouth, N. H., the dead body of a pet bird, after consultation, sent one of their number into the house to inquire "if people didn't sing at funerals." On being told that they often did, the messenger ran back, and in a few minutes the three were seen standing hand in hand around the little mound, gravely singing "Shoo fly, don't bodder me."

A Bachelor's Ghost--A Warning from the Dead.

The recent startling revelations made by a supernatural agency in a neighboring city, says the New Orleans *Picayune*, has caused many of our spiritual believers to rake up their reminiscences of ghostly visitants. The most remarkable of these is furnished by a bachelor friend of the reporter, to whom he has unburdened the one secret that he has between the living and the dead.

"You know," said our friend, "how I evaded the widow whom I followed into the clover patch many a long year ago. I never confessed to you, however, that it was like tearing my heart out to revive these bright memories, now almost faded by the lapse of time. My love for that beautiful widow had become a recollection, its poignancy was gone, and my mind regarded it with the quiet interest with which we sometimes look upon a beautiful picture. Perhaps these impressions were enhanced from the circumstance of her death, which occurred a few years after our sad parting. But up to that event I do not believe she ever forgave my desertion. She spoke of it in her last illness, and said that she should die content if assured that I would never love another. It affected me greatly, and I almost resolved to obey her wishes But as time went by I began to forget this wish of my dead sweetheart.

"Three years went by from the time we buried her under the willows, and the violets had thrice bloomed on her breast, when one evening I concluded to call on a lady friend. I didn't exactly love her, but there is no telling what might have happened but for the spectre that I saw that night.

"We were seated playing the then fashionable game of euchre. I felt that the air was a little chilly and closed the doors. Scarcely had I resumed the game when my attention was attracted to the opening of the door. Looking up I saw a lady enter. She was dressed just as I had last seen my widow. I half rose to offer her a seat, thinking it was some one of the family, when I caught the expression of her face. It was livid and death like; but the features were those of my widow. I was spell bound with astonishment. She walked to the mantel, and resting one arm on it, regarded me fixedly. I was breathless with affright for a moment, but recovering myself I stepped forward as if to address her, when she shook her head and moved away. The expression of her eyes was fire and burning. They said as plain as words could have, 'Keep to your faith.'

"What could I do? Would you have me keep to my courtship when even the dead warned me against it?

"As my shadowy visitant moved away I glanced down at her feet. Even in death she had preserved her identity.—There was a hole in her stocking."

ECCENTRICITIES OF A TENNESSEE PIG.—Two sons of H. G. Scovel, Esq, of this city, ridlng leisurely along the Gallatin turnpike, four miles from the city, the other evening, passed a small pig walking in the same direction. One of the lads touched the pig gently on the back with the whip-lash, and the animal acknowledged the salute with a grunt, and quietly took his position in the rear of the buggy and followed it. He would not be driven back, but stubbornly persisted in following the buggy—walking when the horse walked, and running when the horse's speed increased. The lads turned in at Mr. G. W. Payne's gate and closed it, shutting the pig out; but the pig was not to be shut out. He nosed about until he found an opening in the fence, and came through and took his position under the buggy, and slept under it all that night. The next morning the young gentlemen hitched up and proceeded to town, the pig following as before. He followed them the entire four miles—crossed the suspension bridge after the buggy—followed it through the city to the residence of Mr. Scovel; and is now in his lot, perfectly gentle, and apparently contented with the situation. This is the most eccentric conduct of a country pig of intelligence we have yet heard of, and the account is literally true.—*Nashville Banner.*

A WONDERFUL PRODUCTION.—A few years since there was exhibited in New York a most marvallous specimen of hand write, it being no less than a complete copy of the Holy Bible on a surface about the size of an ordinary mantle or pier glass, the words of the same being so ingeniously arranged and grouped as to form the representation of a beautiful temple, while at the same time not one word is omitted, no sentence transposed, and the several chapters follow each other in proper order. At first view the spectator perceives only a well arranged architectural drawing, delicate, and exact; but on close examination (some parts requiring the use of a magnifying glass) every part of the elevation, each window and doorway, each apparent line and column, cornice and entoblature—everything in short, except perhaps, a slight shading, is resolved into distinct and regular hand-writing. This wonderful production was executed by a Polish gentleman by the name of David Davidson, who finished his task after two years and seven months of constant labor and application.

THE Gardener's Motto—Lettuce plant

HE WOULD BE A SOLDIER.

The following story is told of a boy who became infatuated with a regiment of soldiers, and followed them from his southern home. When the little fellow was first missed by the family it was supposed that he had only joined in the motly civilian crowd following the drum, and would be sent or brought back in a few hours; but after a night had come and passed without his return, alarm took the place of supposition, and Dr. Pinkston, the lad's father, and a party set out on swift horses to overtake the departed regiment and reclaim the lad. This measure, to the horror of those engaged in it, proved fruitless, for the soldiers, when found, declared that they had not seen Master Pinkston since their departure, and exhibited the livliest sympathy in the emotion of the confounded and half distracted father. No language, says the Nashville *Union*, could express the sorrow of the boy's parents. Every means that agonized solicitude could suggest was adopted to obtain some tidings of the wandering child; but all in vain. No news came; and the bereaved family finally yielded to the piteous belief that the boy was lost forever. Five years passed away without a word of hope until last week, when a letter bearing an Irish post mark reached the doctor and solved the mystery. The letter-writer was young Pinkston, now a member of the Ninety-eighth British regulars, stationed in Ireland, and contained a longer and more minute confession of the truant's adventures than need be repeated here. Enough to say that, following the Indiana regiment until it was disbanded, and even witnessing the unsuccessful pursuit of his father and friends, he had finally induced a soldier going eastward to take him to New York, and from there had gone to sea on an English vessel as a cabin boy. Reaching England, with the spirit of adventure still unchecked in him, he had enlisted in the English navy, made a cruise in the Mediteranean, and then—sick of the ocean—entered the army.—Now, however, he was heartily tired of vagabond life, and entreated forgiveness for his desertion from home, and the parental influence with the British Minister at Washington to secure his discharge from Her Majesty's service. Great was the joy produced in the family at Peytonville by this news, almost incredible as it was, from one whom for five years they had mourned as dead. Dr. P. at once started for Washington, where he now is, and it is scarcely doubtful that his representation of his son's age to Mr. Thornton will insure immediate release of the youthful soldier from his membership in the Ninety-eighth English infantry. The Nashville paper giving the story, declares that "its every incident is true to the letter."

A SINGULAR "TAIL."—Recently a love-sick swain was paying court to his dulcina. She had smuggled him into the parlor, and the darkness only served to conceal her blushes, while John told the story of his love. The muttered words reached the parental ear, and coming suddenly into the room he demanded to know of Mary who it was she had with her. "It's the cat, sir," was the mumbling reply.—'Drive it out of here," thundered *paterfamilias* "Scat!" screamed Mary