Cambria Freeman.

E. A. SPIKE, 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, DECEMBER 23, 1871. NUMBER 46.

THE POST
—FOR—
1872.

The year 1872 will be one fraught with unusual political interests to the people of the entire country, there being a President and a Congress to elect, besides several important state elections.

Upon the result of that election depends the future welfare and perpetuity of our political institutions.

They can best be saved by circulating among the voters such newspapers as advocate a free, liberal, Constitutional Government.

In the future as in the past we shall continue to labor unceasingly for a government of

FREE PRINCIPLES.

and at all times and under all circumstances defend and sustain such a government against all attacks, it matters not what pretext may be set up to accomplish its overthrow.

WE WILL ADVOCATE

the following propositions as essential to the preservation of our political institutions against the machinations of the unscrupulous leaders of the Radical party:

1. The administration of the Government in consonance with the pure and patriotic principles laid down by the founder of the Republic.
2. Opposition to military rule and dictation under any pretext or alleged necessity.
3. Equal rights to all citizens, including the right of every citizen to be tried for an alleged offence in the civil courts, in strict accordance with the letter and spirit of the Constitution.
4. Free and fair elections everywhere, without interference by the President or intimidation by Federal bayonets.
5. Reduced taxation, honest, economical government, and Civil Service Reform.
6. A financial policy that will not oppress the productive industries of the country.
7. An end to lobby schemes, monopolies and land grabbing.
8. A change of the public administration and the overthrow of the cormorants who are now depleting the public treasury.
9. The overthrow of the corrupt State governments in the South which impose heavier burdens of taxation upon the North by keeping half the country in a state of Bankruptcy and Poverty.

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W. B. BONACKER, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Dec. 7, 1871.-3t.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have purchased the following personal property at Sheriff's sale, and have left the same in the care of G. W. LLOYD, viz: 1 Hathaway Cook Stove, 1 Coal Stove, lot of Corn in ear, lot of Buckwheat, 2 Sleds, 1 Wagon, lot of Hay, (about four tons,) about 200 dozen Oats, 1 set of Harness, Plough and Harrow, Spreaders, Single-Trees, Chains, and 3 Horses. All persons are therefore cautioned against meddling with the above property, as they are left with the said G. W. LLOYD, subject to my order.

JOHN HIPS.
Chest Twp., Clearfield Co., Pa., Dec. 5, 1871.-3t.*

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WILLIE AND ANNIE'S PRAYER.

The following poem written by Mrs. SOPHIA P. SNOW is one of the most exquisitely touching and beautiful, says the Pittsburgh *Post*, we have ever read. It cannot fail to reach the hearts of all who peruse it, besides being peculiarly appropriate to the holidays:

'Twas the eve before Christmas; "Good night" had been said,
And Annie and Willie had crept into bed;
There were tears on their pillows, and tears in their eyes,
And each little bosom was heavy with sighs;
For to-night their stern father's command had been given
That they should retire precisely at seven
Instead of eight; for they troubled him more
With questions unheard of than ever before:
He had told them he thought this delusion a sin;
No such being as "Santa Claus" ever had been,
And he hoped after this he should never more hear
How he scrambled down chimneys with presents each year.
And this was the reason that two little heads
So restlessly tossed on their soft downy beds.
Eight, nine, and the clock on the steeple tolled ten—
Not a word had been spoken by either till then;
When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep,
And whispered, 'Dear Annie, is you fast asleep?'
'Why, no, brother Willie,' a sweet voice replies,
'I've tried it in vain, but I can't shut my eyes;
For, somehow, it makes me so sorry because
Dear papa has said there is no Santa Claus;
Now we know there is, and it can't be denied;
For he came ev'ry year before mamma died;
But, then, I've been thinking that she used to pray,
And God would hear everything mamma would say,
And perhaps she asked him to send Santa Claus here,
With the sacks full of presents he brought every year.'
'Well, why tant we pay dest as mamma did then,
And ask Him to send him with presents aden?'
'I've been thinking so, too,' and without a word more,
Four little bare feet bounded out on the floor,
And four little knees the soft carpet pressed,
And two tiny hands were pressed close to each breast.
'Now, Willie, you know we must firmly believe
That the presents we ask for we're sure to receive;
You must wait just as still till I say amen,
And by that you will know that your turn has come then.'
'Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me,
And grant us the favor we are asking of Thee.
I want a wax dolly, a tea-set and ring,
And an ebony work-box that shuts with a spring
Bless papa, dear Jesus, and cause him to see
That Santa Claus loves us better than he;
Don't let him get fretful and angry again
At dear brother Willie and Annie, amen!'
'Pens Desus 'et Santa Taus tum down to-night,
And bring us some presents before it is light;
I want he should dive me a nice little sed,
With bright, shiny runners, and all painted yed;
A box full of tandy, a book any a toy,
Amen, and then, Desus, I'll be a dood boy.'
Their prayers being ended, they raised up their heads,
And with hearts light and cheerful again sought their beds;
They were soon lost in slumber, both peaceful and deep,
And with fairies in dreamland were roaming in sleep.
Eight, nine, and the little French clock had struck ten
Ere the father had thought of his children again;
He seems now to hear Annie's half suppressed sighs,
And to see the big tears stand in Willie's blue eyes.
'I was harsh with my darlings,' he mentally said,
'And should not have sent them so early to bed;
But then I was troubled—my feelings found vent—
For bank-stock to-day has gone down ten per cent.,
But of course they forget their troubles are this,
And then I denied them the trifles asked for kiss.
But just to make sure I'll steal up to their door.
For I never spoke harsh to my darlings before.'
So saying, he softly ascended the stairs,
And, arriving at the door, heard both of their prayers.
His Annie's 'bless papa' draws forth the big tears,
And Willie's grave promise falls sweet on his fears;
'Strange, strange I'd forgotten them,' said he with a sigh,
'How I longed when a child to have Christmas draw nigh;
I'll atone for my harshness,' he inwardly said,
'By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my bed:'
Then he turned to the stairs and softly went down,
Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing gown
Donned hat, coat and boots, and was out in the street.
A millionaire facing the cold driving sleet,
Nor stopped he until he had bought everything,
From the box full of candy to the tiny gold ring,
Indeed he kept adding so much to his store,
That the various presents outnumbered a score;
Then homeward he turned with his holiday load
And with Aunt Mary's aid in the nursery 'twas stowed.
Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine tree,
By the side of a table spread out for a tea,
A work-box well filled in the centre was laid,
And on it a ring for which Annie had prayed.
A soldier in uniform stood by a sled,
With bright shining runners and all painted red;
There were balls, dogs and horses, books pleasing to see,
And birds of all colors were perched in a tree;
While Santa Claus laughing stood up in the top,
As if getting ready more presents to drop.
And as the fond father the picture surveyed,
He thought for his trouble he had amply been paid;
And he said to himself as he brushed off a tear,
'I'm happier to-night than I've been for a year,
I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever before.
What care I if bank-stocks fall ten per cent. more?
Hereafter I'll make it a rule, I believe,
To have Santa Claus visit us each Christmas eve.'
So thinking he gently extinguished the light,
And tripped down stairs to be fire for the night.
As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun
Put the darkness to flight and the stars one by one,
Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide,
And at the same moment the presents espied.
Then out of their beds they sprang with a bound
And the very gifts prayed for were all of them found;
They laughed and they cried in their innocent glee,
And shouted for papa to come quick and see
What presents old Santa Claus brought in the night,
(Just the things that they wanted,) and left before light.
'And now,' added Annie in a voice soft and low,
'You'll believe there's a Santa Claus, papa, I know;
While dear little Willie climbed up on his knee,
Determined no secret between them should be;
And told, in soft whispers, how Annie had said,
That their dear blessed mamma so long ago dead
Used to kneel down and pray by the side of her chair,
And that God up in Heaven had answered her prayer!
'Then we dot up and payed dust as well as we could—
And Dod answered our payers; now wasn't he dood,'
'I should say that he was if he sent you all these
And knew just what presents my children would please.
(Well, well, let him think so, the dear little elf,
'Twould be cruel to tell him I did it myself.')
Blind father! who caused your stern heart to relent?
And the hasty word spoken so soon to repent?
'Twas the Being who bade you steal softly up stairs,
And made you His agent to answer their prayers.

HERE is an item for the curious to ponder over, which is furnished by a brother editor, who says: A man and girl were married, and (which is of course impossible) at the time of the hymenial contract the man was thirty-five years old and the girl five, which makes the man seven times as old as the girl. They live together until the girl is ten years old—this makes him forty years old, and four times as old as the girl; they live until she is fifteen, the man forty-five—this makes the man three times as old; they still live until she is thirty years old—this makes the man sixty, only twice as old. And now, as we haven't time to work it out, perhaps somebody will be kind enough to tell us how long they would have to live to make the girl as old as the man.

A GENTLEMAN of fine presence—Santa Claus.

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

MARRIED AND PARTED—DESTINY TRIUMPHS OVER DIVORCE.

The New York *Times* tells in its editorial columns a remarkable story for the truth of which it vouches, and which is in substance as follows:

Nearly twenty years ago there lived in Rio Janerio an English merchant, who had made his way from poverty to affluence in the Brazilian capital. He went home to England for a visit and there met a beautiful orphan of lovely mind and person, whose forlorn condition awakened in his breast a feeling of compassion which deepened into love, which in time awakened a response, so that the beautiful orphan girl became the merchant's wife. They were married and sailed for Brazil, where the merchant's prosperity continued and increased, and in time two children came to gladden the summer romance of their life in the tropics. The merchant from time to time visited England, and on his return from one of these visits he heard rumors prejudicial to the character of his wife. He paid little heed to them at first, but the repetition of the stories gradually awakened his suspicion and alarm, until they enlarged with a fury of jealousy, in which he openly accused his wife of infidelity. She, proud and sensitive, repelled the charge with indignant scorn, challenged her husband to produce his proofs, and then withdrew as much as possible from her husband's society. He failed to find any proof to sustain his charge, and made overtures for a reconciliation which were coldly received, and the coldness between the two became so great that the continuance of their relations appeared unbearable and they agreed to separate forever, the husband settling an annuity on the wife. Weary and heartsick, he settled up his affairs in Brazil and came to North America and wandered aimlessly about till he fell in with some Red River traders and again got into business in the neighborhood of St. Paul, Minnesota, where he became known as a grave, reserved and taciturn man, who studiously avoided intimacies and held himself aloof from his fellows.

In the meantime the wife married again, the terms of separation under the laws of Brazil allowed it. Her second husband was an educated gentleman, but dependent on his own exertions for a living, and he became an invalid and finally died in poverty. Her second marriage had deprived the lady of her annuity, and the death of her second husband left her and her two children in destitute circumstances, and poor and friendless she turned her wandering footsteps toward this Eldorado of the Northern Continent, and singularly enough, she in time became domiciled in St. Paul. There by some happy accident the husband and wife meet again and their pride an obstinacy having been melted by their sorrows and misfortunes, the old feeling renewed, and they were married and once more with ample fortune and renewed love set sail for their old home, scene of their early joy and bitter sorrow, to commence anew with more of wisdom and experience, their wedded life. This story demonstrates anew that truth is stranger than fiction, for the most cunning weaver of romance never imagined a plot more wonderful than this true tale of two who thus parted and have met by chance ten thousand miles away from the place of parting.

THE ROAMING FATHER.

In 1836 a man of the poorer class, named Colburn, said good-by to his wife and two small children in a town of Maine, by way of starting upon what was supposed to be a brief visit to Boston.—For that city he did indeed take the proper train, but whether he went beyond that was not to be known at the time, for he was not to be traced subsequently, and returned to his family no more.—When the fact of an apparently deliberate desertion in the case became obvious to those who knew the forsaken wife and infants, it was hinted that the absentee had only closed a married life which his unfortunate disposition had rendered inharmonious by such an act of heartless cowardice as might have been expected of him; but when Mrs. Colburn realized the cruel truth she evinced her finer womanliness by preserving perfect silence as to the cause. Mother and children were left penniless; the elder of the babes, a boy, was but three years old, and the hapless family had no resources but the coldest of public charity. So, while the widow of a living husband found servile employment barely to keep body and soul together, the poor little ones had to go into the alms-house. After a time an uncle, himself a poor man, was prompted by very shame to rescue the children from formal pauperism and take them into his humble home, but presently the toiling heart-broken mother died, and then the younger child, and only the little boy survived to share the uncle's scanty store and fight the weary battle of unmoneyed life. For a few years this boy had at least the protection of his uncle; but the latter dying at last, left him out upon the world with only the beginning of a common school education to make utter poverty the more intelligently miserable to him. He might have become a vagrant; but, instead thereof, went as bravely to work in his hard lot, refrained so steadfastly from the Greeleyan agricultural system of treating such a "lot" [i. e., by "going out West"], and so resolutely applied his spare hours from toil to study, that, upon reaching young manhood, he was capable of entering the Methodist theological seminary, and graduating from thence a minister of the gospel. The spring of 1860 found him preaching in Massachusetts, in a church which his own exhortations had induced the people of the village to build; and in this situation he was often heard to speak of this hard and bitter experience as a homeless orphan boy, and express the warmest sympathy for the poor and the forsaken. It was, indeed, the peculiar and profound sympathy of the Rev. William W. Colburn with the friendless and unfortunate that particularly commended him to the Governor of the State for the chaplaincy of the State Prison; and that office was accepted and is still held by him.—This brings the story down to the present time, or to a day thirty-five years since the desertion of his helpless family in Maine by the elder Colburn. On the latter day a small party of friends dining with the State's Chaplain, noticed that their host seemed agitated in an unusual degree, and were sympathetically assiduous to know the cause. At first Mr. Colburn seemed annoyed that his feelings had been observed, and apparently shrank from all conversation upon the subject; but, after an interval of reflection, his mood changed, and he frankly confided to those present the secret of his disturbed manner. He had received, he said, by that day's mail, from Washington Territory, a strange, incredulous letter, bearing the signature of the father whom he and all the friends had supposed to have been dead for more than thirty years." "He writes me that, in 1836," continued the chaplain, "for what he then deemed sufficient provocation, he abandoned my mother, sister and self, with the intention to let us see him no more in this life unless he could return rich enough to suffer no more from poverty." Going to California, he was unsuccessful there for such a length of time that when fortune favored him at last he was ashamed to seek intelligence of the poor wife and babes he had so cruelly forsaken. The first news of them, reaching him, made it appear that they were all dead; but when finally becoming a rich man in Washington Territory, and able to pay for a rigid search, he had ascertained that his son still survived, and was chaplain to the Massachusetts prison. Having wronged his family so greatly, more than a quarter of a century ago, he now proposes to return to New England with all his accumulated wealth, and lavish upon his son the luxury and affection to which there remain no other heirs. So ends the latest illustration of the truth of the familiar adage, that 'truth is stranger than fiction;' and it may be remarked thereupon, by way of conclusion, that the veracious superiority of strangeness in the case appears to lie in the refreshing complacency with which the roaming father and husband, after having as good as consigned a wife and one child to pauper graves by his early exploit, now informs his son that he designs "starting soon for Massachusetts, where he hopes to spend the remainder of his days in the enjoyment of peace and plenty." It would be a bold work of "fiction," indeed, that did no better poetic justice to such a character as this, and the "truth" of it is "strange," to a degree of unpleasantness.

IMPORTANT IF TRUE.—We were sitting with Horace one afternoon in that little disreputable sanctum of his adjoining the counting-room of the *Tribune*. The old gentleman was in one of his chronic conditions of grumble and discontent. He had that mealy appearance so common to him, that made him resemble a blonde miller fresh from the dust of his flour mill, and was expressing his private opinion in a public and somewhat profane way, when a colored gentleman was announced.

"Let him come in," roared the philosopher, and an aged darkey, clad in broadcloth, gold-rimmed spectacles, and a cane, headed with the same precious metal, stalked in.

"Mr. Greeley, I believe," he inquired.

"Yes, I'm Mr. Greeley; what do you want?" was the gruff response.

"Well, sah," said old Ebony Specs, seating himself as he deposited his hat and cane on the floor. "Well, sah, I've been thinking that our race don't pay enough attention to scientific pursuits, sah!"

We saw the cloud gather on the intellectual countenance of the great journalistic Bohemian. It broke in thunder at that point. In a voice wherein was blended the shrill tones of a hysterical woman and the growl of a tiger, he exclaimed:

"Scientific pursuits! you d—d old fool; you want a hoe handle and patch of potatoes in New Jersey—that's the scientific pursuit you want. Get out."—*Don Piatt.*

A STORY is told of a man in Connecticut who fell from the top of a five story building to the sidewalk; but, as he struck on the thick soles of his rubber shoes, he bounded back within a quarter of an inch of the roof, and so continued to bounce, the distance decreasing by only a quarter of an inch each journey. He subsisted on hash enclosed in rubber balls, which he managed to catch on the bound, and at the end of a month was stopped and restored to his family.

A TERRIBLE EPISODE.

FEARFUL STRUGGLE WITH A MANIAC IN THE BURNING WOODS.

One of the survivors and victims of the late fire in Wisconsin relates some thrilling incidents of these disasters. Subjoined is the experience of a lady:

Night was coming on, and since noon we had nothing to eat. I did not feel hungry, but was tormented with thoughts of what might happen if we should not reach a place of safety, for I feared that Louis would give out, and that was one of the reasons that made me carry him. My arms ached and my limbs were scratched, bruised, and bleeding. Still, I made good headway, and soon came to a natural clearing, on the thither side of which we sat down to rest.

By this time night had come on, and what a night! No moon, no stars, but the cloudy heavens lighted up afar with the horrible fires of the burning woods. The clearing in which we sat was the dried up bed of a stream, which for some unaccountable reason, had not thickly wooded shores, and we were at least two hundred feet from the edge of the forest in flames. All this time Louis, manly little fellow that he was, had not even asked for food, nor had he cried since I myself foolishly frightened him.

I had heard my husband speak of a spring which had run dry, but that was in a north-easterly direction from our house, and notwithstanding the fact that I was lost, yet I had a general notion that I was approaching Wolf river. The stars could give me no information, for I could not see them. What to do I scarcely knew; and when the heat of the fire became such that I could not doubt that it was near I determined to press on away from it, and taking Louis' hand I set out. Hardly had I risen from the ground when in the direction of the woods on the other side of the clearing, I heard a crashing noise—a mingled gnashing and hoarse barking—which I instantly recognized as that of wolves. I scarcely had time to snatch up Louis and run behind a pine tree, whose trunk was at least six feet in diameter, before I heard them scrambling up the side of the hill, and felt them rush by me.

I looked out and could see their eyes coming toward me like the wind. They did not stop for an instant, and when they passed, there came in their path a herd of deer, uttering cries that seemed almost human in their intense agony. They ran blindly, for something more terrible than wolves was behind them; they struck the tree and were hurled back by the shock, some of them falling back upon those below.

The stampede seemed to last ten minutes, and when it was over, and I, trembling with fear, dared once more to emerge from my refuge and look across the clearing, I saw the woods at its edge already burning, saw it lurid through the smoke, and I felt its terrible heat upon my face. I turned and fled in the wake of the wolves. My shoes were stripped from my feet, and my ankles were torn and bloody. Fallen trees lay in my way, but I clambered over and crawled under them in my desperate flight. I was agonized with terror and despair, and finally sank to the ground with my boy in my arms.

I must have fainted, for I knew nothing of what passed until I was rudely shaken by the shoulder and heard a wild gibbering laugh. I opened my eyes, and above me stood my mother with a drawn knife in her hand. The woods seemed all ablaze, although the air was not so intolerably hot as it had been. The forest beyond the clearing must have been burning at its edge, and the strong winds carrying the smoke upward and over our heads. My mother looked down upon me with eyes blazing with insanity.

"Ho, ho!" said she, "fine time of a night for a mother and child to be running through the woods! Fine night, this! Night!—it is day! Look at the red light—'tis the light of dawn! *Le jour, le jour, du jugdment est arrived!* And the rocks are burning! Call upon them to fall upon you! The clouds of thunder and the day of doom! The Lord is coming, and the wheels of His chariot burn with His mighty driving! Let us go up to meet Him in the mid air! Let us ride on the smoke and thunder and sweep the stars from the heavens! Come, you shall go with me!" And she seized Louis, who had thrown himself upon me, and was clinging in terror to my breast.

I sprang at her, and with all the strength of ten mothers in my arms I struggled with her. Torn, worn and bleeding, as I was, the thought of my child and my husband gave me the strength of a giant. I overpowered the mad woman, and, forgetting that she was my mother—that she was anything but the would-be murderess of my boy—I seized her by the throat when she was down rolling on the ground, and would have strangled her.

Her insanity had almost made me mad. I felt then what a murderous maniac feels. But when I thought my mother was lying almost dead and powerless, and the fire would soon advance and perhaps overwhelm us all, my hand was stayed, and when my mother rose to her feet all her wildness was gone.

She was ready and willing to do anything that I told her, but I kept that knife fast in my hand. The wind had fallen, and a slight rain was dropping among the leaves overhead, as we went on for an hour or two longer, and then overpowered with exhaustion, and no longer greatly dreading the fire, we lay down in a hollow and fell asleep.

A PERILOUS SITUATION.

The Portland (Oregon) *Bulletin* gives the following account of one of the most thrilling incidents we have ever heard of as occurring on the Oregon and California Railroad between Portland and Salem:

When the down train came near one of the stations on the road it was running at full speed in order to make up time, as it was a few minutes behind. The road at this point runs through a cut something more than a mile in length, and in entering it the road makes a curve, so that the engineer cannot see entirely thro' it. He had hardly gotten into the cut before he saw a woman riding leisurely through it, using the centre of the track. She was not more than half way through the cut, and barely a quarter of a mile ahead of him. He immediately whistled "down brakes," and then sounded the warning.

The woman hearing the peculiar death whistle of the locomotive, looked over her shoulder and saw the train rushing at her. She did not shriek, nor faint, nor give up all hope, but, like a true Webfoot, her courage rose equal to the emergency, and without a moment's hesitation, she commenced swinging her riding-whip from one shoulder of her steed to the other, thereby urging him to exert his utmost speed.

The shrieking of the locomotive's whistle caused the passengers to look out of the windows, and upon their discovering what was the matter the wildest excitement ensued. Several jumped forward and seized the bell rope, and commenced pulling on it as if they could stop the train by that means. The brakemen were exerting all their strength on the brakes, and the engineer had cut of the connection and was doing all he knew to stop the train, while the woman was doing her level best to urge that bit of horse flesh to speed; but all in vain, the locomotive kept gaining on the horse and its rider, and there was scarcely a person on the train who did not expect that both the woman and the horse would be killed.—There was perhaps thirty feet intervening between the cow catcher and the horse's heels, when fortunately for the woman, she observed a place which was a little wider than usual, and with a steady rein she guided the fleeting horse from the track and endeavored to press him against the wall of the cut, in order that the train might pass by without injury. In doing this the woman was encouraged by Sam Wynans the conductor, who had run forward and got on the locomotive. A few seconds only passed by when the fiery monster poked its nose past the rump of the horse. At this moment Winans threw his whole force against the animal and held him until the train stopped, and then a rousing cheer of gratification and joy at the escape of the woman from a terrible death was given.

A BITER BITTEN AND A BITTER BITE.—A schoolma'm in England has lately been brought before a magistrate on the extraordinary charge of biting one of her pupils on a part of his person which is unnecessary to specify further than to mention that in consequence of the injuries thus inflicted, the little fellow was subjected for several days to considerable inconvenience in sitting. In defense she stated that she had previously tried all other remedies in vain. He was a confirmed biter; and having caned him to no purpose before, both over the corduroys and under them, she was driven to the Christian principle of "a tooth for a tooth, an eye for an eye," on his biting in that locality one of the young ladies of the establishment.

She had previously even "toe'd" him—an operation which she explained, meant causing him to take hold of his toes, with knees unbent, and then laying on heartily on the prominence that chanced to be uppermost—but all in vain. He was so incorrigible as to threaten to ruin her establishment. The old lady, who was remarkably voluble, went on to say that she "did nothing which she would object to be done to," but the magistrate, amid roars of laughter, informed her that he should decline resorting to the *lex talionis*, and inflicted a fine of forty shillings, or a week's imprisonment instead. The fine was paid.

PRAYING FOR "THE ONE UNDER THE BED."—A correspondent of the Exeter News-Letter tells the following story:

"A good Methodist minister, who was stationed in a town not more than ten miles from Exeter, was about to enter the house of one of the first families of his charge; as he passed the window he noticed by the merest accident that one of the females secreted herself under the bed. After entering he perceived that things were rather cool, and the conversation, which was mostly made by himself, uninteresting; so he concluded after a brief stay, to pray with the family, as was his custom, and leave. He therefore commenced by alluding to the heads of the family and some of the prominent members, and wound up in a very fervant appeal in behalf of the remaining members—especially the one under the bed."