Cambria.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

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

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NUMBER 26.

VOLUME XII.

THE GRUMBLER. He grumbles in the morning
On rising from his hed.
He grumbles at his breakfast
While speeding batter on his bread.
He grumbles at his morkin.

He grambles at his knife. He grambles at the inblectoth, And grambles at his wife. erumbles at the paper While reading over the news, grumbles at the cobbler When he buys a pair of shoes. He grambles at the clock on it strikes out the hour. And he grambles at the "delage" When there comes a little shower. He grambles at the children

When they're playing in the street,
He grambles at the butcher
At the way be cuts the neat,
He grambles at his little dog, He grambles at his little dog,
If it only wags its tall,
And when the wind gently tlows
He grambles at the "gole."
He grambles when a bill comes in,
No matter how very small,
He grantles at the servants,

He grumbles at us all,
He grumbles at the darkness
When he has to light the gos,
And be grumbles at the matches—
The unhatest grumbling ass,
He grumbles at the prices, He grumbles at his stocks, He grum les at his feet He grain les at his feet When he buys a pair of socks. He gromples at the summer When the sun is rather warm, And he gramples at the "winter"

Every time we have a storm. He grounbles at a question, He grounbles at a smile; At church, he grambles at the people Who are standing in the aisle.
He grambles at his daughter When she wants a little money.
And he grambles when she laughs At anything very trany.
It grumbles at the rich man,
He grumbles at the poor,
He grumbles at the beggers
When they kneck upon his door.
He grumbles at the rent day

When the landlerd's to be paid, begrantles in the sensione, the grantles in the shade, begrantles at his neighbor When he's getting in his coul, He grumbles at the cartman o domps it down the hole, It is stands before the door.

It it stands before the door.

And be grumbles at a cruab of bread.

It it talls upon the floor.

He grumbles in his little room.

e grow-bles on the stairs, grambles all the way to church, c grambles after prayers. He groundles in his sleep White he's lying in his hed, on I often tarry to mysed He it grumble when he's dead,

A TALE OF JEALOUSY.

VENTS CONNECTED WITH PRESIDENT LIN-

Alexander Hunter writes in the Oceaa., what purports to be a true narrative time standing events in the life of J. Wilkes Booth just previous to the assassintion of President Lincoln. The story is: se, and J. Wilkes Booth. Mrs. Temple the maists that Booth knew Lancoln well. ad that Lincoln knew Boorn and often ake of him. This is the story as Hunputs it into the mouth of Mrs. Temple. Among all of Bessie Hale's admircis, anding all competitors except one, and was the Fresident's eldest son, Robert oln, who was marriy in love with Bes He courted her again and again, and uldo't take no for his answer. He had be match, targed their daughter to mar | life are fast running out," Robert Lincoln, and queen it at the lace of royally uself. She would have ten in, I am confident, but for Booth, o, with his chaim of person, manner intellect, carried the day and won her of, but not her band, for her parents ned down and most emphetically veed the intimacy between their daughter her considered it a great picce of preaption for the player to make love off scenic stage. John Wilkes Booth they sidered divine in the princely role of with or wearing the stastied doubtle. d babiliments of the ball prince, half im ceased, and they commanded the whiter never to think of him.

low much Bessie Hale really cared licoth, none of us knew; probably not to be himself could tell. No one was are of the absorbing, true, devoted afon that Bessie had for him-a love utachment, as true as death useif, and | to that young man's delight. uger than life and death combined. in the fearful trial, and the awfui ex of menace and of peril, did this love id darkness with its beams, even as the | make his appearance. is of the lighthouse gleam out across the

ste of angly waters. Bessie hale was passionately fond of ig Booth assume the character of Ham the Dane, and often would make him cat the famous soldoquy in the parlor, Booth's was the most jealous temperathe I ever knew; he was meane some it stemed to me, and when Bessie pled any attention from any other Booth would act like a parient just of bedlam. One night-1 can never get it-there was a large hop at our ho and the saloons were crowded with the | quent. th, the beauty, the bravery and the of the land. The bench, the bar, le and the soldiers were all represented. the scene in the ball room was one cal led to excite the imagination and daz he eye. I well remember the night as in the late winter of 1865. A series eavy skirmishes had taken place before mend with heavy loss to our side, and e had been a hard battle before Atlan nd the telegraph told of the blood had been poured out like water. gh throughout the whole length and h of the land a wail of surrow could eard, yet society never was more gay even away more utterly to the aban f mirth, The moans of the bereaved, thans of the marmed and wounded, ned tread of the funeral cortege, daimive strains of the dead moretrano at of the muffled drum were stiffed light laughter of careless hearts s are terribly demonalizing, and we is hington lived as if there were no furure

that the present was all there was to

t for. I really believe that not even in

reach revolution, when men worship-

plunged into the vortex and joined the

whirling throng.

"Mr. Lincoln came very early to the re ception that night. He never liked to attend these gay gatherings, especially during the seasor, of doubt and despair, when the very air came laden with the sulphurous smoke of the battle field. He never came except as a duty, and to carry himself high before the people. The president came into my private parlor, and sat for an hom or so talking; he was unusually sad, and seemed buried in deep thought. He then turned and commenced to speak of war. Mr. Lincoln was a man of broad, generous nature, and his heart was tender and as soft as that of a woman's. He speke of the rivers of blood that were always flowing from thousands of veins, and, turning to me, said, with a pathos and feeling, I can never forget, and with the tears run ning down his rugged, honest, kindly face;

"Mes. Temple, it almost breaks my heart to witness the death and desolution that this once happy country is going through; and God knows, if by sacrificing my own life I could restore peace to this distracted land, I would cheerfully do it; but my hand is on the plow, and I cannot turn back. My people have put me for ward, and I cannot turn back until the object of all our spilled blood has been accomplished and the Union restored."

"For nearly an hour Mr. Lincoln remained with his face buried in his hands, lost in deep, painful thought, and then with a heavy sigh shook off his troubles and went into the ball room. I went with him, and he was soon the centre of a laughing, joyous crowd, and seemed to be the most careless and happy in all that joyous throng."

"What kind of a man was Mr. Lincoln?" Lasked.

Silks

Flannels

Muslins

White Goods

Trimmings

Fringes

Embroideries

Toilet Articles

Stationery

of cordial friends.

Zephyrs and Worsteds

Flowers & Feathers

Linens

Laces

"The most soft hearted, strong headed man I ever knew," answered Mrs. Temple. "A man of the noblest impulses, which he had to rem in all the time, A pitiful story always touched him - so much so that it was found necessary to keep the relatives of men convicted by court martial away from him; for, in spite of the necessity of discipline, Mr. Lincoln often pardoned soldiers who were condemned to death for grave offenses. He hadn't a particle of vindictive feeling about bim, and cherished no animosity against the Southern people, so he has told me a hundred times. There were many royally beautiful women there that night and a fairer scene the ligh's never shone upon. The band had just communed to play one of the Strauss' waltzes, and while I was anding and, a paper published at Portsmouth, by the door, "a looker on in Vienna," turned and saw J. Wilkes Booth. He had but a few moments before returned from Ford's theater, where he had been acting, He came over to me. I noticed that he hen as told to the author by Mis. Tem | looked very angry and very much excited, ic, one of the circle of fricaus at the Na | and I asked him the cause. He pointed to and hotel, in Washington, unting the a couple circling in the rhymic measure of as years of the war. In this circle were a wallz. They seemed to be oblivious of Senator Hale, his wife and daughter Bes | everything in the world. Their movements were perfect—the maiden's head almost was Booth's friend and confidente, and rested on the youth's shoulder, and with eyes half cosed, she listened to the earnes . tender words that her companion was pouring into her ear. It was Bessie Hale and Robert Lincoln. As he witnessed this scene, Booth's white teeth clenched over his mustache, and his face grew very white. while his eyes blazed like fire. He canobt me by the arm with a grass that made me wince; and caused me to utter an involun-

tary cry, and hissed into my ear; " 'Mrs. Temple, see that damned villian? eavy backing, for both the Senator and Oh, I could kill him-and his father, too; wile, aware of the splendid advantages | and by the Lord of Hosts, the saids of his

"What do you mean?" I asked him, hate House, which in those days was the Thoroughly startled by his manner and

"Oh, nothing,' he said, recovering himself. 'Only the man had better never been born than come between me and my love. Bessie loves me, I'll swear; but what between her people and his, they will dispose of her as a humb led to the shaughter.' "I am surry for you, Mr. Booth, said

my busband, who, standing beside me, had listened to his words. "Booth turned flercely and disdainfully around to him -for he never liked my bus

band-and said: 'Sir, I would tacher be Acteon, chased and devotred by his own sant Melnotte, but as a son in-law to beagles, than to be like Lazmus, and have hist Senator in the land! there the his wounds licked by dogs out of pay.' "He left us abruptly and went out of the room, and we saw inm no more that

"I told Bessie Hale of this scene, and she was at first distressed about it, a d then got mad as a woman always does when she don't know what to do, and at in its purity and singleness, firm in | flitted openly with Robert Lincoln, much

The next moning we all awaited Booth's coming anxiously, and Bessie sat m my parlor until dinner expecting him ; cont in all its brightness, lighting the but not then, nor that whole day, and be

"Another day passed, and still another came and went, but no signs of Booth.

regularly, and by breakfast time a most pressed his suit boldly and ardently. I determined and deadly. hink she was piqued at Booth's silence, for

"One day, about a week after the ball, is the two were stilling alone together in ny parlor, John Wilkes walked abruptly n, and sitting down with only a slight non of recognition to both, took a book and commenced to read. An hour passed on, and myself thought of going nd his rival, seeing that Booth was de termined to sit him out, got up, made his adren, and left the field open. Bessie tolu m satterward that she was much incensed at his behavior, and gave him a piece of her mind. He retorted. She grew more angry, he more curt and contempinous. She recriminated sharply, and then he, osing his temper, flung himself with a

untrered curse out of the room. "She cried often and bit criy over this

or him but her pride withheid her. "Matters were at this state for some time. The long winter passed away, the est in the man show of reveny aon long days came and went, each toringing some dreadful story. The very air bot idings every hour, and the whole conft nent seemed to resound with the clash of arms; troops every day passed toward the

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 26, 1878.



Bird's-eye View, John Wanamaker's Grand Depot, Increeenth Street,

SPRING, 1878.

THE second year of the General Dry Goods Pusiness | Ladies' & Misses' Suits at the Grand Depot is just opening. It is proper to Dress Goods say that what was deemed an experiment, the first year, experience proves to be a success, and we now Mourning Goods propose to greatly improve on the first plans. The principles of-Cloakings

1-A uniform low price for everything throughout the House.

2-One Price and no partiality.

4-Cash Returned if buyers return g ods even though Dress Patterns in reasonable time

and uninjured. A very large stock of all kinds of newest Dry Goods always on han I arranged on one floor with plenty of hight to see them. A thousand he inle can easily be waited on at one time. Where so many goods are selling every day the people are sure of getting only fresh goods Earnestly desiring to serve the people well, and involing them to visit the Grand Depot whether they wish to buy, or "only to see the fashions,"

If not coming to the city to see the magnificent new sock for Spring, send for samples, describ in relass of goods wanted. We do a large business through

JOHN WANAMAKER, Grand Depot. Thirteenth and Market Sts.

" Sacques & Cloaks

" Underwear

Hosiery

Upholstery Goods

Blankets and Quilts

Trunks and Valises

Rubber Gands

Men's & Boys' Clothing

arms, came now perched on its banners; pretry picture the two made. The room | ered and showed the pearly white teeth and nearly every night there was a joyous was brilliantly lighted in front, but leaving beneath the moustacte, and then he should gathering at our hotel, and mutual conthe lower partion of it in the shadow. The his head with a determined movement, granulations were the order of the day. Mr. two seemed to be utterly unconscious that | dropped her hand, turned and elsappeared Lincoln was happier than I ever saw hom, any one in the world existed save them through the open doorway, and as we gazed and wherever he moved he was the circle selves. Bessie Hale reclined on a buge none of us thought our eyes were looking velvet arm chair, her black silk contrasting the last in this world upon the way and "At last the great event happened that and well set off by the red velvet back-

PHILADELPHIA.

we had all wished for, hoped for and pray- ground. Her eyes were luminous, and loved him. ed for, during all the four long, weary shone like stars as she listened with her LEE SURRENDERED and above her. He seemed to be inspired, 'we laughed, talked and tested, as was our at Appointax court house! - and it seemed and the musical murmar of his voice could as if the people were deliables with joy. be heard, but not his words. He was evi- ful event fell upon us. The homes sped At our hotel there was one round of condently impossioned to the highest degree, swiftly by, until ten o'clock struck, and gratulations and rejoicings. Every night and Bessie sat like the charmed princess in then our little circle broke up. As I kissed spent, -From The World of Wonders for the parlors would be througed with an the "Arabian Nights" -spell bound. I do Bessie good night I couldn't help saying to June. not think that any woman on earth could her, 'My dear, you look exquisitely lovely

unto death !

"At last Booth arose from the table, and

.When shall we three meet again?"

"Bessie who had cultivated a strong love

of Shakspeare under Booth's tuition, teek

When the hurly-burly's done,

"And then Booth threw himself jeto a

When the partie's met and we

Sits to a toggy chard, and stays for me.

ruptly to the table, and said to Bessie,

. . Nymph, in thy orisons

answered promptly:

anxious, excited party, who would discuss, drink and dance the night through. Amid silent, cold. His manner was utterly tender ways, personal beauty, rich voice parlir, changed, and instead of a ranting romantic, and magnetic presence, all combined, made ished hopes, and none of us said anything was drunk with joy-while the ringing of the barrle of contending passions. No the belis, the crackling of the bordies and | worder the dark eyes gleamed with unual the blaze of martial music all united in a ural luster and softened with an mutterasecret that would, if told, make the world him as only a wholly loving woman looks to jump up a once and open the window, stare with horior. In all this din, one head upon her heart's king. only kept cool and plotted dark aceds. while the face bore a colm inscrutable look that no search could read, no eye could themselves again. They followed us slow- ble sounds continued. pierce. None of the misgivings of Cassius ly, and just as I left the parter I heard

horrible conspiracy that was to convuise the tones; the country in throes of terror with a cool ness that was wonderful. No dark mutterings and cantations of the shrinking exquisite bouquet of flowers from the Macheth, no remorse of the French Georges round one. Booth and Bessie sat together White House conservatory would always seemed to disturb his serenity of mind - then the English lady, I next to her, and be sent to Bessie; and Robert Lincoln Instead, he went on his resolved way, cool, the Senator and his wife completed the "So time passed until the sun rose on she pave Robert much encouragement, and that early Fridity morning, Abril 14, 1865. cited in Booth smanner; he was nunsually her,

his visits became longer and more fre- John Wilkes came into the parlor at noon and stayed there only for a few moments, He seemed testless and excited, but not conscience were at perfect ease. It was enough so to attract any attention from us. | the last meal he was a take on earth, and | He left in an hour and went down, as he yet he was careless and at rest. said, to witness the renearsal of the new

> THAT NIGHT, but he strongly advised us not, saying, I remember, that it was food Friday, and that lew people would be present, and the play would drag on that account. After and go the night after. "Dinner passed off pleasantly, and we

retired to our rooms for our postpraudial cap, and did not reassemble together until the evening, when about half an hour be- melo dramatic affinide and repited ; misunderstanding, and would have sent fore supper we all met in the partor. There were Senator Hale and his wife, I and Bessee, and an English lady who was staying it the hotel. A few moments after we were seated John Wikes came in and greeted us all with the utmost corductry, and the same old graceful bow that he, and ne only, could make. He seemed to be in good spirits, and laughed at the machinery front, and, passing our hotel with then of the play. After a little desnitory conbands playing and colors flying, each day versation, he and Bessie drew off together, d the goddess of reason, was there a more bounded to see her.

and carried on an earnest conversation in bis eyes grow soft with a beautifying mys- physician were admitted to see her.

and earned on an earnest conversation in bis eyes grow soft with a beautifying mys- physician were admitted to see her.

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and earned on an earnest conversation in bis eyes grow soft with a beautifying mys- physician were admitted to see her.

I remember thinking what a tic radiance, and bis sensitive mouth quiv- "A day or two after the assass nation—a room—an Is rael ite."

soul in her face to Booth, who sat beside ful evening-noneb, no doubt, as the rest; ments playing in concert. This relia is

listen to Booth nomoved when he chose to to night-sweeter and prettier than I ever wil these scenes Booth moved-calm, stern, exert himself. His beautiful language, saw you,' She only smiled and left the "I went to my own room, and, being boy, he seemed a composed, practical man, him a remantic maiden's ideal actually tired, undressed and went to bed. It We all knew that the roumph of the feds person fied. God knows what was passing | seemed as if I had been asleep but a min eral army was a blasting of his most cher in his heart as he sat there with the only line when I was armsed by an indefinable woman he ever loved, and only He who maise, that served to wake, but not boul to him on the subject. And so the fated knoweth all things could read the stormy remnigh to startle one. Dones were slam days sped swiftly by, and while a nation | workings of the hear; that was form with | med all over the house, and a mornour of voices was heard. I thought at first that some one was sick, and that a doctor was being limitedly sent for ; but the roise still To Deum in honor of victory and perce- ble longing as he gazed his las on the fair continuing, I imagined that there must be this cold young man carried in his breast a woman beside him. And she looked up at a fire in the vicinity. This idea caused me

won, and no skadow of the intrending aw

and I heard the sound of many borses feet "At last the whole party rose to go to striking the pavenent in a full run, but no supper, and the two were brought back to fire bells or abouts, but still the mexplica- ty, ventriloquial verbesity and vaniloquent "The rehels have stormed the civ! was nor the tornoing misclombts and tears of Booth say, 'Ah! Bessie! Can I the next impression, and with that I hasti-the noble Brutus, disturbed him. Instead, trust you utterly?' and her reply came by threw on my wrapper and hurried to my words, talk plainly, briefly, naturally, sen the noble Brutus, disturbed him. Instead, trust you utterly?' and her reply came by threw on my wrapper and harried to my he arranged all the minute details of the c'ear, but with a world of melancholy in parlor, there was no one there, and I kens on until I got to the grand salon, and " Even as Ruth said, so say I-even

there I round a groud of people-mostly like myself, gueses of the hotel and en dis- Exchange. "We took our seats at the table-a small "Forour seared looks and frenzied interrogations of 'What has happened?' the reply came in husled, awful accents, that

entertaining, and his laugh rang out as "By Booth! I incrediously asked; by loud and clear as any man whose mind and John Wilkes Booth! Ob, no! that is im-

controllable excitement, Bessie Hale came ground, and its roots, which reach forty or then cumning his sword and of the blank in, and as she heard the dreadful news she fifty yards from the trunk, retain then vi- tessed it away from him. Turning over

play, "Our American Cousin," Mrs. Hale drawing out his watch said; 'It is after screamed, and then, before any one could tainty. Although the tree attains an em. the basket no boy was to be seen. So far eight o'clock; I must go -and then, drop teach her, fell prome upon the floor. She mens age, Livingstone having axamined as anything c u d be o'se vel there w a ping into a quotation as was his woul, he was carried up to her soom.

dumb terror. Our gentlemen friends were it to fall into a mass of ruins, his we decided to posipone our intention the part of one of the would sisters, and our all night, and the ladies sat close clustered together in a pitcous conducon, and not until the gray dawn came stealing in wet eyelids; for we then knew the wors - called by the natives gold guid; but its movements. It looked like a dangerous parice, with the burden of a great sin upon "He then made us all one of his grand his gully soul,

hows and walked to the door, and just as he passed out some recollects nor memory | of Booth, we awaited, in a dieadful state of ly coazed with all the startling events that bird somes fearlessly near, followed so rapidly each other in succession, "In all these hours Bessie 11 de kept in "He took her hand, and gazed with one long, lingering book in her face. I noticed her room and none but her mother and

the President dying, the Secretary fatalty English name is well given, as it is almost specimen, and our taverite flying from impossible for any one first hearing it to senses would like to approach. Catching "During the whole time of the pursuit seemed to strike him and be returned ab suspense the end. A thousand namers less chance by healing the bushes, to see were flying about and people seemed near- its author; yet at other times this little bounded at our case. It was this trick

never to be forgotten day—the report came substantiated that John Wilkes Booth had been captured and was being brought back to Washing'on. It was told Bessie, and she came into my room in a fearful state of excitement, and the proud, baughty. cold woman seemed to have lost all control over herself, · I did the best I could to calm her, and

finally succeeded. She wrote a letter in Booth, telling bim that she loved him and concluded by saying she would marry him even at the foot of the scaffold. At last the news came of his capture and death, and finally all Washington turned out to view the remains, though but few men were allowed to look upon the corpse.

Robert Lincoln never met Bessie Hale afterward, but ere long married a daughter of S nator Harlan, of lowa.

"Bessie never recovered from the shock The shadows of the past, full of mingled sweetness and pain, and of ecstatic dreams and abboared reminiscences, let its imprint on mind and brain, and like one touched by I limited's spear, she shivered, cowered and changed in an hour from a happy, radiant maiden into a sad, si ent, pale weman, who live I in a live world, while she herself was dead. The Semator carried ber to Europe, hoping the change of scene would make her forget the past. Vain faith? I saw her years ago, and the fair, sweet, though pain deawn face, the hollow eyes, the sad, patient smile, bannts me like a Cream."

"Pot. Mrs. Temple," I said, "that was years ago, What has become of her now? saw the marriage of Miss Hale ann-onced in the papers a few days ago. Was it Booth's Bessie Hale?"

"Yes," she said, "it was. But if I were to write her future life, do you know what I would denominate it?" "I cannot tell." 'I would call it 'A Dead Woman's Life,' "

REMARKABLE ECHOES -In the sepulchre of Merella, the wife of Sulla, in the Roman ing on the remains of their property, suffer-Campagna, there is an echo which repeats | ed even without a marmar, live times, in five different keys, and will complaint, was heard. Both the computer of also give back with distinctness, a bexameter line which requires two and a half seconds to noter it. On the banks of the Nahe, between Bingen and Coblentz, an echo ropeats seventeen times. The speak carreely be breath and but the tesponses are loud and distinct, sometimes appearing to approach, at other times to with a dreadful crash on the tragments of come from a great distance. Echors the pillars which had supported them. The equally beautiful and remartic are to be churches, though covered with remaind lend heard in our own islands. In the countery of the Abere on family, at Paisley, when the door of the chapel is shut, the reverberations are equal to the sound of tinunder. If a single note of masse is breathed, the tone ascends gradually with a multitude of ling speciacle. Almost all these poor wretchs echoes, till it dies in soft and bewirching experished. A few who still lingered were murmones. In this chapel is interred Margery, the daughter of Bruce, and the wife of William Wallace. The echo at the Eagle's Nest, ' on the banks of Killarney, is renowned for its effective repetation by a bundred instruments, until it gradually does away into the air. At the report of a cannon, the londest shunders reverberate from the rock, and die in seemingly endless peals along the distant mountains. At the saw only ruin and flames. The fire raged as Castle of Simonetta, a nobleman's seat about two nules from Milan, a surprising cellor is moduced between to wings of the building. The report of a pistol is repeated by this echo sixty times; and Addison, who visited the place on a somewhat Foggy the last in this would upon the wayward intervals were greater in proportion as the gratify their avaries. Some revered themsound of one musical instrument in this and silk; some were enveloped in bequiting "I cannot tell how we passed that fear- place resembles a great number of insim and costly fars, while others dressed themwalls of conscienable length, between

> To Correspondents - In promulgating your esoteric cognations, or articulating our superficial scuttmentalities and amicable philosophical or psychological observations, beware of platitudinous pondoros ty

possess a claudied conciseness, a compreted apprehensibleness, a coalescent consist ey, a concatenated cogency.

E.chew all conglomerations of flacutent manderous hands." ency, a concarenated cogency.

garrulity, je june bablement and assinine Let your extemporaneous descriptings and nopremeditated expatiations have in

telligibility and veracious vivacity, without the domentale or thrasonical hombast. Sedulously award all polysyllabor profundity, pomnous prolixity, pantaceous bacini

Shun double entendres, pestiferous prosibly, truthfully, purely; keep from slang,

what you say, and don't use big words. -A CURIOUS TREE. - A curious peculiarity of the baobob tree, found in Africa and group. The supper passed off pleasan by President Lincoln had been murdered by and Madagascar, is that scarcely any

chough: I noticed nothing whatever ex | Booth while he sat in his box in the theat injury will destroy it. Fire scoring the exterior does not impair its vitality. Nor apparently unhant and seemingly eninging "By Booth! I increductely asked; by can it be injured from within, as it is qui a the fun. Restoring the basket, with the common to find it hollow. Even on ting | blanket over it, to its former position, down does not exterminate it, for it con- with the boy undermenth, the juggler went tinges to grow in length while lying on the through with the same incantations and one which he judged to be one thousand nop sable place in which the little feilow "That might of horror seems like a four hundred years old, it is attacked by a could be concealed, frightful dream to me mow. None of us disease which affects its woodly structure retired, but sat in the parlor in a kind of so in course of time its own weight cause saw performed in the streets of Constants.

THE BARKING BIRD. - This bird is common to Chilor and Chonos-islands in the did we refire, sick at hear's, and with heavy, South American Archipelago and it is live serpent, with blaging eyes and rapid think otherwise than that it is a small dog aching somewhere in the furest. A person his neck and foudled it, while it writted may bear the back close by, but in vam and exhibited the ness venomous qualities, may endeavor by watening, and will still | Throwing it high up in the a'r it fell to the

OUR DEVIL declares there is one light his rod into a surpent, and the Egyptian which cannot possibly be seen in a dark magician did the same thing in imitation.

BURNING OF MOSCOW.

A MEMORABLE SCENE VIVIDLY DESCRIBED.

When the French armies invaded Rusia in 1812, and penetrated as far as Moscow, Count Rostopchin, the Governor, thinking it more glorious to destroy the ancient capital of the Czars than to suffer it to harber and protect an enemy, caused it to be burned to the ground. On the 3d of September the five commenced; but that quarter of the town called the White City was preserved by the French until four distinct explosions destroyed it, shook the whole city to its foundation, and proclaimed the salvation of Russia, in the final departure of the enemy. M. le Braume, an officer in the French army, ettached to the division commanded by the Viccioy of Italy, who was an eye witness, gives a most animated pieture of this dieadful scene of desolation, as follows :

"The most heart-rending scene," says he, which my immagination had ever conceivd, far surpassing the subdest story of an cient or modern history, now presented its self to my eyes. A great part of the population of Moscow, terrified at our arrival, had conceased themselves in cellurs, o ecret recesses of their houses. As the fire spread around we saw them rushing in despair from their various asylmus. They uted no imprecation, they breathed ancomdaint; fear had remiered them dumb, and hastily snotching up their most precious el tects, they fled before the flames. Others of greater sensibility and actuated by the general feelings of nature, saved only their pasents or their infants, who were closely hasped in their arms. They were followed. by their other children, running as fast as heir little strength would permit, and, with ill the withness of children terror, we iferating the beloved came of mother. The old worle, borne down by got f more than age, had not sufficient power to tollow their famlites, and expered near the houses in which they were born. The streets, the public places, and particularly the churches, were ided with these unhappy people, who, byand the conquered were equally hardened,

"The fire, whose ravages could not be restrained, some reached the finest parts of the city. Those palaces which we had admired for the beauty of their architecture and the elegance of their furniture, were enveloped the night before, resplendent with gold and silver. The hospital, too, which contained more than 12 000 wounded seen began to seen crawling, half burnt, among the smoking ruins; and others, groaning under heaps

on longer be distinguished, and the places on which the houses had stood were marked and black. On whatever side we turned we if it were fanned by some invisible power, The most extensive range of buildings seem ed to kinule, to burn, and to disappear in an

'How shall I describe the confusion and tunnit, when permission was granted to pillage this immenserity! Soldiers, surjets, selves in women's and children's polisses, and even the galley-slaves convenied their rags under the most splendal Labots of the from one to the other until it is entirely the most bucious wines and carried off an immense booty. The flames obstructing the passage of the principal streets often obliged them to retrace their steps. Thus, wantering from place to place, through an immense town, the avenues of which they did not know, they sought in vain to extremte themselves from a labyringh of fire. The love of Let your conversational communications blood, treating upon the dead hadies without remorse, while the ruins of the houses, mix-

ASTONISHING FEATS OF JUGGLERY. -In Delhi, India, we saw the celebrated basket trick, which is sometimes poorly initiated by professional magicians in Il is county. A na ive produced a basket and a blanket and, after permitting us to see that they contained nothing, invested the basket on the ground, and covered it with a blanket, We paid no attention to his incantations, but kept our eyes fixed on the basket and and the space around it, resolved that no boy should be snuggled into it or out of it wi bout seeing him. What made the feat don't put on airs, say wha you nean, mean still more wonderful was that the performer stood in a clear space, and we could look down upon him as he proceeded. He went through the customary act of thrusting a sword through the interstices of the basket. when the cries of a bor were heard as if in mortal pain issuing from the basket, Turning it over, there was a boy within,

Another feat, quite as ast mishing, wa nople. An itinerant magician showed us a cane which had the appearance of being would and very knorty. the air as high as he could and when it struck the ground it took the form of a up this mouster the fellow accled it around ground the same once which we had which the puregenerate heathen allege Auron performed in Egypt when be turn d - Troy Times.