omtain

"WE GO WHERE DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES POINT THE WAY ;- WHEN THEY CEASE TO LEAD, WE CEASE TO FOLLOW."

BY JOHN G. GIVEN.]

EBENSBURG, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1849.

A Heart to Let. BY JOHN BROUGHAM.

To be let-'To be let at a very desirable rate, A snug little house in a healthy estate, 'Tis a bachelor's heart, and the agent is Chance Affection the rent, to be paid in advance. The owner, as yet, has lived in it alone, But the fixtures are not of much value-but soon 'Twill be furnished by Capid himself if a wife Take a lease for the term of her natural life. Then ladies dear ladies, pray do not forget An excellent bachclor's heart's to be let.

The tenant will have but few taxes to pay, Love, honor, and-heaviest item-oBEY, As for the good will, the subscriber's inclined To have that if agreeable, settled in kind, Indeed, if he could such a matter arrange, He'd be highly delighted to make an exchage Provided true title by prudence is shown, Any heart unencumbered and free as his own-

So ladies, dear ladies, pray do not forget. An excellent bachelor's heart's to be let.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Song and the Singer.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

It was during the early days of the great took up his quarters in the city of Mar-

ward; for of those who sigh for fame few indeed are successful.

it; and after a somewhat lengthened conference with his concierge, ascended to his room, and remained there about an hour. At the end of that time she vanished. It was midnight when the composer returned, He entered with difficulty, the left it littered and dirty, without light, fire, death, were huddled close together. or food. To his surprise a cheerful blaze sent its rays beneath the door. He opened it, not without a degree of alarm, and found his apartment neatly ordered, a fire burning, a lamp and on the table a supper. The young man frowned, and looked sternly at the scene.

"Who dares thus insult my poverty? Is it not enough that I am starving with cold dience were in ecstacy. and hunger, that I am rejected by the world as a useless and wretched thing, incapable wood, all sent by one who knows my netreat. Who else could have acted thus? My mother, I bless thee both for your aboutto show her gratitude to the audience

dream far oftener a punishment than a re- had driven every calm and good thought from his head, and then he dared quietly the Rhine!'

proceed to carry out his dreadful and des-Scarcely had he left the house, than a perate intent. He closed carefully the is singing; it is still his song, and then the low but fierce growl in imitation of a dog. lady habited in a cloak and hood, entered window, stuffed his mattress up the chim- terrible chorus is taken up by the people; Both of the rogues stepped back at this ney, and with a paper stopped every apperture where air could enter. Then he he feels that he is famous. drew forth his parcel of charcoal and a burner, and lit it. Thus had this wretch- charcoal. He lies fainting on his bed; but one,' said one to the other. ed man determined to end his sufferings. He made one last effort, and now in a sol- falls "ather than darts across the room, Cerberus of the lodge being asleep, and itary dismal garret, he laid him down to sword in hand. One blow shivers the would fix him; but a dog's quite another cessor, we do not wish that her name ascended to his wretched room. He had die; and poverty and misery, genius and panes of his widdow to atoms; the broken thing, for if we shoot him he'd be sure to should rise above the wrecks of armada; Meanwhile, amid a blaze of light, the

theatre. A new opera from Paris was to the composer was able to stand. Ten resume their work. be played, and the prima donna was the minutes after, he had supped in the poryoung, lovely, and worshipped Claudine, the Jenny Lind of that time and place .--The house was crowded, and the first act succeeded beyond all expectation, the au-

'She is a jewel!' said M. Dupont, who rels. from a private box, admired the great supof wielding either sword or pen, but I must porter of his theatre. A roar of applause be insulted by charity? Fire, light, and from the pit delighted at this instant the good man's ears. Claudine, called before cessity! And yet who knows? Perhaps the curtain was bowing to the audience .--my mother may have discovered my re- But what is this? In stead of going off she has signed to the orchestra to play. She is MARSELLAISE!"

kindness and for respecting my conceal- in verse. M. Dupont rubs his hands, and ment!' And the invalid officer sat down repeats twice between his teeth, 'She is a Revolution of 1789, in the year 1792, to the first hearty meal he had eaten for jewel!' But with ease and rapidity the when a young officer, in delicate health weeks. He had left his home because his band has commenced playing upon an unfriends wholly disapproved of his making known air, and the next instant M. Dupont seilles for the six months of his leave of music a profession, and wished him to is standing up with a strange and wild look. absence. It seemed a strange retirement employ his leave of absence in learning Hushed and still was every breath; the for a young man, for in the town he knew another occupation. His mother so audience looked at each other; not a word no one, and in the depth of winter Mar- pressed him, that he saw no resource but of communication takes place; men shud- store against fire and other casualties they seilles was no tempting residence. The a soldier's last chance-a retreat. For der, or rather tremble with emotion. But employed one of their clerks to sleep in it officer lived in a garret looking out upon two months no trace of the fugitive had the first stanza is ended; and then a frantic at night. The idea of their store's being the street, which had for its sole furniture been seen-two months spent in vain ef- shout, a starting of all to their feet, a wild attacked by robbers was not for a moment a harpischord, a bed, a table and chair .- forts to make his chosen career support shriek of delight, a thousand voices thun- entertained, but it was for other objects, Little but paper ever entered that apart- him; and now, doubtless, his mother had dering the chorus, shows how that song such as security ogainst fire, and the like, M. Dupont frowned, for the air and song were not new to him; it was the Song dark, dreary night he was awakened by a of the Army of the Rhine' he had refused with an appetite unknown to him of late. that morning! But Claudine proceeds; singular noise which resembled that which Thus passed many months. The young The generous food of the previous night again the audience is hushed in death-like a party of burglars might produce in an man grew thinner and paler, and his leave had restored his system, and brought him silence; while the musicians. roused to an of absence appeared likely to bring no to a natural state. Luckily, sufficient wine unusual degree of enthusiasm, played adtoward the back windows, he was soon convalescence. But he was handsome and bread remained to satisfy nis craving, mirably; and Claudine, singing with all satisfied himself that one or more persons and interesting, despite his sallow hue .-- and then he sat down to think. All his the purity, feeling and energy of her admirable voice, plunged her eyes into every had already removed part of the sash and corner of the house-in vain. At each couplet the enthusiasm of the people bestruments, and must have been at work came greater, the anxiety of the singer sometime before he was awakened. more intense. At length she concluded, and never did applause more hearty, more no weapon, but not through fear, that was tremendous, more uproarious, greet the voice of the public songstress. The exnot a characteristic of the young gentleman but that he might pepper the rogues a litcitable population of Marseilles seemed tle. At first he was determined to cry out mad. and arouse the watch, but as they had ad-When silence was restored, Claudine vanced so far before he was awake, he spoke: 'Citoyens and citoyennes!' she thought he would drive them off by strataexclaimed-this song is both written and gem. He slipped on his clothes quietly, composed by a young and unknown man, and approaching the spot where the who has sought in vain to put his compothieves were busy, he saw the hand of sitions before the public. Everybody has one of them passed inside of the shutter refused him. For myself, I thought this the greatest musical effort of modern times; guide a small handsaw with which he was and as such I practised it to-day; and, uncutting a small aperture for his body to known to manager or author, I and the pass through. band prepared this surprise. But the author is not here. Poor and despairing, he is at home lamenting his unappreciated but he refrained and bethought himself of efforts! Let us awake him; let him learn a powerful preparation of caustic vitrol that the generous people of Marseilles can and other penetrating stuffs that were used understand and feel great music. Come! let all who have hearts follow me, and chant the mighty song as we go!' And Claudine, stepping across the orchestra, landed in the pit, and, bare-headed, light dressed as she was, rushed towards the large garden. By permission of the land- -polish.' The singer rose, and bowing, door, followed by every spectator and musician, who, however, put on their hats, and even threw a cloak and cap on the excited and generous young songstress. Meanwhile the composer's dreadful resolve was being carried out. The horrid fumes of the charcoal filled the room: soon they began to consume and exhaust the pure air, and the wretched youth felt above him, seeming to listen. The young can, and she had said bitter things to him all the pangs of coming death. Hunger, exhaustion and despair kindled a kind of madness in his brain. Wild shapes danced around him: his many songs seemed sung altogether by coarse, husky voices, that made their sound a punishment; and then the foul atmosphere oppressing his chest, The evening came, and no sign again of darkening his vision, his room seemed tenanted by myriads of infernal and deformed known sympathizer. Toward night the beings. Then again he closed his eyes-'Indeed!' cried the lady with anima- pangs of hunger became intolerable, and soft memory stealing in upon him showed tion; 'and you have never published them?' after numerous parleys with himself, the him happy visions of his youth, of his 'I shall never try-again,' he murmer- young man ascended to his room with a mother, of love, and hope, and joy; of ed, uttering the last word in a low and heavy parcel. His eye was wild, his green fields, and the murmuring brooks despairing tone, which, however, reached cheek pale, his whole mien unearthly. As which had first revealed melody into his he passed the door of his lodge, the con- soul; and the young man thought that "Good-night, citoyen,' said she, and she cierge gave him a ticket for the opera, death must come, and that he was on the

"What is this?" he cries. "My Song of

and the composer's first wish is gained; unexpected interruption.

But he is dying, choked, stifled with hope and joy give him strength. He rises, glass les in the cool sea-breeze and the half kill one of us!' splendid song. Both give life to the young evening's amusements had begun at the man; aid when Claudine entered the room, ter's lodge, dressed, and come out, to be where hat night he heard, amid renewed in. applause, his glorious song sung between every act, and each time gaining new lau-

> Ten days later, Rouget de Lisle was it by the name it is still known by-"THE alarmed.

THE FAITHFUL DOG. A Story of Daring Burglary. BY UNCLE TOBY.

The Messrs. Hubert kept a very extensive jewelry establishment in one of our large cities, and for better security of their

Now young Loring regretted that he had

Young Loring attempted to chop off the

hand with a small hatchet that lay hard by

sonous sore in ten minutes time. He cau-

'Bill,' at length exclaimed the burglas to

hardly work the saw. Phew! how it

smarts! I guess I've cut it with the saw.

'Take the saw yourself then! I can't

hand, an awaited the result.

Hold the dark lantern here.'

hands then, but don't stop.

stand this pain!'

Seeing that he must do something to

sentinel.

stop them, the clerk crept in the dark, close He listens. A beautiful and clear voice to one side of the window, and uttered a

'Hang it Bill there's a cursed dog in there, I didn't know that Hubert's kept and indeed every Englishman must fondly

was a man, why a shot or a dirk stroke desired career of their fair and young suc-

'Bow wow, wow,' cried the clerk, with all his power as he saw them prepare to

"Confound the dog!' exclaimed both. 'Never mind; go ahead, Bill, and get borne in triumph back to the theatre, it open now. I'll fix him when we get be the glories of peace, of industry, of

> The burglar addresed as Bill, thrust his hand in once more to wrench off the last universal; of virtue more honored; of reli-

trance, when the clerk, having already, earliest gospel light to the unawakened namarried to Claudine, the prima donna of armed himself with a large pair of pin- tions; the glories that arise from gratitude Marseilles, and the young composer, in cers, seized the robber's hand as though in for benefits conferred; and the blessings of gratitude to her and her countrymen, a vice, and sat up such an outrageous a loyal and chivalrous, because a contenchanged he name of his song, and called barking that the whole neighborhood was ted and admiring people.

> 'For heaven's sake, Jack, lend us a hand here, this cursed animal is biting my hand off?' said the burglar to his confederate.

"Pull it away-pull it away quick." 'I can't.'

'Give it a jerk!' said the other. 'O-o-o! I can't, murder, murder!'

This cry added to the bellowing of the good earnest, and the thief who was at ing-

liberty to do so, ran for his life. The

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Beautiful Passage.

Lord Morpeth, in one of his addresses to the electors of the West Riding of Yorkshire, uttered the following beautiful passage:

'Reference has been frequently made to the reigns of our former female Sovereigns look back to the wisdom of Elizabeth and 'A dog? that's bad. Curse 'em, if it the victories of Anne. But in shaping the we do not seek to emblazon her throne with the trophies of such fields as Blenheim, or the yet more transcendent Waterloo. Let her have glories, but such as are not drained from the treasury or dimmed with the blood of her people. Let hers commerce, and of genius; of justice made more accessible; of education made more piece of wood, that obstructed their en- gion more beloved; of holding forth the

I must put a stop to This-

A Frenchman, whose wife was to present him with the fond appellation of father,' returned to await the happy moment; and with some friends to drink long life and a noble one, to the first born. The punch bowl scattered its inviting fumes most prodigally around the company, and anxiety was manifested by all, supposed dog, soon brought the watch in when in ran Betty Lightfoot exclaim-

'Joy, joy, sir! I give you joy!'

scarce; and yet the young man generally way of respecting his secrecy and punishremained in-doors all day, assiduously ing his pride. writing, or dotting something on paper, an occupation he alternated with music.

of intelligence, and even genius and frank- published, had been vain. Singers knew ness of manner, all prepossessed in his him not, publishers declared him unknown, favor, and many a smile and kindly look and publishers seemed doomed never to came to him from beautiful eyes that he hear him, because they never had heard noticed not nor cared to notice. In fact him; a logical consequence very injurious he rarely went out but at night, and then to young beginners in literature, poesy, to walk down by the booming sea, which music, and all the liberal arts. But he made a kind of music he seemed to love. | was determined to have one more trial .--Sometimes, it is true, he would hank about | Having eaten, he dressed and went out in the theatre door when operas were about the direction of the shop of the Citoyen to be played, and look with longing eye Dupont, a worthy and excellent man, who within; but he never entered: either his in his day had published more music, bad purse or inclination failed him. But he and good, than a musician could have always examined with care the name of played in a lifetime. the piece and its author, and then walked tate.

time, as if estimating the value of the arti- his head as the composer ended. saleable character of the commodity. The good one of these days; but at present, man at length noticed this.

'Pardon, lady,' said he, one evening; felt one thing: the world never would be perhaps I disturb you?"

music, very fond, and the airs you hum are | the bitterest grief of all. new to me. Pray, if it is not a rude question, whose are they?'

"they are my own."

the ears of the young woman.

rose and went out to take his usual walk the theatre.

ment, where food and fuel both were found him out, and had taking this delicate has electrified them.

Next morning the young man awoke Long hair, full beaming eyes that spoke efforts to get his music sung, or played, or

'You have something new, then, citoaway to the sea-shore to muse and medi- yen?' said Dupont, after the usual preliminaries, and after apologizing to a lady Shortly after his arrival in Marseilles, within his office for awhile. 'As my time he visited one after another, all the pub-lishers and music sellers in the town, with it if you will.' The young man sat hima bundle of manuscripts in his hand; but self at the harpsichord which adorned the his reception was apparently not very fa- shop, and began at once the Song of the vorable, for he left them all with a frown- Army of the Rhine. The music publishing air, and still with his bundle of manu- er listened with the knowing air of one scripts. Some had detained him a long who was not to be deceived, and shook

cles he offered for sale; but these were no | 'Rough-crude-but clever. Young more tempted than the others to try the man you will, I doubt not do something house he lodged in had attached to it a am sorry to say, your efforts want finish lord, the young man selected it for his left the shop, despair at his heart. He evening walks, and despite the cold, would had not a sou in the world; his rent was in sometimes sit and muse in a rude and fa- arrear; he knew not how to dine that evended bower under a wall at one of the ga- ing, unless his mother came again to his bles. Here he would occasionally sing in aid-an aid he was very unwilling to rea low tone, some of his own compositions. ceive. His soul repunged from it, for he It happened once or twice when he did so, had parted from her in anger. His motha female head protruded from a window er was a Royalist and he was a Republiat parting. But most of all the composer

able to judge him, never be able to decide 'Not at all,' she replied; 'I am fond of if he had or had not merit; and this was

That day was spent in moody thought. 'Citovenne,' he answered diffidently, his secret friend, whether mother or un-

closed her window. The composer sighed, signed Dupont, who was co-manager of threshold of a better world.

But an awful shout, a tremendous clam-

watchman's lights showed Bill Sikes that he had been bitten by a pair of pincers. This is a fact, and occurred in New York city during the winter of 1841; and that young Loring, the clerk, slept there, Bill Sikes served out his imprisonment at for he was not supplied with any weapons Blackwell's Island .- Flag of our Union. to repel an attack of thieves. But one

More Silence!--- A Good One.

Every one who has visited the seat of attempt to enter the building, and looking the State Government, at any time within the last ten years, during a session knows Jemmy Owen the Irish door-keeper of the were endeavoring as quiet as possible, to House. Jemmy was once taken, in maneffect an entrance at that quarter. They ner and form following, to wit:

The Governor had given a party, on the shutters with their cunningly devised in- night previous to the occasion whereof we are going to speak, and 'Otard,' and champagne had been most liberally imbibed .--The orgies had lasted until 'wee sma' hours,' and next day nearly every body was on the stool of repentance. The House was particularly thin and drowsy. Not a soul was in the lobby. The Speaker nodded in his seat. Jemmy sat, bolt upright, but unconscious, in his box; while a prosy old member was mauling away monotonously on some obnoxious item in the Tax Bill. With this exception, all was as quiet as the 'house of death.'

Aleck Clitherall, who was then assistant clerk, seeing Jemmy's situation, and into the store, in its owner's endeavors to envying his comfort, left his desk, and going up to his victim, pinched him savegely on his thigh, hissing fiercely in his ear at the same time-'Jemmy, don't you hear the Speaker's hammer? There's a hof a row in the lobby!'

Jemmy bounced from his seat as if it had been red hot, and without waiting to open his eyes, roared-absolutely roared in the testing of the purity of silver and -Gintlemen you must BAILLY keep other metals. One drop of this would eat MOOR silence in the lobby, IF YOU PLAZE.' instantly into the flesh and produce a poi-Flesh and blood couldn't stand it. The Speaker laughed outright, and the prosy tiously dropped a little upon the burglar's member sank upon his seat. As for Jemmy, in an instant he discovered how he had been sold, and started in hot haste after his comrade, 'I've got a cursed burning on Aleck. No man ever knew how the matthe back of my hand. It's so sore I can ter was compromised when Jemmy caught up; few have been bold enough to inquire, and those few have received remarkably little satisfaction .- Chambers' Alabama 'Fudge!' replied his companion, 'change Tribune.

Beantiful and Sublime.

The Hon. John J. Crittenden, in defending a man who stood charged with a capother took his place with the saw, and in ital offence, closed his able and powerful beyond the means of the sheriff or the a moment after received a few drops of the effort by the following touching and sub- court to control for some minutes, when

ceived the thought of man's creation, he to liquor. called to him the three ministers that

ed, until the first and worst attack of pain and Mercy,-and thus addressed them:was over, they renewed the attempt to Shall we make man?'-Then said Justice, 'O God, make him not, for he will The clerk permitted them to go on a trample upon thy laws. Truth made anwhile uninterruptedly, knowing that at any swer also, 'O God, make him not, for he an accomplished beautyd' moment he could stop their efforts by cry- will pollute thy sanctuaries.' But mercy ing out, but he hoped to hear some watch- drpping upon her knees, and looking up other.

man passing the front of the store upon through tears, exclaimed, 'O God, make

'Vat is he Betty, vat is he?' 'A fine boy sir!'

'Health to the young Marquis,' exclaimed one, and bumpers went round.

Betty you must drink von life to the jung Mrquis.'

Betty raised the glass to her lips, when in rushed the nurse-

'Joy, joy, sir, I give you joy!' "Vat-vat-is de matter?"

A fine girl, sir!'

Betty,' said the Frenchman looking very stern, 'vat for you say no true?'

'O!' said the nurse, 'a boy first and a girl afterwards."

'Vat two - von boy-von fille?'

'Two sir!' added the dame and helping herself to a glass was swinging it off when in popped another.

"Sacre!" exclaimed the Frenchman 'vat more joy?'

'Another fine boy, sir!'

•Vat the diable-von girl-von boyvon garcon, tree times! Mon dieu,' bawled the poor Frenchman. 'By Gar, it will never do, I must go and put a stop to dis.'

A Legal Anecdote

Recently, while attending a court held at H---- county, where Judge S---presided, a very plain question was presented for the decision of the court. It was argued elaborately on the wrong side and when the apposite attorney (a real Paddy, who had just waded through Blackstone and Chitty, so as to enable him to obtain a license,) rose to reply, he was stopped by his honor, who informed him that his opinion was made up against him, and that he would have no further argument. Paddy laid his hand slowly upon a volume of Blackstone, and opened where the leaf was carefully turned down and commenced reading the law directly in conflict with the opinion of the court.

'Stop sir,' cried the 'judge, 'I hava decided the case, and my mind is no longer open to conviction, nor will I have any further argument on the case.

'Oh,' said the lawyer, 'I did not intend to argue the point, nor did I expect to convince your honor-I only wanted to show the court what a blasted fool old Blackstone was,

Such a shout of laughter as went up from every part of the court-house, was Paddy was fined a dollar fo his slander of "When God in his eternal counsels con- Blackstone, and the court then adjourned

> THE RIGHT OF DISCOVERY .---- A gentieman praising the personal charms of a vary plain woman and by no means handsome, a wag present asked him:

'And why dontayou lay claim to such

.What right have I to her?' said the Every right, by the law of nation, as

And while the discomfitted burglar withdrew to groan over his supposed cut, the fiery liquid upon the back of his hand, and lime allegory. was soon groaning with agony.

'Curse this saw, it has cut me too!' groaned the second thief.

And after sundry oaths mutually exchang- watch about his throne-Justice, Truth, make an entrance.

by the sea-beach; there before the granwhom he could call to secure the rogues, him. I will watch over him and surround the first discoverer. 'Go thyself,' said the composer, in a or burst upon his ear: a thousand voices deur and sublimity of the ocean, and amid low, husky voice, and went up stairs. and he resolved to wait for this until it him with my crre, thro' all the dark paths roar beneath his window. The young A DARK SUBJECT .- A blind darkey the murmur of its bellowing waves, to for- Having gained the room, the unhappy would do to wait no longer. But soon the which he may have to tread.' Then God man starts from his dream; what is this he burglars had so much enlarged the hole made man and said to him, 'Oh man, thou with an extinguished candle in a dark get the cares of the world, his poverty and and misguided young man sat silent and hears? that they would shortle be able to enter it art the child of Mercy, so deal lightly with cellar, looking for a black cat that wasn't his crushed visions of glory and renown motionless for some hours, until at length "Aux armes? citoyens, -the day dream of superior minds-a hunger, despair, and his dreamy visions there. themselves. thy brother.' Formez vos battallions." &c.