Mountain Sentinel.

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

VOLUME IX. EBENSBURG, THURSDAY, JANUARY 20, 1853. NUMBER 13.

TERMS.

The "*MOUNTAIN SENTINEL*" is published every Thursday morning, at *One Dollar and Fifty Cents* per annum, if paid in advance or within three months; after three months *Two Dollars* will be charged.

No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months; and no paper will be discontinued *until all arrearages are paid.* A failure to notify a discontinuanc at the expiration of the term subscribed for, will be considered as a new engagement.

☞ *ADVERTISEMENTS* will be inserted at the following rates:—50 cents per square for the first insertion; 75 cents for two insertions; $1 for three insertions; and 25 cents per square for every subsequent insertion. A liberal reduction made to those who advertise by the year. All advertisements handed in must have the proper number of insertions marked thereon, or they will be published until forbidden, and charged in accordance with the above terms.

☞ All letters and communications to insure attention must be *post paid.* *A. J. RHEY*

ELLEN--A FRAGMENT.

Is she not beautiful, although so pale?
The first May flowers are not more colourless
Than her white cheek; yet I recall the time
When she was called the rose-bud of our village.
There was a blush, half modesty, half health,
Upon her cheek, fresh as the summer morn
With which she rose. A cloud of chestnut curls
Like twilight darken'd o'er her blue-vein'd brow;
And thro' their hazel curtains eyes, whose light
Was like the violets when April skies
Have given their own pure colour to the leaves,
Shone sweet and silent as the twilight star.
And she was happy; innocence and hope
Make the young heart a paradise for love.
And she loved and was loved. The youth was one
That dwelt upon the waters. He had been
Where sweeps the blue Atlantic a wide world—
Had seen the sun light up the flowers like gems
In the bright Indian isles—had breathed the air
When sweet with cinnamon, and gum and spice;
But he said that no air brought health or balm
Like that on his own hills, when it had swept
O'er orchards in their bloom, or hedges, where
Blossom'd the hawthorn and the honeysuckle;—
That, but one voyage more, and he would come
To his dear Ellen and her cottage home—
Dwell there in love and peace. And then he kiss'd
Her tears away, talk'd of the pleasant years
Which they should pass together—of the pride
He would take in his constancy. Oh hope
Is very eloquent! and as the hours
Pass'd by their fireside in calm cheerfulness,
Ellen forgot to weep.

At length the time
Of parting came; 'twas the first month of spring.
Like a green fan spread the horse chestnut leaves,
A shower of yellow bloom was on the elm,
The daisies shone like silver, and the boughs
Were cover'd with their blossoms, and the sky
Was like an augury of hope, so clear,
So beautifully blue. Love! oh young Love?
Why hast thou not security? Thou act
Like a bright river on whose course the weeds
Are thick and heavy: briers are on its banks,
And jagged stones and rocks are midway.
Conscious of its own beauty, it will rush
Over its many obstacles, and pant
For some green valley as its quiet home.
Either it rushes with a desperate leap
Over its barriers, foaming passionate,
But prison'd still; or, winding languidly,
Becomes dark, like oblivion, or else wastes
Itself away.—This is Love's history!

They parted one spring evening; the green sea
Had scarce a curl upon its wave; the ship
Rode like a Queen of Ocean.—Ellen wept,
But not disconsolate, for she had hope;
She knew not then the bitterness of tears.
But night clos'd in, and with the night there came
Tempest upon the wind; the ocean light
Glar'd like a funeral pile; all else was black
And terrible as death. We heard a sound
Come from the ocean—one lone signal gun,
Asking for help in vain—follow'd by shrieks,
Borne by the ravening gale; then deepest silence:
Some gallant souls had perish'd. With the first
Dim light of morn we sought the beach; and there
Lay fragments of a ship, and human shapes
Ghastly and gash'd. But the worst sight of all,
A sight of living misery met our gaze;
Seated upon a rock, drench'd by the rain,
Her hair torn by the wind, there Ellen sat,
Pale, motionless. How could love guide her there?
A corpse lay by her, in her arms its head
Found a fond pillow; and o'er it she watch'd
As the young mother watches her first child.
It was her lover.

A Suspicious Traveller.

[We copy an amusing passage from Grace Greenwood's last letter:]—"In the evening, we ran down to Marseilles by the railway. Our party filling a carriage, with the exception of one seat, we amused ourselves, as we approached Marseilles, by manufacturing another passenger out of our extra wraps. Stuffing an overcoat with shawls and umbrellas, we fashioned a portly little gentleman, whom we made to recline in a corner, grasping a walking-stick, and with his face shaded by a broad-brimmed hat. When the ticket-master came, we had the satisfaction of seeing our foolish little joke succeed beyond our proudest hopes. After receiving and counting our tickets, he looked hard at the quiet little gentleman, and said, rather impatiently, '*Monsiur, votre billet!*' '*Il dort, Monseur,*' said one of us. So, without further ceremony, he seized the obvious traveller by the arm, and shook him into shawls and umbrellas, amid uncontrolable bursts of laughter on our part.—The official looked a little dark and suspicious at first, and made a careful *post mortem* examination of the departed; but, finding that he was contrabrand articles, graciously joined in the laugh, only protesting that somebody must pay for '*le petit Monseur.*'"

☞ Since the late fire in Sacramento city, 761 buildings have been erected.

HOW TO PAY THE RENT.

A STORY OF A VENTRILOQUIST.

In the summer of 1847, Macmillan, the ventriloquist, had occasion to visit Manchester, for the purpose of giving his ventriloquial lectures at its different institutions. His attention was attracted by one shop, of rather humble appearance, from the circumstance of seeing the owner of it always sitting at his work, and a group of pretty children playing about the door. From the melancholy bits of black about their dress, they were evidently motherless. Mr. Macmillan leared, from the inscription over the door, that the poor tradesman was named John Penny, and that he exercised the crafts and mystery of boot and shoe-making. He was tall and thin, with a pale visage, and long hair, combed straight down his cheeks. His brow was thoughtful not to say careworn; but there was an air of meek resignation about him that was very touching. The ventriloquist being a good-hearted man, and having a wife and family of his own, as he gazed on the unconscious children, could not help thinking of his "ain Mary, and the wee bit bairns he had left at hame." He could not resist giving poor Penny a turn, and improving his own understanding at the same time, by ordering a pair of boots. The humble tradesman, who was, as usual, at his work, gratefully acknowledged the order; but, in answer to Macmillan's very natural question—of when he could have the boots, replied with a deep sigh, that he did not exactly know; the order would be executed as soon as possible; but that he could not fix any precise time. Macmillan, from his knowledge of the world, and being a considerate man, thought that, perhaps, the poor fellow had not got the means to purchase the materials; there was a blank air of poverty about the shop. "I will leave you half a sovereign as a deposit," said he, "get them done as soon as possible." To his surprise, John Penny refused to take any advance. "It will be time enough to pay for the boots when you get them." said he significantly. Macmillan was perplexed. He looked earnestly at the son of St. Crispin, whose brow was more thoughtful, and his look more careworn than ordinarily: "Don't think me impertinent," said he, "but is anything the matter?—you seem unhappy." "No, nothing very particular." "Nay, nay, I'm convinced there is," returned Macmillan, whose sympathy began to be much awakened. "Come, what is it?" "Well, since you are pressing," said Penny, sighing deeply, "I will confess there is—my rent: I have gone back in my rent. I was one of the congregation of the Rev. Mr. Tramp, the minister of our local chapel." "You don't mean you were one of the Jumpers?" inquired Macmillan, scarcely able to conceal a smile. "I will confess that I was," replied Penny, devoutly. "I stood high in favor with that singularly pious man. All his congregation dealt with me for boots and shoes. I thought I had received a special call to furnish the Jumpers with approved soles; but, alas! one fine morning the holy man was TRANSLATED, I think his followers called it, for he was nowhere to be found! This sad defalcation caused me to go back; I could not meet my rent, and;——" "Why, how much do you owe?" said the kind-hearted ventriloquist. "I am now nearly three quarters in arrears; it will soon be upwards of £20." "Who is your landlord?" "Squire Summer." "What! of the Legionmills, Ancoats?" "Yes." "Why, he is one of the great cotton lords; he is as rich as a Jew. If I were to become surety, now, don't you think he'd give you time?" "He has been very patient; I cannot complain of him. But he is a man of business—a man of money. Never having known want himself, he cannot conceive it to spring from any other cause than improvidence, or worse, and has little sympathy with it; the last time he was here he said he should call once more, and then, if the money was not forthcoming, the law must take its course. I expected him yesterday, and—"—"Eh, mercy, man! what's the matter with you?" said Macmillan, "you tremble." "Yes, I see he's comming; he has that fellow Broadman, the broker, with him." Macmillan looked out, and saw, indeed, the Squire, his footman, and a very shabby, suspicious-looking fellow, apparently an EMPLOYEE of the broker.—He had scarcely time to cast a rapid glance around the deserted shop, and call all his thoughts together, ere the party were at the door. and had entered. "Let them come," cried Penny, with an air of despairing resignation, "I have struggled, Heaven knows! as long as I was able, and I can do no more." "Well, Mr. Penny," said the Squire, blandly, advancing to the counter, "you know, of course, the cause of my visit?" Here a huge staring Poll Parrot, who, with its cage, formed one of the few articles of furniture in the shop, began to whistle, "call again to-morrow," to the astonishment of all present except Macmillan. She followed this by "I know a bank." The Squire and broker stared. The Squire however, resumed, "You are, of course, provided, Mr. Penny?" "Alas! no sir," said the poor tradesman, "it is useless to deceive you any further: I cannot pay you at this moment, nor either do I know when I can; take my little property, sir, let it pay as far as it will, I will do the best that I can: Providence will not forsake me." "What's o'clock?" interrupted the parrot; "Polly wants her breakfast." The children, who had this time stolen covertly in, curious to know what was going forward, were as much surprised as their father at Polly's sudden loquacity. Their little round eyes dilated with wonder and twinkled with delight; but the awful presence of the great man, from which they fell in instinctive awe, somewhat repressed them. "Well, well," continued the prudent man of cotton, after a short pause, "if that's the case I may as well have the things as anybody else. John Broadman, you will do what is necessary." "Polly, Polly, Polly, Polly," here exclaimed Poll. "That's a fine bird," observed the Squire, his attention attracted.—"I must leave a man in possession," said the broker, "but before I go I may as well make out the inventory, for I suppose there's no chance of matters being settled without a sale, Mr. Penny?" "None," replied the shoemaker. "Then I'll proceed to my work at once. Item, one Dutch clock." "What's o'clock, what's o'clock?" exclaimed Poll. Poor Penny looked stupified. The children, who had been regarding the scence, as we have said, half with curiosity and half with fear, now could not help clapping their little hands at Poll's apropos speeches; but a look from their father restrained them. Broadman continued, "One high desk and counter, one slate, one shoemaker's bench and tools, three chairs, two tin candlesticks, six boot-trees." "Woodman, spare that tree," sung Polly. "Clever bird that," said the Squire, his attention being now greatly attracted.—"You'll put the parrot down, I suppose, Mr. Broadman." "Oh, no, we never mention her," sung the parrot. "Very odd," exclaimed the Squire. "I should like to have that bird; what's your name, Polly?" "Pretty, pretty Polly Hopkins," sung Polly, cocking her head very knowingly. "Answers quite like a Christian," replied the Squire; "seems to answer everything, I declare." "What's o'clock," cried Poll. "Amazing, upon my honor," ejaculated the Squire. "Now I think of it," said he, "my daughter, Celicia, has been worrying my life out for the last six months, to buy her such a bird as this: one that can talk, and sing, and whistle. I'll tell you what I'll do, Penny, I don't want to be hard upon you: let me have the parrot, give me a note of hand for £5 balance, and I'll withdraw the distress, and give you a receipt for the £15 due." "Don't you wish you may get it?" saucily replied Poll, as if she understood what the landlord was talking about. "Such a bird as that is worth more money," observed Macmillan; "I wouldn't mind giving that much for it myself. "Oh! whistle and I'll come to thee my lad," whistled Poll. "Wonderful!" said the ventriloquist; "I think the fairest way would be to let Poll come to the hammer, and bring whatever she is knocked down for." "The woodpecker tapping the hollow beech tree," sung Polly. The Squire was electrified. "One lapstone—anything more?" said Broadman. "Oh, yes; ten lasts, sundry waxends," &c., &c. "Stop! stop!" interrupped the Squire, "I must have that bird: I'll take it as payment of the rent in full. Penny, will that suit you?" Poor Penny seemed thunderstruck. He hesitated as if he had some compunctions.—The Squire observed it. "That not enough?—Well, then, I'll make it £20. Here's a receipt for the rent, and there's five sovereigns. Will that do for you? Broadman, withdraw, your man." "You don't lodge here, Mr. Ferguson, with your ninepence," added Polly. The Squire was delighted. Macmillan thought the arrangement honorable to all parties, and poor Penny apparently unwillingly resigned possession of the bird. "I shall take my prize home at once," said he. "Good-by, Poll," cried all the children. "Good-by! My native land, good night," sang Poll, looking very grave, and twisting her head first on one side, and then on the other, placing herself in her swing, and violently rocking herself backwards and forwards. The signal seemed to be given for her departure, "Now, John," cried Poll, when the *cortege* began to move, "drive on gently over the stones." "John, does your mother know you're out?" John grinned like a Cheshire cat. The Squire looked enchanted, and the children shrieked again with surprise and delight. As for poor Penny, he seemed perfectly satisfied. As soon as the shop was fairly cleared of the Squire's party, he turned to Macmillan, and, with an air of much perplexity, begged he would look in on the following morning, when he would have some skins, from which he might choose the leather for his boots, for just at that moment he felt quite bewildered. Highly elated that John Penny had got so well through his difficulties, the good ventriloquist did not intrude, but considerately took his leave. He was, however, a punctual visiter at John's the following morning, and found that the honest cordwainer had laid out the £5 he had received, over above his rent, the preceding afternoon, to the very best advantage. He had stocked his shop with a good supply of leather and other articles necessary for his trade, and now only wanted customers. While Macmillan was selecting the materials for his boots, the Squire suddenly made his appoarance, followed by his footman, bearing Poll.—Penny was surprised, and so, too, seomed Macmillan. "Well, Mr. Penny," said the great cotton lord, "we have brought you back your parrot—it is very extraordinary, but it has never spoken a single word since I took it away—never sung a single song, nor whistled a single tune: it has done nothing but squeak, squeak—scream, scream, till my head has been fit to split, and so have those of everybody else; in fact, without any wish to offend you, she is a perfect nuisance. I wouldn't keep her in the house, if anybody would give me a hundred a year to do so. It threw my daughter into hysterics; she upset the glass globe, spilt all the gold and silver fish—a rare chance for the cat. Return me the £5 I paid you, and I'll forfeit the rent." "I'm sorry to say," said the conscientious John Penny, "that I've laid out the £5; but, however, as the bird don't suit you, if you'll take my note of hand for the £5——" "Why, stay, stay!" said Macmillan, 'parrots very seldom talk in a strange place at first: put Poll in her usual place, and then see." The cage was according restored to its former position, when, to the utter astonishment of all present, Poll immediately began to sing, "Home, sweet home; be it ever so humble, there's no place like home." "Well," said the Squire, lifting up his hands, "this is incredible, but I've heard of such things before. What a sensible, intelligent creature she is; I must give her another trial; take her back, John." "I'll gang nae mair to yon toun," whistled Poll, but, however to no effect, for she was bourne off, considerably stultifying John, by crying, "What's o'clock?" "There you go with your eye out," &c. "You appear to be surprised at my amazement, Mr. Macmillan," said honest Penny, when the party was out of sight, "but will not be long so, when I tell you that until yesterday I never heard that bird utter a single syllable. As Mr. Summer had said, she had never done anything but squeak and scream, disturbing the whole neighborhood; but they got used to the noise at last, though they threatened to break my windows and twist her neck off at first. It was a long time before I could get to like it myself; but use reconciles us to anything; and I think now that I shall miss her, disagreeable as she was." Macmillan had no doubt of it. "But I must leave you," said he, "so work away, my boy. I shall look in tomorrow as I pass, to see how you are getting on." He called next morning, and found the leather for his boots cut out, the lasts prepared, and honest John commencing operations.—While giving his final diroctions, Squire Summer sgain unexpectedly made his appearance, accompanied, as the previous day, by John with Poll. "Bless me, sir," said Penny, "is it you?" "Yes, Mr. Penny, I've come again," returned the Squire, "with this diabolical bird: not a moment's peace have we had——" "What! do you find her talk too much, sir?" inquired the shoemaker, with great simplicity. "Talk too much!" said the Squire, "obstinate brute, confound her, she has never talked at all. Put her in her old place, John." "Don't I look spruce on my neddy," whistled Poll. "Oh, hang you! you have found your tongue," said the Squire, "have you? but I'm not to be done a third time; keep your bird, Mr. Penny; I wish you joy of her." "But I've spent the money you gave me for her," said honest John, "and I don't exactly know when I shall be able to pay it back again." "Oh, never mind the money, only release me from such a torment as this, and I'll put up with the loss the best way I can." Poor John was somewhat reluctantly prevailed upon to take back the bird, and pocket the affront of its return, as well as he might. Poll was therefore, again restored to her former situation, looking very wise: and as the disappointed landlord departed with his man John, much chagrined at the result of his purchase, being himself a character by no means accustomed to buying things at a loss, Poll could not help giving him a fling as he went, as if to quicken his movements, by singing out, with great glee, "Go to the devil and shake yourself," following the exhortation with a loud laugh. "Well," said Mr. Penny, as soon as they were fairly out of hearing, "'it's an ill wind that blows nobody good;' had I not been seized for my rent, my parrot might never have spoken." "Pretty, pretty Poll—pretty Poll." "What's o'clock, what's o'clock?" said he coaxingly. "What's o'clock, what's o'clock?" was echoed by all the children, who had crept in on the departure of the Squire. Poll was, however, deaf to the call of the charmer. "Bless me," cried John "has the bird grown sulky all in a hurry?—why, it won't talk now." "It will talk now as much as ever," said Macmillan, laughingly. "The fact is, as the farce is finished, and there is no money returned, I may as well, to prevent you puzzling your brains any further, let you behind the curtains, friend Penny—reveal the secrets of the prison house. You are indebted to your Poll, and your partner Joe, for the payment of your rent; and you being once more set up in business, there is your Poll, and here is your partner Joe. To prevent her speaking by rote, or, rather, not speaking at all, I spoke for her, and, as it appears, to very good purpose. "I see it all," said John, upon whose mind the truth now flashed like lightning.

☞ Commodore Charles W. Morgan, of the U. S. Navy, died at Washington, on the 6th inst, aged 60 years. He was a native of Virginia and entered the Navy in 1808.

☞ Gen. Wm. Ayres, of Harrisburg, has been unanimously elected President of the Huntingdon and Broadtop Railroad and Mining Company.

☞ The powder mill at Acton, Mass., exploded on the 7th inst., killing three persons.

"A Box."

The Concord Democrat tells the following story:

Gen. Pierce, the President elect, a few days since, received a suspicious looking box, per Chenay's Express from the West. Supposing from his exalted position that some wicked Whig or, "fanatical abolitionists" might be plotting his destruction, he very naturally regarded this as an infernal machine, intended to land him in glory before his time. Not feeling any great partiality for such an apotheosis, he ordered this new Pandora's box to be stowed away in the barn, "unsight, unseen," and strictly forbade any one to go near it. Thus it remained some days, until one Sunday, when nobody was at home save Mr. W., the General's boarding-master, who being exercised thereto by courageous and laudable curiosity, determined to solve the "infernal mystery." Accordingly seizing a long handled axe, and placing himself at a rational distance, he hurled the iron weapon with full fury into the box. After waiting in breathless expectation for the "Machine" to explode, Mr. W., approached it and discovered (*horrible dictu!*)—two brace of remarkably fat ducks and a haunch of remarkably fat venison, sent to the President elect by an admiring friend in Cincinnati, with a note accompanying, desiring to be remembered in the division of the spoils! We need only add that the only thing "infernal" about the "machine" was an odorous smell—for which the reverent disciple of His Holiness was in no way responsible.

Strangers for 1852.

During the year 1852, there arrived at New York 299,504 strangers, and from the following countries:

Ireland,	117,537	Belgium,	82
Germany,	118,126	West Indies,	265
England,	31,279	Nova Scotia,	73
Scotland,	7,640	Sardinia,	69
Wales,	2,531	South America,	120
France,	8,778	Canada,	48
Spain,	450	China,	14
Switzerland,	6,455	Sicily,	42
Holland,	1,222	Mexico,	22
Norway,	1,899	Russia,	33
Sweden,	2,066	East Indies,	18
Denmark,	156	Turkey,	4
Italy,	358	Greece,	6
Portugal,	29	Poland,	186

Total aliens,	299,504
" American citizens arrived,	89,052
" Passengers,	388,556

The arrivals for the last four years are thus given:

1849	220,603	1851	289,601
1850	212,796	1852	299,504

Benjamin Franklin.

George Bancroft, Esq., in a lecture before the New York Historical Society, reported in the *Times*, pays an eloquent tribute to the philosopher:—"Not the half of Franklin's merits have been told. He was the true father of the American Union. It was he who went forth to lay the foundation of that great design at Albany; and in New York he lifted up his voice. Here among us he appeared as the apostle of the Union. It was Franklin who suggested the Congress of 1774, and but for his wisdom, and the confidence that wisdom, inspired, it is a matter of doubt whether that Congress would have taken effect. It was Franklin who suggested the bond of the Union which binds these States from Florida to Maine. Franklin was the greatest diplomatist of the eighteenth century. He never spoke a word too soon; he never spoke a word too much; he never failed to speak the right word at the right season."

Bigotry.

Philips, the Irish orator, in one of his speeches, gives a most vivid personification of Bigotry. It is as follows:

Bigotry has no head, and cannot think; she has no heart, and cannot feel; when she moves, it is in wrath; her prayers are curses; her communion is death; her vengeance is eternity; her decalogue is written in the blood of her victim; if she stoops for a moment from her infernal flight, it is upon some kindred rock to whet her fang for keener rapine, and replume her wing for a more sanguinary desperation.

Mr. Webster and the Farmer.

Some years since Mr. Webster started off from Marshfield on a trouting expedition to Sandwich a neighboring town on Cape Cod. On approaching a fine stream he alighted from his wagon, and just then he met the owner of the farm, whose land the stream ran through. "Good morning," says Webster, "is there any trout here?" "Well," says the farmer, "some people fish here, but I don't know what they do get." "I'll throw my line in," says Webster "and see what there is." Webster walked the banks of the stream trying his luck, and the old farmer followed him. Soon Webster remarked, "You have some bog on your farm." "Yes," says the farmer, "that ain't the worst of it." Fishing still further along, Webster says, "You seem to have plenty of mosquitoes here." "Yes," he replied, "that ain't the worst of it." Webster still kept throwing his line into the deep pools, and then said, "You have plenty of briars here." "Yes," says the farmer, "and that ain't the worst of it." Mr. Webster getting somewhat discouraged in a hot August day, bitten by mosquitoes, scratched by briars, and not raising a single fish, dropped his rod and said "he didn't believe there was any trout here."—"And that ain't the worst of it," says the farmer. "Well," says Mr. Webster, "I would like to know *what the worst of it is!*" "*There never was any here!*" says the farmer. Mr. Webster enjoyed the joke, and often told it to his particular friends.

☞ The following was the simple, beautiful and touching manner in which Daniel Webster directed a dying testimonial to be given to his faithful friend, Peter Harvey:—

"My son, take some piece of silver; let it be handsome, and put a suitable inscription on it, and give it, with my love, to Peter Harvey."

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Marshfield, October 23, 1852.

☞ Hon. Charles H. Atherton. father of Senator Atherton, died at Amherst, Mass., on the 8th inst.

FROM OUR EXCHANGES

☞ Harrison Winans left Baltimore a few years ago, a poor boy, but with an improved mind, acquired at a country school, with genius, ambition and enterprise. He worked in Europe to the head of the machinists and engineers, and became a leading contractor on the great railroad between Moscow and St. Petersburg, 400 miles long. He made over $1,000,000. On his return to Paris he married a talented, amiable and beautiful lady, and will soon build a cage for her, in the shape of a villa and a park of three acres, beautifully ornamented, where rich and poor may feast their eyes on indigenous plants and rare exotics. He goes again to Russia to fill a contract with the Emperor, on public works, by which he will bring £500,000 in gold for his mental labors.

☞ A curious case of somnambulism is recorded in the Chillicothe Gazette. A daughter of Mr. Thomas Kane arose from her sleep, and in her night clothes, walked four miles up the Sciota river, waded into the stream, and swam across a deep part, and was found by an "early riser" sitting on the bank of the river—asleep! Remarkable enough, as the girl was only 13 years old, and couldn't swim when awake! And yet, they say, this midnight tour *en chemise* didn't hurt her a bit.

☞ The California block of marble, destined for the Washington monument, was, it will be recollected, just after it had been completed, destroyed in the Sacramento fire. We learn from the California papers that a new block, four feet long by two deep, has been prepared, at a cost of $5,000, and will be forwarded immediately to Washington.

☞ Mr. Meagher, in the course of a speech recently delivered at Cincinnati, made this statement:—

"I did not regain my freedom to forget others. Suffice it to say, that if they are not soon amongst you as free as I am, it is not my fault, nor the fault of those who may assist them, but their own. Measures have been taken, and means afforded, and I trust that before long we shall hear that another ship, bearing another Irish rebel, has left that shore, and left it under that flag of the five stars, beneath which I found an asylum in this land."

☞ The Paris correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser corroborates the statement made by others, that the match between the Emperor Napoleon and the Princess Vasa was broken off, on account of the reports that had reached her of the licentiousness of Louis Napoleon.

☞ A contemporary, in speaking of the "awful waste" of twenty-five casks of liquor poured upon the ground in Maine, remarks that such an amount of liquor "properly distributed," would have carried the primary election in two or three wards of New York city.

Cabinet speculations still go on. Mr. Hunter of Virginia, seems to be settled on by public opinion, at least; Little confidence is to be placed in such guessing.

☞ Some wags in Wilmington got up a subscription for the burial of Mr. Oldyear, who, it was alledged, died on Friday night last. Several benevolent gentlemen subscribed a dollar each.

☞ The marrirge of the Princess Vasa, (the supposed bride of Louis Napoleon,) with Prince Albert of Saxony, is said to have been determined upon. The Prince has gone to Prague, where the *fiancaicles* are to take place.

COL. WILSON MCCANDLESS.—That sterling, able and influential paper, the Clarion *Democrat*, says: "Col. Wilson McCandless is mentioned as the person to fill a place in Gen. Pierce's Cabinet in case James Buchanan will not accept.—Col. McCandless will honorably acquit himself in any place in the Cabinet that the President may see fit to call him to."

AN EXTRAORDINARY LAMP.—Among the list of late English patents, is one taken out by Mr. E. Whele, for a candle lamp of very novel character. The lamp has a dial or clock face, and, as the candle burns, the handle marks the hours and minutes correctly, and a hammer strikes the time. As a chamber-light for a sick room, it marks the time, and can be set to strike at any given period, when the patient requires attention.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.—We have now the full official vote of all the States except five, viz: Virginia, Missouri, Arkansas, Texas and California. Of Virginia only five counties are unofficial; and fifteen in Missouri are yet to be heard from. The whole foot up as follows: Pierce, 1,547,208; Scott, 1,334,827; Hale, 155,698; Pierce's majority over Scott 212,381.

VERY LITERAL.—In a murder trial, lately, an Irishman was asked by the Judge if he saw the deceased dancing at a certain ball, to which the witness replied, "No, by me sowl, it is more than he or any *deceased man could do.*"

COL. KING.—Wm. R. KING has made his Will. He was born in 1786; owns 5,000 acres of land in one body in Dallas county, Alabama, and upwards of 100 slaves. His entire estate is worth about $150,000.

☞ We notice that a number of Democratic papers speak favorably of Hon. JOHN L. DAWSON, M. C. from Fayette county, Penna., in connection with a place in the Cabinet of General PIERCE.

☞ As far as ascertained the Democratic majority for Governor of Louisiana is 1610. The Senate stands 11 Democrats to 8 Whigs, and the House 35 Democrats to 17 Whigs.

☞ "*Ma,*" said a little girl, who had just commenced her lessons in geography, "where shall I find the state of Matrimony?" "Oh," replied the mother, "you will find it to be one of the *United* States."

☞ The San Antonio (Texas) *Ledger* says that the ferryman at the Seguin crossing on the Guadalupe river, in one day, killed over thirteen hundred rats, and adds: "These undermining creatures having aggregated in an immense body, are travelling westward. Indiscriminately they attack everything of a vegetable nature on their route. Many theories are suggested for their emigration. We have heard of no plausible one."