

Mountain Sentinel.

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

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TERMS.

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THE FIRST BLUE-BIRD OF SPRING.

BY CLAUDE HALCRO.

Eastern birds! come back to our cold clime once more!
Find't thou no pleasure in the realms of Sun,
That thou dost revisit us, or ere
The wintry bands are loosed by joyous Spring?
What inborn love for us could thou have won
Ties from the azure of the Southern skies
Back to the gloomy clusters of the north—
Which, like a man, thou seekest—here to drown
In melancholy song some pressing grief.
Which thou dost cherish, yet wouldst all forget!
Thou comest in thy gentleness, like flowers
After fresh dancing showers, shaking from
Thy wings soft music and sweet balm. And come
Bright hours, which lead with golden threads of light
The young and wayward Spring. Thy plaintive note
The South wind woe, and on my cheek I feel
Its dreamy influences breathing, like the full,
Warm breath of loved and glorious girls divine!
Thou comest, and the winter flies the year—
Thou warblest, and the spring trips o'er the hills—
Thou comest, and the heavens smile again—
Thou warblest, and all nature's heart beats high.
Hail! hail! to thee! bird of the plaintive note,
And plume dipt in the firmament's own blue!
Well I remember when I was a boy
Two blue-birds came, and by my window built
Their nest. I used to sit for hours and watch
Them in the work of love, till I became
Familiar to them, and they fed from out
My hands. From thence we three were gentle
Friends.
Soon came the summer, and with it their brood
Of querulous fledglings. How I loved those
Birds!
And I had thought—a simple child they would
Forever stay and dutter round my head
With their soft warble, and their gentle ways.
Alas! for childhood, and its happy hours! One
Day
E'en on uncertain wing they took their flight.
My love was turned to tears. But when the
Spring
Again returned, those same two birds came
back.
I knew them by the sweet home-language
which
They spoke when they beheld the last year's
nest.
Dear unto me were they again, and are!
But now that age hath shut out from my heart
Those little rays of love which then streamed
through,
And gave it all a glow, I quite forget
The birds of low soft melody, until
Some early messengers of spring awake
The memory of my beloved infancy.
And then I think they are those self-same birds,
Which in the morning of my life I loved,
Come back again to seek that same old nest.
Yes, more—I think that though the world may
frown
Misfortune on me, though my friends desert,
Though the bright fires of my hopes go out
In disappointment gloom, my grave,
Those self-same blue-birds will revisit me
To bring the last heart of my boyhood back;
And I shall see a glorious future fair unfold
Again, nor yield to dark and drear despair!
Bright birds! would I could give a language
to
Thy song! O! that thy melody were mine!
I would not ask for those exulting strains
Which wake the world and bid it hear: I would
Not strive for vain applause nor passing show;
But with a low, soft song go forth to win
Mankind unto thy ways of gentleness!

LOVE ON THE ROAD.

"Rub the horse down well, and don't feed him till he is perfectly cool."
The above was addressed to the hostler of a hotel in Brighton, by a handsome middle-aged gentleman, dressed in the height of fashion, as he alighted from an elegant black horse, and tossed the reins to the attendant.
"And now," said the hostler, addressing a waiter, "show me into a private parlor."
A well-dressed man, who rides a handsome nag, is always welcome at a public house, and the world over. Our friend soon found himself in a neat parlor, with flowers and vases on the mantel-piece, and the blinds, (for it was a warm summer's afternoon) carefully closed, while the open window permitted a free current of air to circulate through the apartment.
The waiter remained standing near the door. "Any orders, sir?"
"No—yet stay. Who came in that handsome phaeton saw standing in the yard?"
"A lady, sir."
"Ah!"
"A young widow."
"Bah!"
"She is very handsome."
"Go along, and shut the door after you," muttered the waiter, testily.
"A woman, but a widow, he soliloquized. 'I am glad I don't know her. I am certainly very

fortunate to have attained the age of forty without any feminine attachment. Peculiarly independent—not ill-looking, I think I must admit that I should make what those busy body match-makers call, a grand catch. But, thank my stars! I have preserved my content and independence so far, and I'm not likely to succumb now. No, no. Jack Champion was born to live and die a bachelor. And now for the newspaper?"
In the meantime, another horseman had come to the hotel—his horse reeking with sweat, and literally unable to place one of his feet in front of another.
The same hostler—an Irishman—made his appearance.
"Fah," said the young man, fashionably attracted, "but my mare in the stable, and do the best you can for her."
"Och, M'stir, Traverser, she's kilt entirely."
"The friend so."
"And what the devil made ye crowd her so?"
"No matter. Is my sister here?"
"Yes sur. Bilt, show the gentleman into the ladies' parlor."
"Ah, Gen," said the young man, entering the parlor, "you here?"
"Yes, replied a beautiful young lady, rising to meet him. "But what's the matter?"
"Nothing, Gen, nothing."
"Something is certainly the matter. You are flushed and excited."
"I must be brief for I am pursued."
"Yes—yes, you know that fellow who insulted you in the coach the other day," said the young man. "Well, I have been on his track for over a week. I met him to day in the street, and gave him a couple of horsewhippings. I have handed him a very roughy, I'm afraid. He instantly got out a warrant against me, and not wishing to be taken into court till I was ready, I mounted my horse and gave the officers the slip. Perhaps I'd better have waited and braved it out—but having taken this step, I'm bound to build time. To-morrow I will surrender myself. Now, Gen, if your pony will take me to our uncle's in five minutes, I'm your man."
She replied, "It is too late to do it."
"Then I'll make other arrangements. By the by, I'll meet you at the villa."
From the drawing room the young man rushed to the stable.
"Fah," said he, "give me a horse—and a good one."
"Sure the horse we've got in the stable, except this one, and that belongs to a gentleman who came here just afore ye. Och, but he's a good one, yer honor, 2,400 to a cint."
"I'll borrow him," said Traverser, jumping on his back. "Fah! Gen! to drive the gentleman to the villa, and he shall have him."
"But yer honor," remonstrated the hostler.
"In vain. Traverser had set spurs to his horse, and was off like a thunderbolt."
"Och, widda, widda!" said the hostler, "what'll become of me? I'm not intery?"
"Shortly, Mrs. Leslie, ready for her phaeton, and at the same time Mr. Campion, the bachelor, ordered his horse. The pony came round to the front door, and at the same time the young widow stepped lightly into the phaeton.
"Auright," said she to Patrick, with a smile, nodding, and taking the reins. Give me head."
"Och, it's all wrong, my lady," peeped Patrick, keeping hold of the reins. "Your carriage can take two inside."
"Very well—but I came alone."
"You've got to take a passenger."
"What do you mean?"
"Och, widda—your brother has been stealing a horse."
"Stealing a horse!" exclaimed the widow.
"Yet, that gentleman's," meaning the bachelor, "and he said you were to take him to the villa, to get the horse back again."
"Very singular," said the widow; "but William was always very eccentric."
At this crisis, Mr. Campion appeared.
"My horse ready?"
"Jump in, sir."
"I didn't come in a carriage."
"In wid yez," shouted the hostler.
"Take a seat beside me, if you please, sir," said the widow, with her most fascinating smile.
Mr. Campion approached the step to inquire the meaning, when the hostler, seizing him with a vigorous hand, thrust him into the phaeton—while the pony, started at the movement, dashed off on a run.
"Poor Capt. Campion! Here was a situation! A confirmed old bachelor bodily abducted by a fascinating young widow. The Captain had to lend his assistance to the lady in managing the pony, who was shortly reduced to his usual slow and quiet pace; and then, after thinking her companion for his assistance, Mrs. Leslie told him, that in a few minutes he should be put in possession of his horse, which had been borrowed by a gentleman. This was all the explanation she vouchsafed. She remained in turn, to be made acquainted with the name of her companion, after giving her own.
In a few minutes the Captain began to feel somewhat more at ease—in fact he began to like his position. He had never set so near a pretty woman in his life, and he began to ask himself whether, if the proximity was so pleasant for a few moments, a constant companionship might not prove as agreeable. While her attention was engaged upon her pony, he had an opportunity to survey her features. Her large, dark and luminous eyes seemed to be literally swimming in liquid lustre. Her cheeks were as soft and blooming as the sunny side of a peach. Her profile was strictly Grecian, and her parted lips showed a row of tiny pearls as white as snow. The most delicate taper fingers, encased in French kid, close upon the reins, and the varnished tip of a dainty boot indicated a foot that Cinderella might have envied.
"Do you live far from here, madame?" asked the Captain.
"Not very far. The pony can mend his pace if you are in a hurry."
"Not for the world. The pace seems to me a very fast one."
The widow turned those witching black eyes of hers upon the old bachelor, and smiled. It was all over with him. When he sprang out at the gate of the villa, and touched the fairy fingers of the widow, as he assisted her to alight, his heart was irrevocably lost.
A red-faced old gentleman, in a dressing gown, received them at the door.
"My friend, Captain Campion, uncle," said the widow, "accuse me for a moment, sir."

"Very happy to see you, sir," said the old gentleman. "Walk in—warm day."
"Very," said the captain. And indeed his looks seemed to corroborate his statement, for he was as red as a penny.
The captain and the old gentleman were soon chatting familiarly, and the former felt himself completely at home. After an hour spent in this manner, his host excused himself and the bachelor was left alone.
A dreamy reverie was interrupted by the sound of voices in the hall. The captain easily recognized the widow's at a glance, though the half-open door showed him that her companion was a very handsome young gentleman.
"There, dear bell," said the young man, "don't scold me any more. I won't do so again. I promise you. Give me a kiss."
A hearty smack followed. It was a veritable, genuine kiss—the captain saw and heard it. A pang shot through his heart.
"The only woman I could ever love," he said to himself, "and she's engaged."
The widow tripped into the room. If she was pleasing in her carriage dress, she was perfectly bewitching in her drawing room attire. Campion could now see the whole of that delicate fairy foot.
"My dear sir," said she, "your horse is at your service now."
"Campion rose."
"But," she added, "if you will stay and take dinner with us, my uncle will be very much gratified, and I shall be highly pleased."
"The coquette!" thought Campion. "I am obliged to you, madame," he said, "but I have another engagement."
"Then we cannot hope to detain you, sir. But you must first allow me to present you to my brother."
The handsome young man had now made his appearance, and shook hands with the bachelor.
"That's the horse thief, captain," said the widow, laughing.
The young man apologized, and explained the circumstances which had induced him to take the liberty. "I am sorry," he added, "that we cannot improve the acquaintance thus casually made by enjoying your company at dinner. I am sorry that you are otherwise engaged."
"Why, as to that," said the captain, drawing off his gloves, "your offer is too tempting, and I feel compelled to accept it."
So his horse was remanded to the stable, and he stepped to dinner. After dinner they had music, for Mrs. Leslie played and sang charmingly. Then he was persuaded to stay to tea, and in the evening, the family rambled in the garden, and the captain secured ten minutes' talk with the widow, in a summer-house overgrown with Madeira vines, and inhabited by a spider and six ar wig. It was ten o'clock when he mounted his horse to return to Boston, but it was bright moonlight, and he was romantically inclined.
The next morning he repeated his visit, and the next—the next day. In short, the episode of the borrowed horse produced a declaration and an acceptance, and though years have passed away, the captain has had no occasion to regret his ride with the widow and the pony phaeton.

Young Arthur Spring.

We learn that Mr. W. J. Mullen has, at the solicitation of several wealthy citizens, waited upon young Arthur Spring, and offered him assistance in various ways, more particularly, with a view to his education. In every instance he declined the proffered assistance, assigning as a reason, that he had an offer to go into a printing-office at Washington, where he would be able to earn about five dollars a week. In one case he consented to receive six dollars, merely to pay his expenses to Washington, where he has three little sisters residing. It is his intention to leave in the course of a few days. He is now residing at the house of Officer Byrne, in South Front street near Almond, and has, since the trial, conducted himself with great propriety. He is deeply affected at the fate of his father, and speaks of his career with sorrow and shame. He avoids, however, saying anything harsh or disrespectful, and on being questioned, expressed a doubt as to his father having murdered Mr. Rink or Mr. Hope, of King-sessing—at the same time observing, that the umbrella found in Rink's store, was evidently the property of Mr. Ragan. He thought that his father would have told him, had he committed that murder. He—the father—was, moreover, not particularly excited at that time, and the son noticed nothing unusual in his manner. He has not seen his father, since he has been convicted, and does not desire an interview. Mr. Mullen introduced him within a few days, to several of our most distinguished citizens, all of whom conversed with him freely, gave him good advice, and appeared satisfied with his sincerity. They also promised to assist him for the future, should he need it. He does not allude to the charges of his father against himself, but rather avoids the subject. A free pass has been obtained for him from the Baltimore Company, and when he leaves he will be accompanied by Mr. Byrne, who was from the first treated him in the kindest manner.—*Phila. Inquirer.*

Joaquin and his Gang.

The San Francisco Republican of a late date says:—
"Neither in the pages of romance nor in the authentic annals of history have we found a robber whose career has been marked with atrocities half so dreadful as that of Joaquin Carrillo, who now ranges the mountains within sixty miles of this city. It has been the fashion of the historian and novelist to trace in the characters of their bandit heroes some redeeming traits; but in the conscience of this blood-thirsty villain there appear to be no qualms, no mercy or reproach. He rides through the settlement slaughtering the weak and unprotected, as if a mania for murder possessed his soul. So daring and reckless is he, that he marches in the daytime through thickly peopled settlements, and actually corners the Chinese by the score, and yet so fertile is he in expedients, and so accurate his knowledge of that wild region, that he baffles his pursuers and defeats the plans of the many thousands who are lying in wait for him. So complete is the organization of the band under his control that, we are told, ransoms of the fleetest horses in the country await him at almost every step."

Mormon Weddings Described.

[The Mormon paper, *The Seer*, gives the following account of the formalities observed when a saint espouses supplementary wives:—] "No man in Utah, who already has a wife, and who may desire to obtain another, has any right to make any propositions of marriage to a lady, until he has consulted the President over the whole Church, and through him obtains a revelation from God, as to whether it would be pleasing in His sight. If he is forbidden by revelation, that ends the matter: if by revelation, the privilege is granted, he still has no right to conclude the wedding of the young lady until he has obtained the approbation of her parents, provided they are living in Utah; if their consent cannot be obtained, this also ends the matter. But if the parents or guardians freely give their consent, then he may make propositions of marriage to the young lady; if she refuse these propositions, this also ends the matter: but if she accepts, a day is generally set apart by the parties for the marriage ceremony to be celebrated. It is necessary to state that, before any man takes the least step towards getting another wife, it is his duty to consult the feeling of the wife which he already has, and obtain her consent, as recorded in the twenty-fourth paragraph of the revelation, published in the first No. of *The Seer*. When the day set apart for the solemnization of the marriage ceremony has arrived, the bridegroom and his wife, and also the bride, together with their relatives, and such other guests as may be invited, assemble at the place which they have appointed. The Scribe then proceeds to take the names, ages, native towns, counties, States and countries of the parties to be married, which he carefully enters on record. The President, who is the prophet, Seer, and Revelator over the whole Church throughout the world, and who alone hold the keys of authority in this solemn ordinance, (as recorded in the second and fifth paragraphs of the revelation on marriage,) calls upon the bridegroom and his wife, and the bride to arise, which they do, fronting the President. The wife stands on the left hand of her husband, while the bride stands on her left. The President then puts this question to the wife—'Are you willing to give this woman to your husband to be his lawful and wedded wife, for time and for all eternity? If you are, you will manifest it by placing her right hand within the right hand of your husband.' The right hands of the bridegroom and bride being thus joined, the wife takes her husband by the left arm, as in the attitude of walking. The President then proceeds to ask the following question of the man—'Do you, brother, (calling him by name,) take this sister, (calling her by her name,) by the right hand, to receive her unto yourself, to be your lawful and wedded wife, and you to be her lawful and wedded husband, for time and for all eternity, with a convenient and promise, on your part, that you will fulfill all the laws, rites and ordinances pertaining to this holy matrimony, in the new and everlasting covenant, doing this in the presence of God, angels, and these witnesses, of your own free will and choice?' The bride answers, yes. The President then says to the bride—'Do you sister, (calling her by name,) take brother (calling him by name,) by the right hand, and give yourself to him, to be his lawful and wedded wife, for time and for all eternity, with a convenient and promise, on your part, that you will fulfill all the laws, rites and ordinances pertaining to this holy matrimony, in the new and everlasting covenant, doing this in the presence of God, angels, and these witnesses, of your own free will and choice.' The bride answers, yes. The President then says to the bride—'In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and by the authority of the Holy Priesthood, I pronounce you legally and lawfully husband and wife for time and for all eternity, and I seal upon you the blessings of the holy resurrection, with power to come forth, in the morning of the first resurrection, clothed with glory, immortality and eternal lives; and I seal upon you the blessings of thrones, and dominions, and principalities, and powers, and exaltations, together with the blessings of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and say unto you, be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, that you may have joy and rejoicing in your posterity in the day of the Lord Jesus. All these blessings, together with all other blessings pertaining to the new and everlasting covenant, I seal upon your heads, through your faithfulness unto the end, by the authority of the Holy Priesthood, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen.' The Scribe then enters on the general record the date and place of the marriage.

"This Hand Never Struck Me."

We recently heard, the following most touching incident. A little boy had died. His body was laid out in a darkened, retired room, waiting to be laid away in the lone cold grave. His afflicted mother and bereaved little sister went in to look at the sweet face of the precious sleeper, for his face was beautiful even in death. As they stood gazing upon the form of one so cherished and beloved, the little girl asked to take his hand. The mother at first did not think it best, but her child repeated the request, and seemed very anxious about it; she took the cold bloodless hand of her sleeping boy, and placed it in the hand of his weeping sister. The dear child looked at it a moment, pressed it fondly and then looked up to her mother, through the tears of affection and love, and said, "MOTHER, THIS LITTLE HAND NEVER STRUCK ME!" What could be more touching and lovely? Young readers, have you always been so gentle to your brothers and sisters, that were you to die, such a tribute as this could be paid to your memory? Could a brother or sister take your hand, were it cold, and say, "This hand never struck me!"

What an alleviation to our grief when we are called to part with friends, to be able to remember only words and actions of mutual kindness and love. How bitter must be the sorrow, and how scalding the tears of remorse, of an unkind child, as he looks upon the cold form, or stands at the grave of a brother or sister, a father or mother, towards whom he had manifested unkindness. Let us all remember whatever we know, in this respect, that shall we also reap.—*West. Spring.*

Irishmen.

It is an interesting fact to notice the extent of the participation of Irishmen in our revolutionary struggle, and the assistance they rendered in that great contest for civil liberty. Irishmen are natural enemies of oppression, and the natural friends and allies of freedom. Their own beautiful island lies in sad and sorrowful subjection, but thousands of gallant hearts have ceased to beat, in earnest and ineffectual struggles to redeem it from the thralldom of monarchical power. The Declaration of American Independence was signed by fifty-six persons, nine of whom, (including Charles Thompson, Secretary of Congress,) were of Irish origin. Matthew Thornton, born in Ireland in 1714, signed it for New Hampshire. He was afterwards Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and died June 24, 1803. James Smith, who signed for Pennsylvania, was born in Ireland in 1718, and died in 1806. George Taylor, a signer from the same State, was born in Ireland in 1718, so poor that his services were sold on his arrival to pay the expenses of his passage out. He died at Easton, Pa., Feb. 28, 1781. George Reed, of Delaware, was the son of Irish parents, one of the authors of the Constitution of Delaware, and afterwards of the Federal Constitution. It was he who answered to the British tempters—"I am a poor man, but poor as I am, the King of England is not rich enough to buy me." He died in 1798. Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, was of Irish descent, and very wealthy. He affixed his address after his name, that the pledge of his "fortune" might be beyond doubt. He was the last survivor of the signers, and died Nov. 14, 1832. Thomas Lynch, Jr., of South Carolina, succeeded his father, who died while at Congress, in 1776, and signed the Declaration. Thomas M'Keen, signer for Pennsylvania, was also of Irish parentage. He was successively Senator, Governor of Pennsylvania, and President of Congress. After fifty years of public life, he died on the 24th of June, 1817. Edward Rutledge, of South Carolina, was also a signer, fought in the southern campaign, and was for three years kept prisoner in Florida. Became Governor of South Carolina in 1799, and died in 1800. It has been said that "of those illustrious names, destined to live forever on the pages of human freedom, Ireland should be wisely jealous, for the world's revolutions will never present such another tablet of glory to the children of men."

A Terrible Tragedy.

A citizen of Louisville, and one of the unfortunate passengers who took that awful leap down the precipitous east of Chamberland, has so far recovered as to write home to his friends. His experience was one which few would wish to share in. "I was asleep when we first got off the track, in the first seat of the second car—Mr. H., of Walker's, sitting right opposite. I had time to jump off, and I know how bad a fix we were in; but believing it safer to remain on second thought, I understood (the track was only 104 feet wide, as measured after the accident.) The cars immediately fell over the precipice. I thought of God, mother and death. The first jump, about twenty feet, my hat saved me; the second I faintly remembered seeing women tearing their hair, and children screaming. The third, fourth and last jump I know nothing about, only that I fell on my head and saw a thousand pieces of timber and iron flying in the air, and then fainted. When I opened my eyes, Mr. T., who was lucky enough to have been one of the cars that ran down the track, was at my side—my head was bleeding profusely; with that exception, I felt perfectly well; not feeling half what I suffer now. Such a sight as I beheld, I would not look at again for all the world; mutilated bodies some mangled to atoms, lying under the wheels—fifty or sixty men and women, their faces covered with blood, running as wild as demons—mothers with bloody hands and faces kissing the bodies of their dead and crippled children—carts trying to lift off the stones that had crushed her husband—litter, a merchant of Baltimore, his leg washed, sitting on a rock—one man, having lost all recollection, looking like an idiot—cries of agony and despair, and oaths, mingled in the presence of death. God is merciful that one out of us all has escaped. A worse place could not have been found, as we tumbled over rocks sharp and rugged.

Shocking Accident.

The following accident from the bursting of a fluid lamp is given in the Worcester (Mass.) Transcript. We republish it as a fresh warning against the use of this very dangerous article. We copied a day or two since a paragraph, briefly stating that the wife of Dea. Perley Allen, of Fiskdale, was burned to death on Tuesday evening by the bursting of a fluid lamp.—The particulars of this accident, are of the most shocking character. She was sitting by the lamp when it burst, from some unexplained cause, communicating the fire to her dress.—There was no one in the house but an aged man, who was too feeble to render any assistance.—Mrs. Allen ran to a bed, in which she rolled herself to extinguish the fire from her person. She succeeded in doing so, but not until her clothes were entirely consumed from her waist downward, and her flesh burned to a crisp. In the meantime the fluid had set the room on fire; yet, notwithstanding her terrible condition, she had the almost superhuman courage and presence of mind to think of extinguishing the fire, which, by this time, had communicated to various parts of the room. With this purpose in view, she ran to the well and drew pail after pail of water, which she dashed around the room till the fire was subdued, thus saving the house and the life of an aged and helpless man. She then ran into the street and made her condition known. She was so badly burned that portions of her flesh and also her finger nails came off, and one part of her back was almost literally roasted, burning her inwardly. She lingered in excruciating torture, but in full possession of her faculties, for nine hours, when death terminated her suffering. She was fifty-six years of age.

What a Man may Consume.

An English writer makes the following curious calculation of what an epicure, at the age of 70, (instancing as examples Taillevent, Cambacres, Lord Sefton &c.) must have finally consumed during the last sixty years of his life. The writer, to give force to his statement, takes the first of the above mentioned epicures, when entering on the tenth spring of his extraordinary career, places him on the top of an eminence, and exhibits before his infantine eyes the enormous quantity of food his then insignificant person would destroy before he attained his 71st year, taking merely the medium consumption of his daily meals. By closely calculating, he would be surrounded and gazed at by the following number of quadrupeds, birds, fishes, &c. By no less than 80 oxen, 200 sheep, 203 calves, 200 lambs and 50 pigs. In poultry, 1200 fowls, 300 turkeys, 150 geese, 400 ducklings, 203 piglets, 1400 partridges, pheasants and grouse; 300 woodcocks and snipes; 500 wild ducks, wild geese and teal; 450 plovers, ruffs and quails; 800 quails, ortolans, dotterels, and a few greaves; 8000 snipe, 40000 crabs, 300,000 prawns, shrimps, radishes and anchovies. In the way of fruit, about 5000 lbs. of grapes, 360 lbs. of pine apples, 600 peaches, 1400 apricots, 240 melons, and some hundred thousand plums, green gages, apples, pears, and some millions of cherries, strawberries, raspberries, currants, mulberries, and an abundance of other small fruit; 2122 vegetables of all kinds, 5475 lbs. weight, and about 2435 lbs. of butter, 624 lbs. of cheese, 21,000 eggs, 800 dill pickers. Of bread, 43 tons, half a ton of salt and pepper, near 2 tons of sugar; and if he happened to be a covetous boy, he could have formed a fortification or moat round the said hill with the liquids he would have to partake of, to facilitate the digestion of the above named provisions, which would amount to no less than 10,515 gallons, which may be taken as below: 48 hogheads of wine, 1368 gallons of beer, 554 gallons of spirits, 842 gallons of liquors, 23,394 gallons of coffee, tea, &c., 304 gallons of milk, and 27,186 gallons of water.

The Death-place of Pontius Pilate.

A legend is popular among the people of Vienna, says the "Journal of an Antiquary," concerning the death of Pontius Pilate. The story is of a strange character, and throws a wild and pleasing interest over the locality which commemorates the event. Not far from Vienna is situated a small Roman tower; its walls are built square, and rise to an unusual height.—Its lattice works overlook the waters of the river; and the lofty shadows of its exterior envelope the shining flood winding at its base with perpetual gloom, and seem to form an additional feature of melancholy from the character of the deed which is presumed to have been committed there. The place is called the "Tour de Maconsu." After the crucifixion of Jesus Christ, Pilate, broken in spirit, retired to the tower to indulge in his grief, and to conceal his lamentations from his unbelieving people. Here, violently susceptible of the great wrong he felt himself to have participated in, in a paroxysm of despair he threw himself from the lofty windows of the tower, and perished in the waters of the Rhine. The Swiss have likewise their traditional account of the death of Pilate. At the foot of one of the Alpine mountains, called by the name of Pilate, stands a small lake; its waters are always in a disturbed state, and often the scene of violent storms. Gloom and solitude are the leading characteristics of this unfrequented place, which presents but a wild and ill-boding appearance to the eye of the traveler. Enfeebled in body, and his mind a prey to ceaseless remorse, Pilate is said to have reached the margin of that lake, and there to have seated himself and drank of its waters. An alien from his country and race without friend or solace, he resigned himself to the bitterness of his reflections, and finally threw himself into the waters at his feet. The tranquility of the scene is said to have been changed from that time. The waters are often visited by severe and unaccountable agitations, which the legends say are the writhings of the troubled spirit of Pilate. The adjacent mountains are shadowed all the year through, and the superstitious inhabitants of the district affirm that apparitions are frequently to be seen in the neighborhood, and lamentations are heard upon the winds, waiving the echoes of the mountain fastnesses. The subject has been before referred to by English travelers, and particular allusion is made to it in Hughes's Itinerary.

The Cranes of Ibycus.

Ibycus, a famous lyrical poet of Greece, journeying to Corinth, was assailed by robbers.—As he fell beneath their murderous strokes, he looked round, to see if any witnesses or avengers were nigh. No living thing was in sight but a flight of cranes soaring high over head. He called on them, and to them committed the avenging of his blood. A vain commission, as it might have appeared, and as no doubt it did appear to the murderers. Yet it was not so. For soon after, as the robbers were sitting in the open theatre at Corinth, they beheld this flight of cranes hovering over them, and one said scoffingly to another, "Lo, there, the avengers of Ibycus!" The words were caught up by some one near them, for already the poet's disappearance had awakened anxiety and alarm. Being questioned, they betrayed themselves and were led to their doom, and the cranes of Ibycus passed into a proverb, very much as our "murder will out," to express the wondrous leadings of God, whereby the most secret thing of blood is continually brought to the light.