

Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

NEW SERIES.

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Select Poetry.

From the Literary World.

HAUNTED.

BY JOHN SAVAGE.

I am haunted by a spirit,
Everywhere I go;
Yet I'm near it, yet not near it,
I too sadly know.
When I'm hushed and sorrow laden,
'Tis a solace there—
When my heart would clasp its maiden,
Figure—'tis air.
Now deluded now have nurtured,—
I am curst and blest,
Till I crave for this or tortured
Frame, eternal rest.
Yet the spirit looms about me,
Like a thought deceiving,
As it from it—without me—
Cannot have a being.
I am in the city's mazes,
'Mid ten thousand men—
There the spirit's sweet sad face
Smiling just as when,
In the midnight, I from study
All my soul has drawn;
Or when it, at morning ruddy,
Smiled a rival dawn.
Sometimes it is sad and lonely—
Sometimes like a psalm,
A sacred solemn joy—his only
When I'm very calm.
Sometimes 'tis as bright as dew, that,
Pushed from opening bud,
Steals the light it first falls through, that
Gilds it ere it kiss the sod:
Sometimes 'tis a gloomy grandeur—
Sorrow unconfessed—
Whose loud silence would command your
Life to calm its breast;
Sometimes smiling as a dream,
Child—the thoughts' alas,
Of the soul on lips are leaning
That they cannot pass;
Sometimes—but oh, heart some feature
Bless in silent prayer!
All times seeming—'tis some creature
Rare, exceeding fair;
So, two shadows' dim distraction
I deal every emotion—
One, which points my body's action,
One, my soul's devotion.

Tales and Sketches.

ANTIQUITIES OF AMERICA.

CURIOUS AND REMARKABLE DISCOVERIES.

The ruins of the New World are likely to prove quite as remarkable as those of the Old and in the course of a few years we may look for expeditions and scientific parties of explorers, busily engaged in hunting out the wrecks of buried cities, and in the same spirit in which the Cavalier Bonucci is delving among the lava covered remains of Pompeii and Herculaneum. We have already alluded to the recent discoveries in the Great Basin of the West, and particularly to the alleged existence of a race of beings whose homes are beyond the Great Desert. A more detailed account will be read with interest, especially as further information will, in all probability, be sought for and obtained. The great basin of the West, so called, is an immense barren and desolate table-land, bounded on the east by the Rocky Mountains, and on the West by the Sierra Nevada, on the north by the Wahsatch Mountains and Utah settlements, and on the south by the river Gila. But two white men with parties are known to have crossed this basin. These were Capt. Joe Walker, who traversed its centre in the winter of 1850, and Lieut. Beale, who crossed its northern slope in his recent trip across the country. Capt. Walker states that the whole country, from the Colorado to the Rio Grande, north of the Gila, is filled with ruined habitations and cities; and among the ruins he has met with numberless specimens of antique pottery. In his last trip over the desert, he discovered, near the Little Red River, and about midway across the wilderness from the Colorado, a kind of citadel, rising from an abrupt rock twenty or thirty feet in height, and surrounded by the ruins of a city more than a mile in diameter. The outline of the building was distinct, although only the northern angle, with walls fifteen or eighteen feet long, and ten feet high, was standing. The houses of the city had all been built of stone, well quarried and well built, which had evidently been reduced to ruin by the action of some great heat—some fierce furnace like blast of fire, similar to that issuing from a volcano—as the stones were all burnt, some almost cindred and the others glazed as if melted.

Capt. Walker found various stone and earthen implements among the ruins: he spent some time in examining this interesting spot—in tracing the outlines of the streets and houses: but he could find no other walls standing. He says that traces of some tremendous fire are visible throughout the entire basin; and expresses the opinion that this tract, now so barren, was once

a charming country, sustaining millions of people, and that its present desolation was wrought by the action of volcanic fires.

Lieutenant Beale says:—“On his first trip across the Continent, he discovered in the midst of the wilderness of Gila, what appeared to be a strong fort, the walls of great thickness, built of stone. He traversed it, and found it contained forty two rooms. In the vicinity were met with numerous halls of hard clay, from the size of a bullet to that of a grape shot. What was singular about them was the fact, that frequently ten or twenty of them were stuck together, like a number of bullets run out of half a dozen connecting moulds, or like a whole lacking of rolls.—It is difficult to say what these were intended for. They were so hard, however, that the smaller ones could be discharged from a gun.”

A correspondent of the Placerville Herald, writing from San Bernardino Valley, gives an account of a great pyramid that was recently discovered between the Sierra Nevada Mountains and the Colorado River—also of the ruins of an ancient bridge.

The distance from one abutment to the other was about six hundred feet, and between the two were no less than seven distinct piers. These piers were all apparently of equal height, and at the top must have been six feet broad by twenty feet in length. They rose in the midst of the desert, and were partially buried up by the sands—projecting in no instance more than eight feet above their surface. There was no river within many miles of the spot—the Colorado being the nearest—but from the position of the ruins the discoverer came to the conclusion that some large river from the Northwest must have once flowed between its walls and piers. Evidence of various other ancient structures were apparent in the vicinity, in numerous detached portions of what were once unquestionably the walls of building and these extended for a considerable distance in every direction except in the line which the position of the bridge would indicate to have been the bed of the river.

The following, also, from a late number of the San Francisco Herald:

“Far away, beyond the South Pass, on the head waters of the Gila River, lives John Bridger, a trapper of the plains and mountains for more than forty years. It is admitted by all trappers that he is better acquainted than any other living man with the intricacies of all the hills and streams that lose themselves in the Great Basin. While trapping on the tributaries of the Colorado, an Indian offered to guide Mr. Bridger and party to a people living far in the Desert, with whom they could barter.

The proposition was accepted, providing themselves with dried moccasins and water, they struck right into the heart of that Great Desert, where no white man before or since has trodden, and which the hardy mountaineers will only venture to skirt. After five days' travel, the party arrived at these mountains, or Buttes rising in grandeur in that solitary waste. These mountains were covered with a diversity of forest and fruit trees, with streams of purest water rippling down their declivities. At their base was a numerous agricultural people, surrounded with waving fields of corn and a profusion of vegetables. The people were dressed in leather—they knew nothing of firearms, using only the bow and arrow; and for miles around them were some of the most beautiful houses, two and three stories high. Mr. Bridger was not allowed to enter any of their towns or houses, and after remaining three days, baring their scarlet cloth and iron for their furs, he left them not, however, before being given to understand that they held no communication with any people beyond their desert home. That these are the same people that once inhabited the banks of Gila and the Colorado, and left those monuments of wonder the “Casas Grand,” which so deeply attracted the followers of Pizarro, there can no longer be a doubt.

Months after this conversation with Mr. Bridger, I had another with Mr. Pappin, the agent of the American Fur Company. He told me that another of the party, Mr. Walker, the mountaineer after whom one of the mountain passes is named, and who is known to be a man of truth, had given him the same description of these desolate people, and in my mind there is not a shadow of doubt of their existence.”

Capt. Joe Walker has also visited this people, and gives substantially the same account of them. He calls them the Moquis, and says: “Their houses are generally built of stone and mortar—some of them of adobe. They are very snug and comfortable and many of them are two and even three stories high. The inhabitants are considerably advanced in some of the arts, and manufacture excellent woollen clothing, blankets, leather, basket work and pottery. Unlike most of the Indian tribe of this country, the woman work within doors, the men performing all the farm and out-door labor. As a race, they are lighter in color than the Digger Indians of California. Indeed the women are tolerably fair, in consequence of not being so much exposed to the sun. Many of these women are very beautiful.—They are neat and clean in their habits, and dress in a picturesque costume of their own manufacture. Altogether, the Moqui are far in advance of any aborigines yet discovered in the territory of the United States.”

Captain Walker states further that the forms of the men are of a full less symmetry, that they have beautiful hair, which they arrange with much care, and that while the unmarried part their hair behind, and twist each parcel round a hoop six or eight inches in diameter, the married women twist their hair behind in a sort of club. The spirit of the West is one of the boldness and adventure, and but a little while will elapse before we may look for an organized expedition to the homes of this newly discovered race.

A THRILLING SCENE.

Drowning of a Ball on Shipboard.
The following vivid account of the sinking of the Royal George, with a ball, in full activity on board, I have translated, for the Inquirer, from the “Forty Eight Years’ Memoirs of a Constitutional Officer,” as extracted into the November number of that most admirable German monthly, “Meyer's Monatshefte,” published in New York.

E. J. M.

In the summer of 1780, the Royal George, a stately three decker, of 84 guns, after an absence of two years on a foreign station, cast anchor in the Spithead Roads. At the end of a week, which had been employed in removing all traces of her long voyage, and in a thorough cleansing, the Captain issued invitations to the officers of the fleet in the Spithead waters, and to the nobility and gentry of Portsmouth, for a grand ball on board. The interior of the upper deck, freshly painted from stem to stern, and elegantly decorated, appeared like a floating palace.

The appointed hour for the commencement of the fête had arrived, and the harbor was gradually covered by hundreds of boats, some carrying the invited guests to the Royal George, and others, attracted by curiosity to witness the delicate homage which British naval officers are accustomed to bestow upon beauty. All that the most refined taste could suggest, and the most lavish expenditure procure, had been bestowed on the embellishment of the vessel. The deck, whose entire space was appropriated to the ball, resembled a vast billiard hall, over which, from the masts and yards, floated the intermingled folds of numberless flags and streamers of every variety of color. Instead of tapestry, the sides were covered with velvets and silk hangings.—Among the furniture were to be seen the most precious ivory work, and divans and chairs of rose and sandal woods, carved and fashioned in a manner to rival the most ingenious Chinese taste. The awning was composed of carpets of the richest Oriental fabric, ornamented with gold and silver embroidery, and the rugs before the state rooms were productions of Cashmere, which might have figured as articles of luxury in the wardrobe of princely dames.

The sideboards glittered with gold and silver vessels, among which was a magnificent vase, set with costly jewels, the gift of an East Indian prince. Otto of roses in crystal jars from niches expressly made, scattered in profusion its delicious perfume. In a word, the whole scene, with its splendid decorations, resembled rather the banqueting room of a royal palace, than the interior of a flag ship.

After the Admiral had cast a last satisfied glance upon the tasteful embellishments, and had passed in review the brilliant preparations, he repaired to the deck, where in state and surrounded by his officers, as a king by his nobles, he took his post to receive his guests. Whilst a select band of music filled the air with melody, from every side there was seen gliding over the smooth waters towards the ship, gaily dressed boats bearing the elite of beauty and nobility from Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, and other neighboring points on the coast. The universal joy of the officers and guests was enhanced by the beauty of the night, not a cloud dimming the radiance of the stars, and not a breath of air ruffling the surface of the sea.

And yet, destruction was maliciously hovering in this hour of festivity, over the finest ship in the fleet. Already death invisibly sat grinning behind the seats of these pleasure devoted guests. Of mingling there was no apprehension, as the whole crew were all true and loyal, and warmly attached to the commanding officer, nor was there any possibility of a leak, as the utmost precautions had been adopted, and the powder magazine had been additionally secured by triple fastenings. Who could have believed that the swelling of a gentle west wind, would be sufficient to produce a catastrophe, as unparalleled in its character as in its awful incidents!

About two hours later, as the ball was in full movement, there arose, not a light breeze but rather a blanch of air, from the south west which hardly stirred a curl of hair among the crowd of dancing beauties. The oscillation, which it brought as it stole across the motionless face of the water, appears to have been unnoticed. But, inscrutable fate! This insensible puff of air, not sufficient to draw a sound from the cords of an Æolian harp, by the under swell it created, disturbed the equilibrium of two immense chain anchors which, with some heavy guns, had been stowed in the open ports, and on account of the calm water, had not been secured by fastenings.—This ponderous mass started from its balance by the heaving of the sea with lightning speed rolled to the opposite side of the vessel, and in a moment threw the Royal George upon her side.

One threat piercing cry of woe from a thousand voices, a sound before which the stoutest sailor quailed, rose in frightful dissonance, and broke upon the startled ears of those in the surrounding ships, while echo bore the death wail to the adjacent coasts, where it rolled along, like a thundering denouement the roar of the surf, and striking with terror the shuddering inhabitants.

The lofty masts immediately bowed to the surface of the sea, which at first, as it were, over-awed by the sudden cessation of the prevailing joy, receded in a wide circle, and then as quickly returned, as if to the execution of a fearful judgment, pouring over the high bulwarks, and through the ports into the innermost recesses.—Once more the stately fabric, in all its imposing mass, upon the restoration for a moment of its lost balance through the settling water, rose erect, as if to display in full majesty the imposing grandeur of its form. Proudly stretched the lofty masts their extended arms to the blue sky, but the flags and streamers, already soaked by the overwhelming sea, hung in loose folds, like emblems of mourning. Now the ship, deeper,

er, deeper sinking, began, in giddy whirls, a horror striking dance—a few seconds more, and it shot, with its thousands of human beings, in vain, with deathly pallid and agonized countenances imploring heaven for deliverance, and clinging convulsively to the shrouds, into the gazing abyss. The foaming sea, with loud and terrible gurgle, forever closed over the black, yawning gulf and all was silent!

A few moments sufficed to complete the terrific catastrophe. From all the neighboring vessels boats were sent out to attempt to save some of the drowning thousands, but the vast whirlpool caused by the sinking ship, prevented a near approach. Only a few of the most experienced sailors, who climbed to the topmasts of the Royal George for the last time heaved creel, were enabled to save themselves by swimming. All the rest, in the midst of a jubilee, fell a prey to the drowning sea.

Escape of Fontane.

During the siege of Lyons, the poor Fontane had been shut up with his family in the midst of the city in ruins. Full of alarm for the fate of his young wife and infant, he resolved, at all risks, to escape if he could.

Having obtained a passport, a difficulty arose as to how he could carry away some plate and other valuable articles, then considered quite a republican. Among these valuables was a chalice, a present from a sovereign, on which an able artist had engraved the arms of the King of Sardinia. Fontane greatly dreaded lest this chalice should be discovered as being a vessel used in the service of the church, and bearing the arms of a king, it would tell as a thorough proof of aristocracy. However, he decided on taking and hastened to the house of a friend, who had been a nursery gardener.

The poet then laid aside all his feudal ornaments, set about exchanging his clothes to give himself another appearance.

Having dressed himself in wide pantaloons and shoes stuck full of large nails, his hair cropped and every grain of powder removed, he emerged from the gardener's house in character of a laundress's porter, with a heavy basket of clothes on his shoulder—the plate and chalice carefully packed under the linen. His young family followed a few paces behind him with the passport, but they had to pass close to the terrible instrument of death for there it stood always ready for use. Fontane shuddered. His wife turned pale. To them their situation was awful! But reason and necessity urged them on, Fontane resolved to not a decided part. He walked up in front of the guillotine grasping the basket firmly with his hand and loosening the leather strap as if to ease himself, he looked steadily at the scabbard.

A man of ruffianly appearance, who attended as if he were a guard of the guillotine, came up to him.

“Are you afraid,” said he to Fontane, “that you look in this way at the national razor?”

“Afraid,” said Fontane, “do you take me for a Federalist, that I should be frightened at the sight of a guillotine! *Sacre Dieu!* Look at me; do you see anything like an aristocrat in my face?”

“What are you?” said a second interrogator, addressing Fontane.

“I am a bleacher and scourer.”

“And his good woman?”

“What a question,” said Fontane. “Look at the little one—don't you see the likeness—*Vive la République!*”

“Ah! that's right!” said the miserant; you're a good one. Down with muscadins and aristocrats. *Vive la République!* and *Vive la Guillotine!*”

Fontane could not join in this sanguinary cry. He saw his wife tremble, and took her hand.

“Come, wife,” said he, “let us have a song.”

“Ay and a dance too,” said the barbarian who had first spoken; “so, down with your basket, my jovial fellow.”

“But I—”

“Nonsense—nobody will run away with your basket; down with it, I say! Why, what's the matter? is it glued to your neck?”

Fontane objected and resisted for a while, but was soon obliged to submit; and wiping the cold perspiration from his forehead, in a state more dead than alive, was relieved from the burden of his basket. He saw it placed on a heap of stones, and feared everything would be turned topsy-turvy. Oh! the fatal chance! All hope of safety was gone—he was on the point of delivering himself up and claiming compassion for his wife and child, in the hope that they would be allowed to pass, when, happily he remembered himself, clasped his hands, and assumed a joyful aspect.

“Hello! my friend,” cried one of the fellows, “you're wonderfully merry all at once.”

“A thought has struck me,” said Fontane, “a bold idea! You see my poor wife? I know the Carmagnole always raises her spirits. Come, my good fellows, let us dance it.”

His wife gazed at him with a look of despair, as he snatched the child from her arms.

“What now! don't make a wry face, wife,” said he. “Excuse her, she's young and timid. Come, let us put the little one on the basket—there he lies on the top of the linen, and sleeps soundly. Wife, your hand. Now, the ring—the republican ring. Come, friends, join hands for the ring—the patriotic dance.”

Malame Fontane now comprehended what her husband meant. She tripped lightly round the ring and joined in the chorus of the Carmagnole. When the dance was over she took up her child; Fontane was assisted in replacing his basket on his shoulder. He made his wife lead the way, and walked off after her, whistling the *Chant de départ*. And so they escaped.

Married in Spite of their Teeth.

Old Governor Eaton, of Connecticut, who flourished some years since, was a man of some humor, as well as perseverance in effecting the end he desired. Among other anecdotes told of him by the New London people, the place where he resided, is the following:

Of the various sees which have flourished for their day, and then ceased to exist, was one known as the Rogerites, so called from their founder, a John or Tom, or some other town a freemason. The distinguished tenet of this see was their denial of the propriety and scripturalty of the form of marriage. They believed “it is not good for man to be alone,” and also that one wife only should cleave unto her husband.” But this should be a matter of agreement merely, and the couple should come together, and live as man and wife, dispensing with all the forms of the marriage covenant. The old Governor used frequently to call upon Rogers, and talk he matter over with him, and endeavor to convince him of the impropriety of living with Sarah as he did. But neither John nor Sarah would give up their argument. It was a matter of conscience with them; they were very happy to gether as they were; of what use, then, could a mere form be? Suppose they would hereby escape scandal, were they not firmly bound to “take up the cross,” and live according to the rules of the religion they possessed?—The Governor's logic was powerless.

He was in the neighborhood of John one day, and meeting with him, accepted an invitation to dine with him. Conversation, as usual, turned upon the subject.

“Now, John,” said the Governor, after a long discussion of the point, “why will you not marry Sarah? Have you not taken her to be your lawful wife?”

“Yes,” replied John, “but my own conscience will not permit me to marry her in the form of the world's people.”

“Very well, but you love her?”

“Yes.”

“And respect her?”

“Yes.”

“And cherish her as the bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh?”

“And you love, obey, respect, and cherish her?” he continued to Sarah.

“Certainly I do.”

“Then,” said the Governor, rising, “by the laws of God and the Commonwealth of Connecticut, I pronounce you to be husband and wife.”

The ravings and rage of John and Sarah were of no avail; the knot was tied by the highest authority in the State.

How Murat met his Fate.

The sentence of the military commission was read to him with due solemnity. He listened to it as he would have listened to the cannon of another battle during his military life, equally without emotion or bravado. He neither asked for pardon, for delay, nor for appeal. He advanced of his own accord toward the door, as if to a cruel narrow expiation, lying between the towers of the castle and the outer walls. Twelve soldiers, with loaded muskets, awaited him there. The narrow passage did not permit them to stand at a sufficient distance to deprive him of his horror. Murat, in stepping over the threshold of his chamber, found himself face to face with them. He refused to let his eyes be bandaged, and looking at the soldiers with a firm and benevolent smile.

“My friends,” said he, “do not make me suffer by taking bad aim. The narrow space naturally compels you almost to rest the muzzles of your muskets on my breast; do not tremble, do not strike me in the face—aim at the heart, here it is.”

As he spoke thus, he placed his right hand upon his coat, to indicate the position of his heart. In his left hand he held a small medallion, which contained in one obverse of love, the image of his wife and of his four children, as if he thus wished to make them witnesses of his last hour, or to have their image in his last look, as in his last thought. He fixed his eyes on this portrait, and received the death blow without feeling it, absorbed in contemplation of all he loved upon earth! His body, pierced at so short a distance by twelve balls, fell with his arms open and his face to the earth, as if still embracing the king whom he had once possessed, and which he had come to reconquer for his tomb. They threw his cloak upon the body, which was buried in the cathedral of Pizzo. Thus died the most chivalrous soldier of the imperial epoch; not the greatest, but the most heroic figure among the companions of the new Alexander.—*Le Maritime.*

SWearing IN of the Turkish Troops.—The news from Constantinople contain some details of the scene which took place at Simla, when the oath of fidelity was sworn by the army in the presence of the Grand Mufti, who was in his robes of state with the Koran in his hand. The oath was, that the men would shed the last drop of their blood in defence of the sovereign rights of the Ottoman Throne. Omer Pacha addressed a speech to “the Asiatic, African, and European officers and soldiers,” after which the Grand Mufti offered up a prayer, the Amen of which was repeated by the whole army. The drums then beat and a prolonged shout of “Long live the Sultan” was raised. Omer Pacha refused to permit the troops to defile before him, saying that he would not accept such a distinguished honor until he had gained a victory over the Russians. Among the foreigners present were Mr. Neale, the British Consul at Varna, a son of Baron Bruck's, and General P. who received a splendid charger as a present from Omer Pacha.

A charge against the purse is of more serious concern, with many, than a charge against the character.

Pete Whetstone and the Mall Boy.

Pete Whetstone, of Arkansas, was once traveling on horseback through the interior of the State, and called one evening to stay all night at a little log house near his road where entertainment and a postoffice were kept. Two other strangers were here, and the mail boy rode up about dark. Supper being over, the mail carrier and the three gentlemen were invited into a small room furnished with a good fire and two beds, which were to accommodate the four persons for the night. The mail carrier was a little, dirty, shabby, lousy looking wretch, with whom none of the gentlemen liked the idea of sleeping. Pete Whetstone eyed him closely as he asked:

“Where do you sleep to-night, my lad?”

“I'll sleep with you 'I reckon,” lisped the youth “or with one o' them other fillers, I don't care which.”

The other two gentlemen took the hint and occupied one of the beds together immediately, leaving the other bed and the confab to be enjoyed by Pete and the mail boy together as best they could. Pete and the mail boy both commenced hauling off their duds, and Pete getting into bed first, and wishing to get rid of sleeping with the boy, remarked very earnestly—“my friend, I tell you beforehand, I've got the tees! and you'd better not get in here with me, for the disease is catching!”

The boy, who was just getting into bed too, drawled out very coolly, “wal, I reckon that don't make a bit o' difference to me; I've had it now for nearly these seven years,” and into bed he pitched with Pete, who pitched out in as great a hurry as if he had waked up a hornet's nest in the bed. The other two gentlemen reared, and the mail boy, who had got peaceable possession of a bed to himself, drawled out—

“Why you must be a thet of darned fools—man and dad's got the catch a heap wurth than I is, and they thept in that bed last night when they was here to the quilting.”

The other two rangers were now in a worse predicament than Pete had been, and bouncing from their nests as if the house had been on fire, stripped and shook their clothes, put them on again, red red their horses, and, though it was nearly ten o'clock, they all three left, and rode several miles to the next town before they slept, leaving the impermanent mail carrier to the bliss of scratching and sleeping alone.

The Force of Imagination.

Backland the distinguished geologist, one day gave a dinner, at or discussing a Mississippi alligator, having asked a good many of the most distinguished of his classes to dine with him. His house and all his establishment were in good style and taste. His guests congregated. The dinner table looked splendidly, with glass, china, and plate, and the meal commenced with excellent soup.

“How do you like the soup?” asked the doctor, after having finished his own plate, addressing a famous gourmand of the day.

“Very good, indeed, sir,” replied the other; turtle's it not? I only asked because I do not see any tr on the doctor's head.

“I think it has somewhat of a musky taste,” said another “not unpleasant, but peculiar.”

“All alligators have,” replied Backland; “the cayman peculiarly so. The fellow whom I described this morning, and whom you have just been catching—”

There was a general rout of the whole guests. Every one turned pale. Half a dozen started from the table. Two of them ran out of the room, and only those who had stout stomachs remained to the close of an excellent entertainment.

“See what imagination it is,” said Backland, “if I had told them it was turtle, or terrapin, or bird's-nest soup, salt water ammonia or fresh, or the glu of a fish from the maw of a sea bird, they would have pronounced it excellent, and their digestion been none the worse. Such is prejudice.”

“But was it really an alligator?” asked a lady.

“As good a calf's head as ever wore a coronet,” said Backland.

A COW FOR THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS.—Col. Thorne, of Washington Hollow, Dutchess Co., N. Y., lately imported a valuable Durham bull, and a cow stock by the steamer Herman, which were secured without regard to the cost, of the best to be found in England. The bull is stated to have cost five thousand dollars. By the Washington on her last trip, he received a cow, of the same strain as the bull, for which we are told he paid \$3,000, besides expense of her passage. This is probably the highest price ever paid for a cow. She was accompanied by a two months' old calf, which cost \$750. Also, a lot of South Down sheep, of superior quality. If they are better than those imported by Mr. Morris, of Mt. Fordham, they must be very extraordinary, but not more so than the mania now prevailing for raising the standard of cattle in this country by fresh importations of the best ever produced by English breeders.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

MARRIAGE OF LAMARTINE.—The story of the marriage of Lamartine is one of romantic interest. The lady, whose maiden name was Birch, was possessed of considerable property, and when passed the bloom of her youth she became passionately enamored of the poet, from the journal of his “Meditations.” For some time she nursed this sentiment in secret, and being apprised of the unobscured state of his affairs, she wrote to him, tendering him the bulk of her fortune.—Touched with this remarkable proof of her generosity, and supposing it could only be caused by a preference for himself he at once made an offer of his hand and heart. He judged rightly, and the poet was promptly accepted.

Marriage is a feast where the grace is some- thing better than the dinner.