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

Democrat and Sentinel.

SERIES.

EBENSBURG, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1854.

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From Graham's Magazine. COUNT CANDESPINA'S STANDARD. A BALLAD.

BY GEORGIPH. BOKER.

Select Poetry.

The King of Aragon now entered Castile, by the way of Soria and Osma, with a powerful army ; and having been met by the queen's forces, both parties encamped near Sepulveda, and prepared to give battle. This engagement, called from the field where it took place de la Espina, (The Field of Thorns,) is one of the most famous of that age. The dastardly Count of Lara fled at the first shock, and joined the queen at Burgos, where she was anxiously awaiting the issue ; but the brave Count of Candespina (Gomez Conzalez) stood his ground to the last, and died on the field of battle. His standard-bearer, a gentleman of the house of Olea, after having his horse killed under him, and both hands cut off by sabre-strokes, fell beside his master, still clasping the standard with his arms, and repeating his war-cry.—Mad. Anita George's Annals of the Queens of Spain.

Scarce were the splintered lances dropped, Scarce were the swords drawn out, Ere recreant Lara, sick with fear, Had wheeled his steed about.

His courser reared, and plunged, and neighed Loathing the fight to vield. But the coward spurred him to the bone, And drove him from the field.

Gonzalez in his stirrups rose,-Turn, turn, thou traitor knight ! Thou bold tongue in a lady's bower, Thou dastard in a fight !

Snapped in his sturdy hand. Among the foe, with that high scorn Which laughs at earthly fears, He hurled the broken hilt, and drew His dagger on the spears. They hewed the hauberk from his breast, The helmet from his head, They hewed the hands from off his limbs, From every vein he bled. Clasning the standard to his meart, He raised one dying peal, That rang as if a trumpet blew-Olea for Castile !

And there against all Aragon,

Olea fought until the sword

Full armed with lance and brand,

Tales and Sketches.

THE RESCUE: OR, UNCLE GEORGE'S STORY.

BY DICKENS.

We had devoted the morning before my wedding day to the arrangement of those troublesome, delightful, endless little affairs, which the world says must be set in order on such occasions ; and late in the afternoon we walked down, Charlott and myself, to take a last bachelor and maiden peep at the home which next day, was uttered, before I was fairly on the way to my to be ours in partnership. Goody Barnes, already installed as our cook and housekeeper. stood at the door, ready to receive us as we crossed the market-place to inspect our cottage for the twentieth time,-cottage by courtesy,-next door to my father's mansion, by far the best and handsomest in the place. It was some distance from Charlott's house, where she and her widowed mother lived :--all the way down the limetree avenue, then over the breezy common, besides traversing the principal and only street, which terminated in the village market place.

The front of our house was quakerlike, in point of neatness and humility. But enter ! It is not hard to display good taste when the banker's book puts no veto on the choice gems of furniture, which give the finishing touch to the whole. Then pass through, and bestow a glance upon me, to keep me quiet and contented at home. For the closing perspective of our view, there was the sea, like a bright blue rampart rising before us. White-sailed vessels, or self-willed steamers. flitted to and fro for our amusement. We tripped down the terrace steps, and of course looked in upon the artificial grotto to the right, which I had caused to be lined throughout with foreign shells and glittering spars,more gifts from my ever-bountiful father. Charlotte and I went laughingly along the straight gravel walk, flanked on each side with a regiment of dahlias ; that led us to the little gate, opening to give us admission to my father's own pleasure ground and orchard. The dear old man was rejoiced to receive us .-A daughter was what he so long had wished for. We hardly knew whether to smile, or weep for joy. as we all sat together on the same rustic bench, overshadowed by the tulip-tree, which from North America. But of the means by which he become possessed of many of his choicest treasures, he never breathed a syllable to me. His father, I very well knew, was nothing more than a homely farmer, cultivating no great extent ed in catacombs, sinuous and secret, for wells, of not too productive sea-side land ; but Char- flint, manure, building materials, and other purlott's lace dress which she was to wear to-morrow-again another present from him-was, her mother proudly pronounced, valuable and handsome enough for a princess. Charlotte had whispered, half said aloud, that she had no fear now that Richard Leroy, her boisterous admirer, would dare to attempt his reported threat to carry her off to the continent in his cutter. Richard's name made my father frown, so we said no more ; we lapsed again into that dreamy state of silent enjoyment which was the best expression of our happiness. Lerov's father was called a farmer ; but on our that are well understood rather than clearly and hole was too large for me to map up, by preasing distinctly expressed; and no one had ever en- against it with my back and knees; and there lightened my ignorance. My father was on speak- were no friendly knobs or protuberances visible ing terms with him, that was all ; corteous, but up its smooth sides. The chasm increased in distant ; half timid, half mysterious. He dis- diameter as it descended : like an inverted funnel. couraged my childish intimacy with Richard ; I might possibly climb up a wall ; but could I vet he did not go so far as to forbid it. Once, creep along a ceiling ? when I urged him to allow me to accompany young Leroy in his boat, to fish in the Channel ked discouragement of her family had not shut how far, and how swiftly, heedless words do fly when once they are uttered. Such speeches did not close the breach, but instead, laid the first

hesitatingly made in my favor. In consequence, as a sort of rejected candidate, Richard Leroy really did lie, amongst us, under an unexpressed and indefinite ban, which was by no means likely to be removed by the roystering, scornful air of superiority with which he mostly spoke of, looked at, and treated us.

Charlotte and I took leave of my father on that grey September evening with the full conviction that every blessing was in store for us which affection and wealth had the power to procure .-row-ah ! think of to-morrow. The quarters of the church clock strike half-past nine. Goodnight, dear mother-in-law. And, once more, good-night, Charlotte !

It was somewhat early to leave , but my father's plans required it. He desired that we should be married, not at the church of the village where we all resided, but at one distant a short walk, in which he took a peculiar interest-where he had selected the spot for a family burial place, and where he wished the family registers to be kept. It was a secluded hamlet; and my father had simply made the request that I would lodge for a while at a farm house there, in order that the wedding might be performed at the place he fixed to obey.

"Good night. Charlotte," had not long been temporary home. Our village, and its few scattered lights, were soon left behind, and I then was upon the open down, walking on with a springing step. On one side was spread the English Channel ; and from time to time I could mark the appearance of the light at Cape Grinez, on the French coast opposite. There it was, coming and going, flashing out and dying away, with never ceasing coquetry. The cliff lay between my path and the sea. There was no danger ; for, although the moon was not up, it was bright starlight. I knew every inch of the way

as well as I did my father's garden walks. In September, however, mists will rise; and, as I approached the valley, there came the offspring of the pretty stream which ran through it, something like a light cloud running along the ground before the wind. Is there a night-fog coming tantalizing dreams. Charlotte appeared to me their names together in a favorite pegister book. on ? Perhaps there may be. If so, better steer

by raising myself, and then thrusting my feet in- an insult-without learning the way to return to the chalk and marl, I could support myself to it; and of course, what you see along the galwith one hand only, leaving the other free to leries are to you nothing but shadows and dreams. work. I did work: clearing away the chalk Have I your promise ?" above the flint, so as to give me greater standing I was unable to make any other reply than to room. At last, I thought I might venture upon seize his hand, and burst into tears. How I got day morning, arrived in the City to claim his lost

the ledge itself. By a supreme effort, I reached from the caverns to the face of the cliff, how the shelf; but moisture had made the chalk unc- thence to the beach, the secluded hamlet, and tuous and slippery to the baffled grasp. It was sleeping village, does really seem to my memory in vain to think of mounting higher, with no like a vision. On the way across the downs, Le-Over the green, and up the lime-tree avenue, and point of support, no firm footing. A desperate roy stopped once or twice, more for the sake of ing her parent she rushed to his arms and evinthen, good-night, my lady-love ! Good-night, leap across the chasm affunded not the slightest resting my aching limbs, than of taking breath ced the greatest delight. The father also seemed cause, even if successful, I could not for or repose humself. During those intervals, he one moment maintain the advantage gained. I quietly remarked to me how prejudiced and unwas determined to remain on the ledge of flint. fair we had all of us been to him; that as for Another moment, and a rattling on the floor soon Charloote he considered her as a child, a little aught me my powerlessness. Down sunk the sister, almost even as a baby plaything. She chalk beneath my weight; only just failing to was not the woman for him: he for his part, liked crush me under it. Stunned, and cut, and bruisa girl with a little more of the devil about her. ed, I spent some time prostated by half conscious No doubt he could have carried her off: and no but acute sensation of misery. Sleep, which as doubt she would have loved him desperately a yet I had not felt, began to steal over me, but fortnight afterwards. But when he had once got could gain no mastery. With each moment of her, what should he have done with such a blueincipient unconsciousness, Charlotte was present- eyed milk-and water angel as that ? Nothing ed to me, first, in her wedding-dress; next in our serious to annoy us had ever entered his head. terrace beckoning me gaily from the garden be- And my father ought not quite forget the source low; then we were walking arm-in-arm in smiof his own fortune, and hold himself aloof from ling conversation; or seated happily together in his equals; although he might be lying quietly in his heart upon. My duty and my interest were my father's library. But the full consciousness harbor at present. Really it was a joke, that, instead of cloping with the bride, he should be which rapidly succeeded presented each moment bringing home the eloped bridegroom ! the hideous truth. It was now broad day; and

> I realized Charlotte's sufferings. I beheld her I fainted when he carried me into my father's awaiting me in her bridal dress; now hastening house, and I remembered no more than his temporary adieu. But afterwards, all went on slowto the window, and straining her sight over the ly and surely. My father and Richard became valley, in the hope of my approach; now stricken good friends , and the old gentleman acquired such down by despair at my absence. My father, too whose life had been always bound up in mine ! influence over him, that Leroy's " pleasure trips " soon became rare, and finally ceased altogether. These fancies destroyed my power of thought. At the last run, he brought a foreign wife over I felt wild and frenzied. I raved and shouted. with him, and nothing besides-a Dutch woman of great beauty and accomplishments; who, as But an answer did come: a maddening answer. The sound of bells, dull, dead, and in my hideous, he said, was as fitting a helpmate for him, as Charlotte, he acknowledged, was for me. He alwell-hole, just distinguishable. They rang out my marriage peal. Why was I not burried alive so took a neighboring parish church and its appurtenances into favor, and settled down as a landsman within a few miles of us. And, if our I could have drunk blood, in my thirst, had families continue to go on the friendly way they it been offered to me. Die I must, I felt full well: have done for the last few years, it seems likely but let me not die with my mouth in flame ? Then came the struggle of sleep; and then fitful, that a Richard may conduct a Charlotte, to enter

They were cut with clinging: but I found that, place-unless I blindfold you, which would be The Truant Girl in Male Attire --- Her Mysterious History.

VOL. 1-NO. 22.

On Wednesday night the gentleman who adouted the girl, Eliza Ann Peacock, who some weeks since fied from Philadelphia, disguised in male attire, a full account of which is published vesterchild, her arrest having been announced to him by telegraph. The young truant was at the house of Officer Wooley, in Greenwich street, whither he immediately repaired, and on her seealmost overcome with joy at recovering his long lost child. The cause of the sudden departure of the child from her home is explained by her adopted father, who states that he adopted her about seven years ago, she having then recently been brought to this country and being of illegitimate though high foreign birth. Finding her unusually promising, he took a deep interest in her and gave her a useful as well as an ornamental education.

For some months past she has secretly harbored the idea of returning to England for the purpose of searching for her mother, of whom she either had some indistinct recollection, or had heard spoken of by some person at Philadelphia, acquainted with her history. With a view of accomplishing this purpose, knowing that if her design was known her intentions would be thwarted. she secretly left the roof of her friends and came to this city, intending to labor until she could carn sufficient to procure a passage for England. On arriving here she purchased boys clothing, and having dressed in it, applied at various places until she succeeded in getting employment in the store of Mr. Venables, in Canal street.

Since her abrupt departure from home, the greatest concern has been manifested by her guardian for her safety. Messengers were dispatched in every direction, and advertisements inserted in a large number of papers for her discovery. The letter which she exhibited at various places to influence in procuring for her a situation, she wrote herself. Yesterday morning she, with her parent, took the cars for Philadelphia. She has recently been left a large fortune by some family connection living in England,-N. Y. Tribune. 20th.

Mysterious Abduction. rsey City Union states that a dy disappeared from that vicinity on Wednesday night, under mysterious circumstances. She returned from a short walk, with a female friend just at night. On arriving at the door of the house she stopped, and telling her companion to go into the house she started quickly down the road as she said to look for her handkerchief .--Her companion waited for a moment on the steps and saw her go a few yards, stoop down, and then turn back towards the house. The friend then went into the house. She had hardly shut the door behind her before she hand a faint cry .--Thinking that her friend was only calling to her not to shut the door, she mischievously locked it ran up stairs, intending to keep the young lady waiting at the door till the servant should open it. From that moment nothing has been seen or Her father and brothers fancied she had gone up stairs : the friend in the same way, fancied that she had staved below ; and it was only after coming down to the parlor that both discovered the absence of the "daughter of the house."-Search was immediately commenced and this young lady's shawl found close to the house, but no other traces have been discovered. She is young pretty and accomplished, but is not known to have been upon intimate terms with any of the opposite sex. CAPITAL FOR THE YOUNG .- It is a consolation for all right-minded young men in this country, that though they may not be able to command jailor, with all their familiarity with distresses as much pecuniary capital as they would wish to commence business themselves, yet there is a own promptings. When the conveyence arrived moral capital which they ean have that will weigh as much money with those people whose it required no little exertion to part the mother opinion is worth having. And it does not take a great while to accumulate a respectable amount of capital. It consists in truth, honesty and integrity; to which may be added decision, firmness courage, and perseverence. With these qualities there are few obstacles which cannot be overcome. Friends spring up and surround such a young man almost as if by magic. Confidence flows -is considered by them disrespectful and inde- out to him, and business accumulates on his cent. No offence is given by keeping on a hat hands faster than he can ask it. And in a few short years such a young man is in advance of many, who started with him, having equal talin token of respect. The Turks turn in their ents, and larger pecuniary means; ere long our toes ; they write from right to left ; they mount young friend stands foremost, the honored, truston the right side of a horse. They follow their ed, and loved. Would that we could induce every youthful reader to commence life on the prin-177 A descent was made upon the lottery dealers in New York on Tuesday. They arrested B. B. Mars & Co. They issued flaming circulars, schemes under the head of "Grand Conselidated Lottery," \$100,000, \$50,000, \$25,000 prizes. In their circulars they present this exhortation; " To all unlucky buyers we say, ' try again: ' don't give up the ship and success will be yours." The officers secured a large number of their circulars and schemes, together with 30 letters which they were about mailing, and about 500 others which they had received from various parts of the country, nearly all of which contained money in sums varying from \$3 upward, and asked for schemes, numbers, &c. Some of these letters were quite racy in their style, being not only from young men and maidens, but also from elderly ladies and old men. who, it would appear, had been for some time patrons of B. B. Mars & Co. Many of the letters the tide flows over it and the record is gone. Ex- implaced and beseeched to have lucky numbers let me mention one thing. It is understood that ample is instruction graven on the rock, and ages sent to their writers, as they had already expend ed considerable sums to no purpose.

But vainly valiant Gomez Across the waning fray, Pale Lars and his craven band To Burgos scoured away.

Now, by the God above me, sirs, Better we all were dead, Than a single knight among ye all Should ride where Lara led !

Let ye who fear to follow me. As yon traitor, turn and fly ; For I lead ye not to win a field, I lead yo forth to die.

Olea, plant my standard here-Here, on this little mound ; Here raise the war-cry of thy house, Make this our rallying ground.

Forget not, as thou hop'st for grace, The last care I shall have Will be to hear thy battle-cry. And see that standard wave.

Down on the ranks of Aragon The bold Gonzales drove, And Olea raised the battle-cry. And waved the flag above.

Slowly Gonzalez' little band Gave ground before the foe, But not an inch of the field was won Without a deadly blow :

And not an inch of the field was won That did not draw a tear From the widowed wives of Aragon, That fatal news to hear.

Backward and backward Gomez fought. And high o'er the clashing steel, Plainer and plainer rose the cry-Oles for Castile !

Backward fought Gomez, step by step, Till the cry was close at hand. Till his dauntless standard shadowed him, And there he made a stand.

Mace, sword, and axs rang on his mail, Yet he moved not where he stood, Though each gaping joint of armour ran A stream of purple blood.

As pierced with countless wounds he fell, The standard caught his eye, And he smiled, like an infant hushed asleep, To hear the battle-crv.

Now, one by one, the wearied knights Had fallen, or basely flown : And on the mound, where his post was fixed Oles stood alore.

Vield up thy banner, gallant knight, Thy lord lies on the plain. Thy duty has been nobly done. I would not see the slain.

Spare pity, King of Aragon, I would not hear the lie : My lord is looking down from heaven, To see his standard fly.

Yield, madman, yield ! thy horse is down, Thou hast not lance nor shield : Fly ! I will grant thee time. This flag Can neither fly nor yield.

They girt the standard round about, A wall of flashing steel, But still they heard the battle-cry-Oles for Castile !

was partly caused by the mystery which hung within reach of the shelf.

of luxuries, a terraced garden, commanding the quite clear of the cliff, by means of a gentle cir- to my mouth, or catching water in the hollow of country-and not a little of that country mine | cuit inland. It is quite impossible to miss the | her hand, from the little cascade in our grotto, already-the farm which my father had given valley; and, once in the valley, it is equally dif. and I drunk. But hark ! drip, drip, and again chance to meet here, and on such an occasion. On, and still on, cheerly. In a few minutes

more 1 shall reach the farm, and then, to pass one more solitary night is almost a pleasurable delay, a refinement in happiness. I could sing and dance for joy. Yes, dance all alone, on the elastic turf! There, just one foolish caper : just

Good God ! is this not the shock of an carthquake ? I hasten to advance another step, but the ground beneath me quivers and sinks. I grasp at the side of a yawning pitfall, but grasp in vain. Down, down, down, I fall headlong. When my senses returned, and I could look about me, the moon had risen, and was shining in at the treacherous hole through which I had had been extinguished. A long and utter blank fallen. A glance was only too sufficient to ex- succeeded. I have no further recollection either some one said my father had himself brought plain my position. Why had I always so fool- of the duration of time, or of any bodily suffering. ishly refused to allow the farmer to meet me half Had I died by alchoholic poison-and it is a mirway, and accompany me to his house every eve- acle the brandy did not kill me-then would have ning; knowing, as I did know, how the chalk and limestone of the district had been underminposes ? My poor father and Charlotte !

Patience. It can hardly be possible that now on the eve of marriage, I am suddenly doomed to a lingering death. The night must be passed here, and daylight will show some means of escape. I will lie down on this heap of earth that fell under me.

Amidst despairing thoughts, and a hideous waking nightmare, daylight slowly came.

The waning moon had not releaved the extremity of my despair ; but now it was clearly a faint but frantic cry. visible that I had fallen double the height I sup-

I shouted as I tay ; no one answered. I shouted again-and again. Then I thought that too one calm and bright summer morning, he per- much shouting would exhaust my strength, and emptorily answered, "No! I do not wish you unfit me for the task of mounting. I measured to learn to be a smuggler." But then, he instant- with my eye the distance from stratum to stratly checked himself, and afterwards was more um of each well marked layer of chalk. And anxious and kind to me than ever. Still Richard then, the successive beds of flint-they gave me and both admired Charlotte. He would have cut ? Though the feat was difficult, it might be made a formal proposal for her hand, if the mar- practicable. The attempt must be made. I arose, stiff and bruised. No matter. The out every opportunity. This touched his pride, first layer of flints was not more than seven or Islands, if orange groves and orange blossoms would not support half my weight. As fast as I were what my lady cared about. It is wonderful attempted to get handhold or footing, it fell in fragments to the ground. But, a better thought-to dig it away, and

foundation for one of these confirmed estrange- I could manage to reach the flint with my hands. my expression of thanks. ments which village neighborhoods only know. I had my knife to help me ; and, after much hard The repugnance manifested by Charlott's friends work, my object was accomptished, and I got I am heartily glad to have helped you; but first

to Richard's ample means. The choice was un- My hands had firm hold of the horizontal flint. you keep my secret. You cannot leave this may pass away before that lesson is lost.

ficult to miss the hamlet. Richard Leroy has drip ! Is this madness still ? No. There must been frequently backward and forward the last be water oozing somewhere out of the sides of few exenings ; it would be strange if we should this detested hole. Where the treacherous wall is slimiest, where the green patches are brightest and widest spread on the clammy sides of my living sepulchre, there will be the spot to dig and to search.

plucking grapes and dropping them playfully in-

and listened, knowing no answer could come.

when I first fell?

Again the knife. Every blow gives a more dead and hollow sound. The chalk dislodged is certainly not moister; but the blade sticks fast into wood-the wood of a cask; something slowly begins to trickle down. It is brandy !

Brandy ! shall I taste ? Yet, why not ? did: and soon for a time remembered nothing.

to one precise moment, which might have been marked by a stop-watch, and then all outward been the end of my actual and conscious existence. My senses were dead. If what happened afterwards had occurred at that time, there would have been no story for you to listen to.

Once more, a burning thirst. Hunger had entirely passed away. I looked up, and all was dark; not even the stars or the cloudy sky were to be seen at the opening of my cavern. A shower of earth and heavy stones fell upon me as I lay. I still was barely awake and conscious, and a groan was the only evidence which escaped me that I had again recovered the use of my senses.

"Halloa ! What's that down there?" said a voice whose tone was familiar to me. I uttered

I heard a moment's whispering, and the holposed. But for the turf which had fallen under low echo of departing footsteps, and then all was portion of the English coast there are many things me, I must have been killed on the spot. The still again. The voice over head once more addrocend me

" Courage, George; keep up your spirits! In two minutes I will come down and haul you. Don't you know me ? "

I then did know that it could be no other than my old rival, Richard Leroy. Before I could collect my thoughts, a light glimmered against one

side of the well: and then, in the direction opposite the fallen table of flint, and just over it, Richard appeared, with a lantern in one hand, and a rope tied to a stick across it in the other. Have you strength enough left to sit upon this, and to hold by the rope while I haul you up ?" "I think I have, " I said. I got the stick unand I continued playfellows until we grew up, the greatest hopes. If footholes could only be der me, and held by the rope to keep steady on my seat. Richard planted his feet firmly on the edge of his standing place, and hauled me up. By a slight of hand and an effort of strength, in which I was too weak to render him the least asand once made him declare, in an off-hand way, eight feet overhead. Those once reached, I could sistance, he landed me at the mouth of a subterthat it would cost him but very little treuble to secure a footing, and obtain a first starting place rancan gallery opening into the well. I could land such a light cargo as that, some pleasant for escape. I tried to climb to them with my just see, on looking back, that if I had only mainevening, in France, or even on one of the Azore feet and hands. Impossible ! the crumbling wall tained my position on the ledge of flint, and improved it a little, I might, by a daring and vigorous leap, have sprung to the entrance of this very gallery. But those ideas were now useless. I was so thorougly worn out that I could scarcemake a mound so high that, by standing on it, ly stand, and an entreaty for water preceded even

"You shall drink your fill in one instant, and

Touching Incident.

The St. Louis Democrat of the 24th ult. contains the following keart-rending account .-- On last Tuesday six or eight convicts were started off for the penitentiary. They were handcuffed first, and then a blacksmith sent for, who riveted them in couples with heavy iron.-Afterwards they were marched from the prison hall into the office, to await there the arrival of the coach. It was a humiliating spectacle and the dogged eye and burning cheek of more than one prisoner told that a tender cord was touched amid all the surrounding obdurateness. But there was a passage in the scene which was imbued with peculiar feelings of another kind. Among the c.iminals was Daniel Cullen, convicted of the foul murder of his own wife, and sentenced to a term of ninety-nine years in the penitentiary-a prisoner heard of her. I retained a vivid and excited consciousness up for life .- Shortly before the arrival of the coach, a woman, bowed and decrepid with years, and bearing an infant in her arms, entered the off ce things were shut out, as suddenly as if a lamp hesitatingly. Scanning the moes of the crowd, her eye fell finally upon Cullen, and with a shriek of recognition, pain and half joy it appeared, she ran to him, and fell weeping on his breast. It was his mother, come to bid him farewell, and show him his own child for the last time. The scene was a moving one. The man at first was ashamed to give way to his feelings, and for a while remonstrated gently with his old mother as she fondled with him. At last, however, nature could contain itself no longer-he fell back upon his seat and cried like a child. The marshal and of the kind, found a difficulty in mastering their

The Ottomans.

from the son.

A late traveller in Turkey thus describes some of the peculiarities in the manners and customs of the Turks :

"They abhor the hat; but uncovering the head-which with us is an expression of respect in a mosque, but shoes must be left at the threshold. The slipper, and not the turban, is removed guests into a room, and precede them on leaving it. The left hand is the place of honor ; they do ciple that moral capital is the thing after all. the honors of the table by serving themselves first. They are great smokers and coffee drinkers. They beckon by throwing back the hand instead of throwing it toward them. They cut the hair from the head. They sleep in their clothes. They look upon beheading as a more disgraceful punishment than strangling; they deem our short and close dresses as indecent : our shaven chins a mark of effeminacy and servitude. They resent an inquiry after their wives as an insult. They commence their wooden houses at the top, and the upper apartments are frequently finished before the lower ones are closed in. They regard dancing as a theatrical performance, only to be looked at and not mingled in, except by slaves. Lastly, their morning habit is white ; their sacred color green ; their Sabbath day is Friday ; and interment follows immediately on death."

Precent is instruction written in the sand-

