

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.

EBENSBURG, THURSDAY, MARCH 23, 1854.

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Select Poetry.

THE GIRLS OF OUR OWN NATIVE LAND.

BY ASA ARNOLD.

The girls of our own native land!
In loveliness rare
What maids can compare
With girls of our own native land!
With their soul-lit eyes and their smiles of heaven;
Oh, where is the man does not think them more fair
Than the brightest of forms to which Beauty has given
Her halo of love and her radiant air.

Circassia may boast her sylvan bowers laden
With voluptuous sylphs in beaming array;
And Persia may vaunt of her Venus-like maidens,
But fairer and brighter and dearer than they
Are girls of our own native land.
In loveliness sweet
No maids can compare
With girls of our own native land.
With their soul-lit eyes, and their smiles of heaven,
Oh, where is the man does not think them more fair
Than the brightest of forms to which Beauty has given
Her halo of love and her radiant air.

Beautiful and bright are proud Scotia's daughters,
And fair are the girls of Imperial France;
And maidens of Venice may wake on her waters
The gondoliers' song as they float to the dance.
The Loveliest of the East! may exhibit their duty,
Their blushes may burn, and their glances may fall,
Like rays from the rainbow to pencil their beauty.
But fairer and purer and brighter than all
Are girls of our own native land,
In loveliness rare
No maids can compare
With girls of our own native land.

Pure as the snows which diadem her mountains,
Bright as the bloom of her beautiful flowers;
Columbia reveals mild groves and fair fountains,
In garden where Love spends its happiest hours,
The girls of our own native land,
Land of the Lovely! the heart turns to none other
So adorned with jewels by nature's own hand:
So true in the duties of sister, wife, mother,
As girls of our own native land;
With their soul-lit eyes, and their smiles of heaven,
Oh, where is the man does not think her more fair
Than the brightest of forms which Beauty has given
Her halo of love and her radiant air.

Tales and Sketches.

THE BOUND-BOY'S DREAM.

A CHARMING SKETCH.

BY MRS. M. A. DENNISON.

A little fair-haired child laid its pale cheek against a pillow of straw.
It had toiled up three pairs of narrow dark stairs to gain its miserable garret, for it was a little "bound child," that had neither father nor mother, and no soft bed awaited his tired limbs, but a miserable pallet with one thin coverlet.
It had neither lamp nor candle to lighten the room, if such it might be called; still that was not so bad, for the beautiful moon smiled upon the poor bound-boy, and almost kissed his forehead, as his sad eyes closed dreamily.
But after a while, as he laid there, what a wondrous change came over the place. A great light shone down, the huge black rafters turned to solid gold, and these seemed all studded with tiny, precious, sparkling stones. The broken floor, too, was all encrusted with shining crystals, and the child raised himself upon his elbow, and gazed with a half-fearing, half-delighted look upon the glorious sight.
One spot on the wall seemed too bright for his vision to endure, but presently, as if emerging from it, came a soft white figure, that stood by the poor bound-boy's bedside.
The child shut his eyes; he was a little, only a little frightened, and his heart beat quickly; but he found breath to murmur—
"Tell me who you are?"
"Look up, be not afraid," said a sweet voice, that sounded like the harps of heaven, "look up, darling, I am your brother Willy, sent down from the angels to speak with you and tell you to bear all your sorrows patiently, for you will soon be with us."
"What, you my brother Willy! oh; no, no, that cannot be; my brother Willy was very pale, and his clothes were patched and torn, and there was a hump on his back, and he used to go into the muddy streets and pick up bits of wood and

chips; but your face is quite too handsome, and there is no ugly hump on your back—besides, my brother Willy is dead long ago."
"I am your brother Willy, your immortal brother; my body, with the ugly hump, is dead and turned to ashes; but just as soon as that died, I went up to the great heavens, and saw sights that I cannot tell you about now, they were so very beautiful. But God, who is your father, and the holy name of Eternity, gave me these bright garments, that never get soiled, and I was so happy that I expect my face was changed very much, and I grew tall and straight; so no wonder you do not know me."
And now the little bound child's tears began to fall.
"Oh!" he exclaimed earnestly, "if I, too, could go to Heaven!"
"You can go," replied the angel, with a smile of ineffable sweetness. "You have learned how to read—well, to-morrow get you your Bible, and find very reverently—for it is God's most holy book—these words of the Lord Jesus: 'But I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you.' Do all these, and you shall be the child of your Father, which is above."
"Even if they beat me?" murmured the little bound-boy, with a quivering lip.
A flash of light passed over the angel's face, as he replied—
"The more you forgive, the nearer you will be to Heaven."
In another moment the vision had gone, but still the room was all blazing with unearthly radiance.
As the little boy fell back upon his pillow, his face reflected the angel's smile, and he thought—"I will forgive them, even if they beat me."
Suddenly a more musical voice than the former fell upon his ear. This time he was not afraid, but sitting upright on his miserable couch, he saw a figure that seemed to lift itself from the wall; a ray of intense brightness outlined all its form; its eyes blazed, yet there was a mild beauty in them every time they looked into his own.
"Little one, I am your father," said the form, in melting accents.
"I don't think you can be my father," whispered the boy, timidly. "My father used to look very old indeed, and he got hurt and wore a crutch; there were wrinkles on his face and all over his forehead; his hair was short and white, not long like yours. And my father used to stoop over, and wear a little black apron, and put patches on shoes in a little dark room."
"And what else?"
"He used to pray and sing very sweetly, but I never hear any praying and singing now," sobbed the child, bursting into tears.
"Don't cry, my dear little boy, but listen to me. I am your father, your immortal father; that poor lame body is all gone now, mingled with the dust of the grave yard. As soon as the breath left that deformed body of mine, I was with the shining angels, and hosts of them bore me up to Heaven; and the King of that glorious place clothed me in these white, stainless robes, and gave me this tall, beautiful body, which shall never feel corruption. And this was the reason, dear little orphan—because I loved Him, and my chief delight was in praying to Him, and talking about Him, and, although I was very poor, I tried to be honest, and many times went hungry rather than do wrong. And you, if you never forget to say your little prayers, that I taught you; if you will keep God's holy commandments, and trust in His always, shall soon be with me in my sweet heavenly home."
Once more the child was left alone, and still the rafters were golden, the walls pearly, the old floor studded with brilliants, and the same soft, mysterious light over all.
A strain of holy music fell faintly upon his enraptured senses; it grew louder, and came nearer to the head of his little bed. And a voice—oh! far sweeter than either of the others—sang—
"My child, my little earth-child, look upon me—I am thy mother."
In a moment what emotions swelled the bosom of the lonely boy. He thought of her cherished tenderness to him long years ago, of her soft arms around his neck her gentle lips pressing his forehead; then came up the cruelty of strangers, who, after she had been put away into the deep ground, treated him with harshness and severity.
He turned towards her—oh! what a glorious being! Her eyes were like stars; her hair like the most precious gold; but there was that in her face that none other might so truly know—He had doubted if the first risen was his brother—if the second was his father—but not once did he doubt that this beautiful being was his own dear mother.
A little while he kept down his strong feeling, but the thought of the past and the present overpowered him.
"Oh! mother, mother, mother," he cried, stretching forth his hand, "let me come to you—let me come; there is nobody in this world like you; no one kisses me now no one loves me—Oh! mother, mother, let me come!" and the hot tears rained down his cheeks.
"My orphan child," she said, in low tones, that thrilled him to the heart, "you cannot come to me now, but listen to me. I am very often near you when you know it not. Every day I am by your side, and when you come to this lonely room to weep, my wings encircle you. I behold you suffer, but I know that God will not give you more sorrow than you can bear. When you resist evil, I whisper calm and tender thoughts unto your soul; but when you give way to anger—when you cherish a spirit of revenge—you drive your mother from you. Remember that

my little one—your sins drive your mother from you, and displease the great and holy God."
"Be good—be happy, even amidst all your trials, and if it is a consolation, you know that thy immortal mother often communes with thy soul. And farther, thou shalt soon be with me."
"Oh! mother, mother, mother," murmured the boy, springing from his bed, and striving to leap towards her. The keen air chilled him—he looked eagerly around: there was no light—a solemn stillness reigned. The radiance, the rafters of gold, the silvery beams, the music, the angels—all were gone. And then he knew that he had been dreaming; but oh, what a dream; how strengthening—how cheering; never, never would he forget it.
The next morning when he went down to his scant breakfast, there was such a beautiful serenity upon his face, sweet gladness in his eyes, that all who looked upon him forbore to taunt or chide him.
He told his dream; and the hard hearts that listened were softened; and the mother, who held her babe, was so choked with her tears that she could not eat; and the father said inwardly that henceforth he would be kinder to the poor—and so he was. The child found his way into her affections, he was so meek, so prayerful, so good; and at the end of a twelvemonth, when the angels did in very deed take him far above to heaven, the whole family wept around the little coffin, as if he were one of their own. But they all felt that he was in the bright heaven with his brother, and his father, and his dear mother.

From the American Messenger.

The Secret.

Roger Bacon was an English monk, who taught in the University of Oxford more than six hundred years ago. He was a man of great learning, skilled in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, but especially fond of chemistry. He used to spend many hours each day in the secret cells of the convent, engaged in various experiments. While thus employed he had found that sulphur, charcoal, and saltpetre, mingled together in a certain way, would make a new and strange compound; indeed, so strange and dangerous did this new mixture seem, that the monk himself was almost afraid of it, and therefore told no one of his discovery.
Among the pupils was a youth who was so fond of study and so prompt to obey his teachers, that he became a favorite with all, and Roger Bacon would often ask his help in the laboratory—a large room where the students were instructed in chemistry—but he never allowed him to enter his private cell. This youth's name was Hubert de Dreux.
Sometimes as Hubert sat reading or studying, or mixing medicines in this larger room, he was startled by sounds like distant thunder coming from his master's apartment; sometimes a bright light shone for a moment through the chinks of the door, and then an unpleasant odor would almost suffocate him. All these things excited his curiosity; but whenever he knocked or strove to enter, Roger Bacon would sternly bid him attend to his own affairs, and never again interrupt him. The door was always kept locked, and every time the boy ventured to ask the cause, he was silenced by his teacher's gruff words and severe looks.
Months glided away, and still he eagerly but vainly sought to learn the secret. At length an opportunity offered. Roger Bacon was widely known as a physician and surgeon. One cold November day he was called to attend on Walter de Losely, a rich man in the next town, who had been dangerously hurt. The monk gave all the necessary orders to Hubert, and bidding him be careful to put out the fires and lock the door when he was done, he started on his errand of mercy.
Hubert soon finished his task, and was just bounding up the oaken stairway, when an evil thought came into his mind. "Roger Bacon is gone; he will not be back for several hours; I can now find out what keeps him so much in that dark, damp cell." He looks anxiously around; no one is near, and with a light step and fast beating heart he reaches the forbidden room. The key is not there, and so there is no hope of entering; yet perhaps he may see something through the keyhole, and kneeling he presses his cheek against the heavy door. It opens at his touch, for Roger Bacon in his haste had locked without closing it, and thus the eager boy stands where he had for months longed to be. In vain he looks for anything new or strange, and with a sad face is turning away, when his eye falls on a huge book whose open page is still wet with the ink from his teachers' pen. It is written in Latin, but that is as plain to him as his own English, and in another moment he has read the secret so long hidden from him.
Now he must try it for himself, to see if the mixture is indeed so wonderful. "Ah!" he exclaims, "this yellow powder is the sulphur, this hard clear substance is saltpetre, and this black powder must be the other. Here is the very bottle my master has used; I will mix it in this, and see. The fire is not yet dead in the furnace; a few sparks will give heat enough, and then Hubert de Dreux is as wise as his wisest teacher."

All that afternoon Roger Bacon had been bending over the sick man's bed; he had done all he could to relieve his sufferings, and as night was coming on, he bade him good-bye and set out for home. The wind whistled over the bleak hills, and the monk wrapped his cloak closer around him and hurried his horse towards the convent's good shelter. As he reached the top of the last hill, Oxford lay before him with lights twinkling here and there, and its tall spires rising high. Suddenly a stream of flame rose from his convent high on the darkened sky, and in an instant a roar loud as the heaviest thunder burst

on the still night air, and distinctly amid this fearful sound was heard a sharp cry of distress. In a moment the whole convent was on fire. The trembling monk dashed down the hill side to the scene of woe. As he sprang from his horse, a man drew forth from the burning ruins the lifeless form of Hubert.
The terrified crowd believed that Roger Bacon had been practising witchcraft, and without listening to his defence, threw him into a gloomy dungeon. For many years he remained in prison, but at last he was released, and at the age of eighty lay down in death. He wrote his well kept secret in strange words in one of his books, and wise men studied long years before they could read it. He had discovered how to make gunpowder.

The terrible explosion in Oxford in 1282 does not seem strange to us, for we know the wonderful power of gunpowder; but to the people of England at that time it appeared to be the work of an evil spirit. Thus year by year the world advances in knowledge, and the children of 1854 are familiar with many things which were mysterious to learned men six hundred years ago—How grateful we should be to God for all our privileges, and how careful to improve them aright.

Spain.

The scandals of the Spanish Court have been the theme of gossip for months, and the young Queen has been charged with irregularities, such as have rendered Spanish Queens of former times infamous in history. Even the legitimacy of the late infante has been doubted, and her death, when a few days old, while it enlarged the sphere of gossip, excited no regret among the people—Indeed, the event was the occasion of displaying about Madrid placards in reference to the Queen, in which there was more truth than decency—Queen Isabella is indeed fast hurrying into all these excesses, the career of weak women placed in prominent positions, and infatuated with a favorite lover. Her improprieties have excited the people. Her ministers and most devoted servants have remonstrated with her subjects, she attempts to enforce submission and compel allegiance.

Accordingly, she has exiled Generals Concha and O'Donnell, formerly two of her most faithful Captains-General in Cuba, and several others to whom she is in a great measure indebted for the preservation of her crown. Their offense was their too high a sense of morality, and their opposition to the scandalous royal intrigue. No one can suppose that such a high-handed measure can succeed in erasing the rebellious feeling of the people. Isabella the Second is too weak in her own character, and her government is too destitute of physical as well as moral power, for a coup d'etat to be enduringly successful. Such affairs require the hand of a Napoleon, sustained by a great name and a great army. Without these the little woman cannot violate ordinary decencies, or insult and outrage statesmen of ability and long service. Such things were scarcely tolerated in the darkest days of Spanish history. They will never do in the nineteenth century, and we shall expect soon to hear of stormy times in Spain.

Anatomy of the Teeth.

A nerve, an artery, and a vein, enter the root of every tooth; "and through an opening just large enough to admit a human hair."
The dental pulp is the determination of the nerve in the crown of the tooth. In the molar tooth it is about the size of a small shot. Some anatomists call the whole of the nerve the dental pulp.
The ivory of the tooth (that part which lies under the enamel) is composed of an immense number of little pipes, or tubuli, which make that part of the tooth porous. This accounts for the rapid decay of a tooth when the enamel is gone. The acids of the saliva, heat and cold, penetrate these numerous cells and cause sudden destruction of the tooth. Filling the cavity, solid with some metal is the only cure.
The nerve from one tooth connects with the nerve to every tooth in either jaw. This is the reason why the pain is so often felt on the opposite side from where the cause exists. Pain is often felt in the upper jaw, when the cause exists in the lower.
The superior (upper) molar teeth have three roots. They sometimes (not frequently) have four and even five roots, while the inferior (lower) have but two.
The bicuspids usually have but one root, or two united, so as to have the appearance of but one. They sometimes, however, occur with two distinct roots.
The incisors and eye teeth never have more than one root.—Scientific American.

A freak of nature, rivaling the world-renowned Siamese twins, is announced in North Carolina. The Southern Weekly Post says that there are in the city of Raleigh, two little negro girls, about two years and three months old, of a brown color, well, good looking, and very sprightly.—Their names are Christian and Milly, but each applies the latter name to the other. The visitor will generally find them seated on a table, neatly dressed, exhibiting to the first view no traces of deformity, but on examination, the anatomist will find them united to each other in a most remarkable manner at the lower extremity of the spine, the vertebra of which is called, in anatomical language, the *os sacrum*, being blended so as to constitute apparently one bone. The personal identity of the two does not seem to be at all confounded by the union. There is no community of sensation, and they sleep, eat, laugh and cry as independently as any other individuals who are entirely unconnected; and what is more remarkable, the pulse of the one generally beats faster than that of the other.

Arrival of the Steamer Arabia.

HALIFAX, March 15.
The Royal mail steamer Arabia arrived here this afternoon at 2 o'clock, with Liverpool dates to Saturday, the 4th inst., being one week later than our previous advices.
The Arabia had her paddle floats much broken by the ice she encountered near the coast.
The steamship Pacific arrived at Liverpool on the morning of the 24.
The steamship Franklin arrived at Havre on the 28th of February.
The Washington sailed from Southampton for New York on the 1st, and the City of Glasgow left Liverpool on the same day for Philadelphia.

ENGLAND.
Throughout Great Britain the war was quite popular, and the additional estimate for the army and Navy were considered moderate.

THE TURKISH WAR.
No hostilities are reported either on the Danube or in Asia, on account of the severe weather and heavy snows. The weather had become milder.

France and England insist that Russia shall evacuate the Turkish territory before the 30th of April. All parties are still arming for the coming struggle.

The Greek insurrection is in a fair way of being suppressed.
The latest received by mail is contained in the Vienna correspondence of the London Times, which under date of the 2d instant, states that an Austrian Manifesto was about to be published, announcing that Austria will occupy Bosnia and Servia. A panic had been caused on the Vienna Bourse by this intelligence.

France, England, and Russia continue their armaments on an immense scale.

Sir Charles Napier is appointed to command the Baltic Allied fleet. Admiral Seymour, in command of 20 ships, had already assembled at Spithead.

The ice in the Baltic was breaking up, and the Russian fleet at Cronstadt, being liberated were preparing to sail.

A doubtful rumor prevails that the Czar has laid an embargo on British ships in Russian ports. The Russians are making ostentatious preparations to cross the Danube, and Omar Pacha is making preparation to check the advance.

The Turkish troops no longer occupy any place except Kalafat, north of the Danube.

There has been considerable fighting in small parties wherever they came in contact, but nothing has transpired of importance.

Another convoy of 16,000 troops was preparing to leave Constantinople for Batoum.

Several British ships of war have been ordered from Malta to Piræus, to look after the Greek insurgents. The insurrection has received a check by being defeated at Arta by the Turks.

The Turkish Government, in concert with England, France and Prussia, had addressed a remonstrance to the Greek court. The latter then apologized, and dismissed the Minister of Police.

FRANCE.
The Emperor Napoleon opened the Legislative Session on the 2nd inst. His speech commenced by referring to the deficient harvest; but he said 7,000,000 hectoliteres of wheat had been imported, and more was on the way to supply the deficiency. A famine had been averted, but a war was beginning, and France had gone as far as honor permitted to avoid a collision, but she must now draw the sword. He had no views of aggrandisement. The days of conquest are past, never to return.

Europe, reassured by the moderation of the Emperor Alexander, and his successor Nicholas, seemed to doubt the danger which threatened it from the colossal power, which by successive encroachments, embraced the North and Centre of Europe, and which possesses almost exclusively two internal seas, whence it is easy for its armies and fleets to launch forth against civilization.

But its recent unfounded demands in the East has awakened Europe. France has an equal interest with England in preventing Russian supremacy over Constantinople, for to be supreme in Constantinople, is to be supreme in the Mediterranean.

France, therefore, was going to Constantinople to defend the freedom of the seas, as well as to protect the rights of Christians, and France's just rights in the Mediterranean. She was going to defend her frontiers against the preponderance of her too powerful neighbor. She was going, in short, with all those who desire the triumph of right, of justice, and of civilization. Strong then, in the nobleness of our cause, in the firmness of our alliances, and the protection of God—I hope soon arrive at a peace which shall no longer depend on the power of any one man to disturb it."

The English press is unanimous in the praise of this speech.

Bumor assigns the command of the army of the East to Marshal St. Arnaud.

RUSSIA.
A St. Petersburg Journal gives the following as the substance of the Czar's answer to Napoleon:

"If his Imperial Majesty extends his hands to me as I extend mine, I am ready to forget the mortification I have experienced, harsh though it be. Then, but only then, can I discuss the subject treated of in his letter, and may perhaps arrive at an understanding. Let the French fleet prevent the Turks from transporting reinforcements to the theatre of war, and let them send me a plenipotentiary to negotiate, whom I will receive as befits his character. The conditions already made known to the Conference at Vienna, are the sole basis on which I will consent to treat."

Intelligence had reached Brussels that the Rus-

sian fleets were preparing to leave Cronstadt, probably for the purpose of gaining the sea before the arrival of the combined fleets.

Russia demands that Prussia shall close her ports nearest to Russia against English and French ships, Prussia is unwilling to grant this demand.

SWEDEN.
The negotiations between Russia and Sweden have not yet terminated, and fears are entertained at Stockholm that Russia, in order to give weight to their demands, will make a demonstration with its fleets against that capital.

The Russian Envoy had a private audience with the King of Sweden on the 21st of February.

SWEDEN AND DENMARK.
Russia makes the same demand on Sweden as she made on Prussia—that of closing her ports against the ships of England and France. Her reply was not known.

England and France have requested Denmark to allow the allied fleet to take their station at Reil. The reply was not known.

Both the governments of Denmark and Sweden had ordered their citizens in the Russian naval services to return home.

AUSTRIA.
VIENNA, Feb. 27.—The movements of troops towards the frontier continue. The Government has decided, in connexion with the Western Powers, to summon Russia to evacuate the Principalities, and, if necessary, to employ force to compel her to do so.

A treaty of commerce between France and Belgium has been signed.

SPAIN.
A formidable insurrection has occurred at Saragossa. The insurgents held the castle of Al-Jaffora and other strongholds for a considerable time, although the Captain General attacked them with three columns of infantry, and several cannon. The insurgents finally retreated, pursued by the cavalry.

Madrid, and the whole province is in a state of siege.
The insurrection at Saragossa exploded prematurely on the 5th inst. The details are very obscure.

General Concha is deeply implicated. The latest rumor states that the insurgents had been joined by the garrison stationed at Huesca, and had made another stand.

It is reported that Narvaez and Espartero are united, and are the real masters at the present crisis. A general insurrection is very probable.

HAIR.—A writer in a late number of the London Quarterly Review furnishes the following information on this subject: "London imports about five tons of human hair annually. Black hair comes mainly from Brittany and the South of France, where it is collected principally by one hair merchant, who travels from fair to fair, and buys up, and shears the crops of the neighborhood damsels. A traveller in Brittany describes the peasant girls as attended at the fairs with their beautiful tresses, perfectly willing to sell out. He saw several girls shorn, one after another, like sheep, and as many more standing ready for the shears, with their caps in their hands, and their long hair combed out and hanging to their waists. By the side of the dealer was placed a large basket, into which the successive crops of hair were thrown, each tied up in a whisp by itself. For a head of hair about twenty sous in money is given, or a gaudy handkerchief. The hair is the finest and most silky that can be produced. Light hair comes from Germany, where it is collected by a company of Dutch farmers, who go over to England for orders once a year. And, who knows from what source come these pendant tresses, gleaming in the sunlight, with which our blooming Eves, aptly entangling their snaky coil with their own, tempt our eligible Adams."

DON'T BELONG TO YOUR SOCIETY.—In a certain country town in which religious differences were notably fostered, the orthodox minister was once presented with a tame raven, which by its former owner, had been taught to "talk," or at any rate pronounced certain words with much distinctness. For some time after its reception, the worthy clergyman was ignorant of the extent of the bird's accomplishments, and especially so of the fact that some words pronounced by it decidedly were unbecomingly and profane. At length an old lady, a notorious disputant, belonging to another society, chanced to pay a visit to the clergyman's wife. The raven perching himself upon the back of a chair, eyed her steadily for a long time, and at length cocking his head aside very gravely, and peering close in her face, shouted aloud—to the horror of both ladies and others assembled—"D—n ye! D—n ye!"

The old lady rose in high dudgeon, and facing her denouncer, as she turned to depart—retorted in a loud voice, and with a very red face—"don't you d—n me! you good for nothing orthodox creeter, I don't belong to your society."—Clinton Courant.

BEAUTIFUL.—Here is a beautiful sentence from the pen of Colridge. Nothing can be more eloquent, nothing more true:
"Call not that man wretched who, whatever else he suffers as to pain inflicted or pleasure denied, has a child for whom he hopes, and on whom he dotes. Poverty may grind him to the dust, obscurity may cast its dark mantle over him, his voice may be unheeded by those among whom he dwells, and his fancy may be unknown to his neighbors—even pain may rack his joints, and sleep flee from his pillow, but he has a gem which he would not part with for wealth defying computation, for fame filling a world's eye, for the highest power for the sweetest sleep that ever fell on mortal's eye."