

# 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.

EBENSBURG, THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1854.

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## TERMS:

The DEMOCRAT & SENTINEL is published every Friday morning, in Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa., at \$1 50 per annum, if paid in advance, if not \$2 will be charged.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be conspicuously inserted at the following rates, viz:

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Every subsequent insertion	25
1 square 3 months	8 00
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" " 1 year	30 00
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Letters must be post paid to secure attention.

## Select Poetry.

### American Poetry.

The following beautiful little song, written by the late Dr. Coe, formerly of this city, at the time when the Cherokees were ordered to leave Georgia, was first published in the "United States Gazette"—January 12th, 1830. It is well worthy of re-publication.

### THE INDIAN SONG.

Lo! the poor Indian!—Pope.  
Land where brightest waters flow;  
Land where loveliest forests grow;  
Where the warrior drew the bow;  
Native land farewell.

He who made you stream and tree,  
Made the white, the red man free;  
Gave the Indian's home to be  
Wild the forest wilds.

Have the waters ceased to flow?  
Have the forests ceased to grow?  
Why does our brother bid us go  
From our native homes?

Here in infancy we play'd;  
Here our happy wigwams made;  
Here our father's graves are laid;  
Must we leave them all?

White men tell us God on high,  
Is pure and just in yonder sky;  
Will not then his searching eye  
See the Indian's wrong?

## Tales and Sketches.

### A THRILLING SKETCH.

#### THE MANIAC; Or, the Longest Night in a Life.

It was one of those old-fashioned winters in the days of the Georges, when the snow lay on the ground for weeks, when railways were unknown, and the electric telegraph had not been dreamed of save by the speculative Countess of London. The mails had been irregular for a month past, and the letter-bags which did reach the post-office had been brought thither with difficulty. The newspapers were devoid of all foreign intelligence, the metropolis knew nothing of the doings of the provinces, and the provinces knew little more of the affairs of the metropolis; but the columns of both were crowded with accidents from the inclemency of the weather, with heart-rending accounts of starvation and destitution, with wonderful escapes of adventurous travellers, and of still more adventurous mail-coaches and guards. Business was almost at a standstill, or was only carried on by fits and starts; families were made uneasy by the frequent long silence of their absent members, and the poor were suffering great misery from cold and famine.

The south road had been blocked up for nearly a month, when a partial thaw almost caused a public rejoicing; coaches began to run, letters to be dispatched and delivered, and weather-bound travellers to have some hope of reaching their destination.

Among the first ladies who undertook the journey from the west of Scotland to London at this time, was a certain Miss Stirling, who had, for weeks past, desired to reach the metropolis. Her friends assured her that it was a foolhardy attempt, and told her of travellers who had been twice, nay, three times, snowed up on their way to town; but their advice and warnings were of no avail; Miss Stirling's business was urgent, it concerned others more than herself, and she was not one to be deterred by personal discomfort or by physical difficulties from doing what she thought was right.

So, she kept to her purpose, and early in February took her seat in the mail for London, being the only passenger who was booked for the whole journey.

The thaw had continued for some days; the roads though heavy were open; and with the aid of extra horses here and there the first half of the journey was performed pretty easily, though tediously.

The second day was more trying than the first; the wind blew keenly, and penetrated every crevice of the coach; the partial thaw had but slightly affected the wild moorland they had to cross; thick heavy clouds were gathering round the red rayless sun; and when on reaching a little road-side inn the snow began to fall fast, with the guard and coachmen urged their solitary passenger to remain there for the night, instead of tempting the discomforts and perhaps the perils of the next stage. Miss Stirling hesitated for a moment, but the little inn looked by no means a pleasant place to be snowed up in, so she resisted their entreaties and, gathering her furs more closely round her, she nestled herself into a corner of the coach. Thus, for a time, she lost all consciousness of outward things in sleep.

A sudden lurch awoke her; and she soon learned that they had stuck fast in a snow-drift, and that no efforts of the tired horses could extricate the coach from its unpleasant predicament. The

guard, mounting one of the leaders, set off in search of assistance, while the coachman comforted Miss Stirling by telling her that as they could calculate they were only a mile or two from "the squirrels," and that if the guard could find his way to the squire's the squire was certain to come to their rescue with his sledge. It was not the first time that the squire had got the mail-bags out of a snow-wreath by that means.

The coachman's expectations were fulfilled.—Within an hour, the distant tinkling of the sledge bells was heard, and lights were seen glimmering afar; they rapidly advanced nearer and nearer; and soon a hearty voice was heard halting them. A party of men with lanterns and shovels came to their assistance; a strong arm lifted Miss Stirling from the coach, and supported her trembling steps to a sledge close at hand; and almost before she knew where she was, she found herself in a large hall brilliantly lighted by a blazing wood fire. Numbers of rosy glowing childish faces were gathered round her, numbers of bright eager eyes were gazing curiously upon her, kindly hands were busied in removing her wraps, and pleasant voices welcomed her and congratulated her on her escape.

"Ay, ay, Mary," said her host, addressing his wife. "I told you that the sleigh would have plenty of work this winter, and you see I was right."

"As you always are, uncle," a merry voice exclaimed. "We all say at Hawtree that Uncle Atherton never can be wrong."

"Atherton! Hawtree!" repeated Miss Stirling in some amazement, and uttered in that familiar voice! "Ellen, Ellen Middleton, is it possible that you are here?"

A joyful exclamation and a rush into her arms were the young girl's ready reply to this question as she cried, "Uncle Atherton, Aunt Mary, don't you know your old friend Miss Stirling?" Mrs. Atherton fixed her soft blue eyes on the stranger, in whom she could at first scarcely recognize the bright-haired girl whom she had not seen for eighteen or twenty years; but by and by, she satisfied herself that, though changed, she was Ellen Stirling still, with the same sunny smile and the same laughing eyes that had made every one love her in their school days.—Heartfelt indeed were the greetings which followed, and cordial the welcome. Mrs. Atherton gave her old friend as she congratulated herself on having dear Ellen under her own roof; more especially as she owed this good fortune to Mr. Atherton's exertions in rescuing her.

"It is the merest chance, too, that he is at home at present," she said; "he ought to have been in Scotland, but the state of the roads in this bleak country has kept him prisoner here for weeks."

"And others as well," Ellen Middleton added; "but both children and grown people are only too thankful to have so good an excuse for staying longer at Belfield." And then, laughing, she asked Aunt Mary how she meant to dispose of Miss Stirling for the house was as full already as it could hold.

"Oh," said her aunt, "we shall manage very well. Belfield is very elastic."

She smiled as she spoke; but it struck Miss Stirling that the question was, nevertheless, a puzzling one, so she took the first opportunity of entreating her to take no trouble on her account; a chair by the fire was really all the accommodation she cared for, as she wished to be in readiness to pursue her journey as soon as the coach could proceed.

"We shall be able to do better for you than that, Ellen," Mrs. Atherton answered cheerfully. "I cannot, it is true, promise you a 'state-room,' for every bed in the house is full, and I know you will not allow any one to be moved for your convenience; but I have one chamber still at your service which, except in one respect, is comfortable enough."

"Haunted, of course?" said Miss Stirling gaily.

"Oh, no, no, it is not that! I had it fitted up for my brother William when he used to be here more frequently than of late, and it is often occupied by gentlemen when the house is full; but as it is detached from the house, I have, of course, never asked any lady to sleep there till now."

"Oh! if that be all, I am quite willing to become its first lady tenant," said Miss Stirling heartily. So the matter was settled, and orders were given to prepare the Pavilion for the unexpected guest.

The evening passed pleasantly; music, dancing, and ghost stories made the hours fly fast. It was long past ten—the usual hour of retiring at Belfield—when Miss Stirling, under her hostess's guidance, took possession of her outdoor chamber. It really was a pleasant, cheerful, little apartment. The crimson hangings of the bed and window looked warm and comfortable in the flashing fire-light; and when the candles on the mantelpiece were lighted, and the two easy chairs drawn close to the hearth, the long-parted friends found it impossible to resist the temptation of sitting down to have what in old days they used to call a "two handed chat." There was much to tell of what had befallen both, of chequered scenes of joy and sorrow, deeply interesting to those two whose youth had been passed together; there were mutual recollections of school-days to be talked over; mutual friends and future plans to be discussed; and midnight rung out from the stable-clock before Mrs. Atherton said good-night. She had already crossed the threshold to go, when she turned back to say, "I forgot to tell you, Ellen, that the inside bar of this door is not very secure, and that the key only turns outside. Are you inclined to trust to the bar alone, or will you, as William used to do, have the door locked outside, and let the servant bring the key in the morning? William used to say that he found it rather an advantage

to do so, the unlocking of the door was sure to awake him."

Miss Stirling laughingly allowed, that though generally, she could not quite think it an advantage to be locked into her room, still she had no objection to it on this particular occasion, as she wished to rise in reasonable time.

"Very well; then, you had better not fasten the bar at all, and I will send my maid with the key, at eight precisely. Good night."

"Good night."

### From the London Shipping Gazette.

#### The Effect of the War upon the Price of Breadstuffs.

The approaching war cannot fail to affect our supply of grain; but we would guard against the attempt that will in all probability be made, by interested parties, to raise the price beyond what the occasion warrants. England will probably lose a great part of the supplies which she has hitherto drawn from Russia direct, and from the corn countries of the Mediterranean and Black Sea, which are or which may come under the influence of the Northern usurper; but we are much mistaken if it is an event to "fright the life from its propriety," and it would be a source of regret if it should be turned to such an unrighteous purpose: America, as well the British provinces as the United States, will still be the providore of England, as it has been for some years past; and the supplies which we shall draw from thence, as auxiliaries to our own produce, and that which we shall receive from other sources beyond the reach or influence of Russia, must prevent anything like scarcity or inordinate prices.

A return which has been laid before Parliament, within the last few days, is somewhat consolatory on this head. The quantity of grain, meal, and flour which we received from the United States in 1852, were equal to 1,400,558 quarters, converting meal and flour into the equivalent in quarters of grain; from Egypt 775,745 qrs.; Denmark 770,196 qrs., and Prussia 554,742 qrs. From Russian northern ports, England received in the same year 343,948 qrs., and 957,877 qrs from the Black Sea ports. From Wallachia and Moldavia, we also received 718,877 quarters, a source of supply which we suppose will be no longer available at present. On the whole, then, we may calculate on losing about two and a quarter millions of quarters of grain by the approaching hostilities. We have, however, every reason to believe that cultivation has greatly increased in the United States since 1852, consequent on the number of immigrants arrived there from the British Islands, from Germany and other parts of Europe; indeed, the official account of the sale of land which has taken place in the United States, and brought under cultivation since 1852, would fully warrant us in believing that instead of one and a half millions of quarters of grain, which was the supply from thence in 1852, it will, in the present year, reach about double that quantity. But, besides the United States, we know, on authority which we have no reason to doubt, that our own North American Colonies are progressing in the raising of corn of all kinds, more especially wheat, in a most astonishing manner, and it is not going too far to say that we may expect from this source, a supply which will be double the quantity ever exported to England.

Turning to our agricultural prospects, as the surest source of dependence, there is every reason to expect that the supply will be much in excess of what it was last harvest. Last season was one of the worst we have had in England for many years; the quantity of rain which fell in the beginning of the year, prevented much of the land being ploughed and prepared for sowing seed, and what was sowed was materially injured by the wetness of the season. Indeed, the general calculation is, that the crop was about one-fourth deficient in yield compared to the ordinary average; while we have reason to believe that both in England and Ireland, the prospect of war will induce much more land to be put under crop this year than heretofore. In Ireland especially, we know that last year tillage was much neglected, as it was considered that rearing and feeding cattle for the English market would pay better. It will now be of the greatest importance to attend to our own corn crops in these countries, and we are confident that, if it be done, any deficiency in the Russian supplies of grain will be amply compensated by our own produce, and the quantity we are likely to receive from other foreign countries. The present season has hitherto been most propitious for preparing for spring crops; and from all parts of the country we learn that the winter frosts, and the dry and favorable weather during the early spring, have been attended with the greatest benefit to the land. Indeed from all appearances at present, we may anticipate an abundant harvest, should the summer and autumn prove favorable.

The war with which England is now threatened will not have entered upon gratuitously; it has been forced upon a reluctant country and a reluctant people—but a people who however adverse to war, are found ready to meet it, in defence of the national honor and the national welfare. Such are the feelings of the people of England under the present prospect; and the consciousness that the calamity of war is not of their own seeking, will prove a powerful stimulus to induce them to bear with patience and resignation the burdens it will necessarily impose on them. Anticipating that the Government will have occasion to add to the taxation of the country, to support the expenses of the war, it is a satisfaction to know that there is every prospect that the necessities of life—and, above all, the poor man's bread—need not be at a higher standard than they are at present, if indeed so high, when the harvest of the present year is better ascertained. We would disabuse the public mind

of the impression that a war with Russia will necessarily produce a scarcity of bread corn in England; we think that we have shown that such a result by no means follows, and that any attempt to raise prices, under this plea, will merely be the act of speculators and jobbers. Fortunately England is perfectly independent in all its resources; and it is a proud and satisfactory position for a country to be placed in, that, while it does everything in its power to eschew war, it is always prepared to meet it without apprehension for the consequences.

### A Few Hints to a Father.

Perhaps you have a son, a darling son. He has faculties for good and for evil, and they must act. Each capable of such intense action that both cannot act on a level, one must be, in some measure subservient. Your son is now young; he has no habits, no principles, no character. These must be formed, and you have been appointed by Providence to superintend and assist in this formation. This you must do, whether you will or not. The nature of the relation existing between you and your son renders your non-participation in the formation of his character impossible.

Toward what course of life would you direct his innocent footsteps? What would you have him become? A man in form only; independent of good, with feeble, wavering energy; his self-respect a mere low, disgusting pride? You can easily train him for this, as a thousand have said are being trained, unless his mind is very far above the commonality. Treat him as a machine, impress it upon him that he is a mere tool, and he will soon become such. Make him keenly feel his inferiority, check all his aspirations, and like a sapling bent to the ground, he will soon learn to grow downward. But if you wish him to become a strong-minded, truth-loving, whole-souled man, treat him as a man is to be—as an equal. Draw out his better nature; strengthen all aspirations for that which is high and good. Teach him to curb his strong passions, and to attain that self-control which enables man to influence his fellow-man. Let him feel that he has the germ of a man within him, which needs only a right cultivation to make it servicable to him and mankind.

Teach your son at all times to bring his actions and motives to the standard of right and right only. Be sure that he feels confidence in you as a sympathizing friend in all cases. Never elevate yourself or depress him so that he can only approach you with an effort. He has his world of joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, which all though small to you, are all to him. Encourage him to question before him some desirable objects which he may procure by self-denial and extra exertion. Man needs something for which to labor; why not he? Let him find by experiment that there is something for him to gain by right, or lose by wrong, and an inducement to virtuous actions will be given him. Teach him to think correctly for himself, judge for himself, while young and under your care, and he will feel his own responsibility, and will not be so easily enticed and deceived when thrown upon his resources. But above all, early teach him to look upon God as his Father, and heaven as his home, and the chief object of his life here to do good. Early teach him by precept and example to love the Lord and keep his commandments, and it shall be well with thee and thy house in future generations.

### Facts for Mechanics.

St. Paul was a mechanic; a tent maker. Our Saviour was a mechanic; a carpenter. The great Architect of the universe, in the mechanism of the heavens and the earth, with its productions, animate or inanimate, displays a power and skill which human hands and human wisdom may attempt to imitate, but which they can never equal to approach.

Next to farmers, mechanics are the most numerous and the most important class of the community. Whatever promotes their interests, of course promotes the interests of the public. They like farmers, have great facilities and great inducements to become men of science and sound knowledge. Every mechanic, in every operation, brings into use some principle of science; which principle it is, of course, his interest and his convenience to understand.

Every apprentice boy, no matter how assiduous or how rigorous his employment, if he spends a few moments daily in useful reading and other modes of improvement, is certain to be a man of future influence and respectability. That apprentice who seeks most assiduously the interests of his employer, promotes most effectually his own interests; as character is the best capital a young man can have for the commencement in business.

Mechanics, like farmers, make safe and enlightened statesmen. They are well educated in schools of experience. Who can be better qualified to make laws for aiding these operations of business than those engaged in these operations?

In 1826, a few farmers in a small village in Massachusetts, organized a society entitled the "Milbury Branch of the American Lyceum," its object, the mutual improvement of its members and the "diffusion of knowledge over the globe." From that humble but dignified origin has arisen the general institution of Lyceums, now in almost every section of the country, and many Islands of the Atlantic and Pacific.

It is evident that if farmers and mechanics throughout the country should enlist in earnest in the great work of self-education, they might reform and perpetuate our republican institutions and hand down pure Christian republicanism to posterity. Without that step, it is equally evident that though the American Republic may retain its name republicanism, especially in America, it will soon be known only among the things that were.

### From the Memphis Daily Whig of March 15. Particulars of the Burning of the Steamer Caroline.

STATEMENT OF THE CLERK.  
We left Memphis on Saturday evening at 8 o'clock P. M., with about 125 passengers in all—about half in the cabin.

Nothing worthy of note occurred until about 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon, when 21 miles from the mouth of White River, the attention of the steward was called to the unusual commotion among the horses and I followed him down to see what was the matter.

When we reached the foot of the stairway, we discovered that the boat was on fire, and the boilers were enveloped in flames. The horses tails were burning.

Below I give you a statement prepared on board the St. Nicolas. Yours, &c.,

WM. E. ELLIOT, CLERK.

INCIDENTS OF THE DISASTER FROM AN EYE WITNESS.

ON BOARD STEAMER ST. NICOLAS, Wednesday, March 8.

Messrs. Editors: After near three days' mature reflection and a revisit to the spot where the ill-fated Caroline was burnt, I sit down to the disagreeable task of giving you a faint outline of a scene that beggars all description and sickens the heart to reflect upon. On Sunday evening last, after a pleasant run of twenty-one hours from our city, about 4 o'clock P. M. the attention of the passengers were attracted to the stamping and kicking of the horses on deck opposite the boilers, when a rush was made by two or three of us to see the cause, when lo! the boat was discovered to be on fire, the boilers being enveloped in flames.

The crew immediately proceeded to work the pumps, but were driven back instantly by the flames, when all hopes were gone of saving her, and then came the tragedy of the affair.

A general rush by men, women and children was now made to the fore-cabin, by the cabin passengers, to avoid the destruction that awaited them from the devouring element which was gaining ground with the rapidity of lightning—which at the same time drove the deck passengers and crew aft.

Soon the yawl was lowered by the deck hands and sooner was it filled by dozens of frightened beings, scorched and devoid of reason by fright. While this awful scene was going on aft, every cabin passenger, save one or two, had gained the fore-cabin, ready to take the fearful leap, preferring a watery grave to being burnt to death.—About this time poor Price and Creighton were seen on the hurricane-roof. Price woke up Captain Taylor and ran back to his wheel—asking Capt. T. what to do. He told him to run her ashore, which he attempted, but found that the tiller ropes were burned. About this time Capt. Creighton threw the ladder from the roof, and deliberately went down stern on the stays, and having gained the lower guards he deliberately rid himself of his coat and boots, and after waiting awhile, swung himself into the water, still hanging to the guards, and was seen by a member of the Order of Odd Fellows to give the signal of distress, which the brother answered by telling him to let go and swim—he having no earthly means of saving him having only a minute before swam to the shore exhausted, and at that time was assisting Capt. Taylor to the shore, who was almost exhausted.

This was the last that was seen of poor Creighton, he having sunk a moment afterwards. Poor Price was seen at the wheel a moment before the pilot house was encompassed by flames, and although it is painful to think it, yet we can but conclude that he sank down through the cabin, having the hissing sheets of fire for his shroud. Still it is consoling to think that, though he lost his own life, he saved one hundred others by steering the boat ashore, and also, that he died at his post, still holding on to the wheel.

We shall never see his like again. At this time could be seen dozens of human beings floundering in the water having jumped from the lower deck to avoid being consumed by fire, all of whom are now lying on the bottom of the limpid White. Not so with those on the fore-cabin. So soon as the bow struck the bank fifty persons leaped on shore and left destruction behind them; and after reaching dry land scampered in every direction to escape the effects of anticipated explosion of boilers, powder, &c.

Awful were the cries from the wrecked behind and alas we could render no assistance for we had no means in reach. And thus ends a tragedy which I hope never to see the like again.

Mr. Elliot clerk of the Caroline, told us of many thrilling incidents which he witnessed during the burning of the boat. One a father, who attempted to save his two children by swimming with them both in his arms. He succeeded in reaching near the shore when his strength so failed him that he was compelled to release them in order to save himself by swimming to a willow tree, where he rested and from which he saw them sink the second time. He leaped in and brought them to the top of the water, and reaching the tree, but alas! they were dead. Placing the corpse in the fork he climbed above them, and there sat with dripping clothes, weeping over his dead children, until the Naomi came along and sent out her yawl to his relief.

There is a girl in Benton county, so killing pretty that she has to wear around her waist a spike belt similar to those that farmers put on colts' heads to break them from sucking. This is the only means of keeping the young bucks from hugging her to death and even with this shield it is said there is not a young goat in the neighborhood that does not bear spike prints on his ears.

FIRST MARRIAGE OF GEORGE IV.—The Prince's passion for Mrs. Fitzherbert, according to Lord Holland's Memoirs, was very strong before they were united. We are told that he frequently came to converse with Mr. and Mrs. Fox on the subject; that he cried by the hour; that he testified the sincerity and violence of his passion and his despair by the most extravagant expressions and actions—rolling on the floor, striking his forehead, tearing his hair, falling into hysterics, and swearing that he would abandon the country, forego the crown, sell his jewels and plate, and scrape together a competence to fly with the object of his affections to America.

Mr. Fox, in December, 1785, wrote to the Prince to dissuade him from his union, pointing out the consequences which must ensue from such a step. The Prince replied in a letter, beginning "My dear Charles," and assured Mr. Fox that he might make himself easy on that matter, and that "that the world will now soon be convinced that there not only is, but never was, any grounds for these reports, which of late have been so malevolently circulated."

With respect to the performance of the ceremony, we are told that it was the Prince's own earnest and repeated solicitations, not at Mrs. Fitzherbert's request, which any ceremony was resorted to. She knew it to be invalid in law, she thought it nonsense and told the Prince so. It was performed by an English clergyman. A certificate was signed by him, and attested by two witnesses, both Roman Catholic gentlemen, and one a near relation of Mrs. Fitzherbert, Mr. Harrington.

### Anecdote of Finn.

Finn was once a witness for the prosecution in a case before the Common Pleas in Boston, and his testimony was so direct and conclusive that the counsel for the defence thought it necessary to discredit him. The following dialogue ensued.

"Mr. Finn, you live in — street, do you not?"  
"Yes, I do."  
"You have lived there a great while?"  
"Several years."  
"Does not a female live there under your protection?"  
"There does!"  
"Does she bear your name?"  
"She is certainly known in the neighborhood by the name of Mrs. Finn."  
"Is she your wife?"  
"No; we were never legally married."  
"That will do, sir; I have no more to ask."  
"But I have something more to answer, sir," replied Mr. Finn, with spirit. "The Mrs. Finn of whom you have been pleased to speak with so much levity, is my MOTHER; and I have known not one man base enough to say ought or breathe against her. You, sir, can guess who he is.—True, she is under my protection. She protected me through infancy and childhood, and it is but a small part of the debt that I owe to do as much for her in old age."  
The baffled counsellor had no more to say.

### Franklin's Toast.

Long after Washington's victory over the French and English had made his name familiar to all Europe, Dr. Franklin had chanced to dine with the English and French Ambassadors, when the following toasts were drank:

By the English Ambassador—  
"ENGLAND—The Sun whose bright beams enlighten and fructify the remotest corners of the earth."

The French Ambassador, glowing with national pride, but too polite to dispute the previous toast, drank—

"FRANCE—The Moon whose mild, steady and cheering rays are the delight of all nations, consoling them in their darkness, and making their dreariness beautiful."

Dr. Franklin then arose, and with his usual simplicity said—

"GEORGE WASHINGTON—The Joshua who commanded the Sun and Moon to stand still and they obeyed him."

AARON BURN'S WIFE.—The Paris *Patrie* of a late date has the following:

"At the last Tuilleries ball, the brilliant toilette of a stranger, with an incredible number of diamonds, attracted the attention of all present. In a moment the attention was changed to the most intense curiosity, when Louis Napoleon was observed to accost the lady and remain some moments in conversation. The enigma was soon solved. The lady was the widow of Mr. Aaron Burr, formerly Vice President of the United States, with whom Louis Napoleon was on terms of intimacy while in that country, and at the end of fifteen years he had recognised the widow of his old American friend." This probably alludes to Madame Jumel, the wealthy second wife of Col. Burr, who obtained a divorce from him a few years previous to his decease. She owns a large landed estate on the island of Malta.—*Cincinnati Inquirer*.

A WARNING TO JEALOUS HUSBANDS.—A young man in Providence, Rhode Island, who had a very handsome wife, recently became dissatisfied with the attention of others towards her, without a cause, of course, and started off and travelled some two or three hundred miles, and visited several hospitals, for the purpose of catching the small pox, so that he might give it to his wife, thinking if she should become pretty well pitted upon her face it would have a tendency to keep away her admirers. But the fun of the joke was that he took the disease himself, went home, and died, and the young widow, who did not take it at all, has since married a handsome man who is not so jealous.