

EBENSBURG, DECEMBER 7, 1854.

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Doesticks on Street Preaching.

Saw a big crowd in the Park-inquired about it, and was told the usual street screech-

ing was going on-wanted to see the fun-got a good place on a fat Irishman's toes.-Enter Gabriel-tin horn-hole in his panta-

loons-(Bull Dogge says that if angels have

TERMS:

NEW SERIES.

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RAT & SENTINEL, per year,



At an unfrequented watering-place on the south coast of England, dwelt Mr Bertrand south coast of England, dwelt Mr Bertrand Fitzsimon, a poor relation of an aris touratie family. But though poor, he was proud. The family was one of the oldest in England. Of course he held aloof from the gentry of the watering-place, except the few who were un-questionably rich.

Mr. Edgar, a young man, of five-and-twenty, of whom nothing literally was known, was a welcome visitor at the Rosery. He owed this to having been the fortunate means of saving the life of Bertha, Mr. Fitzsimon's daughter, the life of Bertha, Mr. Fitzsimon's daughter, who would, most probably, have been drown-ed but for his exertions. What more was ne-cessary to procure him an introduction to the family? No questions were asked about his pedigree. They saw he was a gentleman in manner; they knew that he had saved their denotes a sector grave and peither daughter from a watery grave, and neither Mr. nor Mrs. Fitzsimon objected to his visits. He became as one of the family—and Mr Fitzsimon soon discovered that he had money at command, and was not loth to lend it .-Fitzsimon on his part, was not loth to borrow -a characteristic which human nature will sometimes retain in spite of the longest pedi-

There was something peculiar about Mr. Edgar, however, which the Fitzsimon's ere long perceived. In spite of his cheerful air, his extensive, acquaintance with books, and with the wider page of life, and the openness of his manner, there was a scrutiny in his look. a guardedness of expression, a power to repel inquiry when anything that had the appearance of even leading to it was attempted, that was not satisfactory. But the strangest thing of all to the minds of both Mr. and Mrs. Fitzsimon, was the insensibility he displayed to Bertha's charms. This question had been much debated. Mr Fitzsimon's hope of succeeding to the family estate was remote. The possessor was a man of his own age, and between them were three younger lives with a claim prior to our friend's. It was evident to him that Mr. Edgar was at all events rich .---He had borrowed three hundred pounds from him, and the last hundred was lent as willingly as the first. Mr. Fitzsimon saw that this would not be a bad match for his daughter ; Mrs Fitzsimon coincided in his opinion ; but Mr. Edgar showed no sign of falling in love. It is true he accompanied her in many a walk over the sands; that he had overcome her fear of boating. But according to Mrs. Fitzsimon there was no love in the business ; and the husband chagrined that he should have entertained the thought of a condescension which was not likely to be appreciated, coiled him-self up in a more rigid exclusiveness than

here; and least of all, Mr. Edgar, shall I ever forget you !" she said, extending her hand to him. He took it, but with an abstracted air, as if his mind was busy in another direc-who had saved the child and lent the money,

to Mrs. Fitzsimon." Bertha blushed; but no; he was not going

to say what she expected.

to say what she expected. "You have guessed there is a mystery about me," he continued—"you have suspec-ted it—and you are right. I am a man who, from my boyhood, have loved truth, and soughtafter honesty. Where they were want-ing, either in man or woman, I could see no virtue to compensate their absence; I have lived to be deceived by one who was destitute of both. But what have you to do with this ?"

"No, no! pray go on," exclaimed Bertha, so interested in what had already fallen from Edgar, and her face so full of expression, that he thought she had never looked half so lovely before

which books, the study of nature, and the wi-dest phases of man's life supply. It was not long however, e.e I found that my heart was still alive enough t'o appreciate a more kindred

love." Edgar paused, and turned his look steadily on Bertha. Her large, expressive eyes, were veiled in an instant by their scarce less lovely lids. A beautiful blush sp. ead over her face, glowed for a moment, and in mediately passed

"Bertha," cried Edgar, drawing closer to her and taking her hand in his, "have you never suspected that I looked with no common admiration on your charms, or that I regarded with a deeper respect the more engaging qualities of your nature? Have you not rus-pected I have more than ordinary regard for you ?"

had suspected it.

"Miss Fitzsimon," said Edgar after a pause, "we have spent so much time togeth-er, and interchanged so much thoght, may I add feeling, that I am confident enough to say to you what I have not said to your father or to Mrs. Fitzsimon." With these more see you to Mrs. Fitzsimon."

she changed too? Again he had set his land upon a woman, and was he deceived? Would she not probably steal to see him again? He paused, listened—no sound. Why did he ex-pect it? He had marked her besitation. He saw the blush of confusion with which she virtue to compensate their absence; I have lived to be deceived by one who was destitute of both. But what have you to do with this?" he added, after a short pause; "we will speak of something else." "No, no! pray go on," exclaimed Bertha, "No, no! pray go on," exclaimed Bertha, himself in the street.

And had Bertha forgotten him ; Not quite. Her confusion at meeting him, was in truth, only natural. She saw the insult her father intended, and almost sank with shame at the

BERTHA."

Edgar walked moodily along. He thought of what unadorned merit has to suffer in this world; and as his thoughts grew warmer, and his indignation rose higher, he walked the faster. Bertha's maid would much rather have been Bertha's mistress. A steam engine could not get her to walk out of what she con-sidered a becoming pace nor could all the world have induced her to run. Perhaps she might have made a little more haste had Edou?" "Yes," replied Bertha, for she certainly as Bertha had ordered her on no account to

"Sir !" exclaimed Fitzsimon, insulted that jouterie; and ere Bertha was presentable, ten minutes had passed away. In the meantime Lord Temple had opened the letter, read it, and attributed its profes-

and man, who has hergotten manually upon position. There," continued he, writing up-on a card, "is my agent's address, sir Take your claim to him, and let me never see you in this house again." With these words he issued from the room as magnificently as he had entered it. All this was nothing to Edgar. He had gauged the man before. But Bertha! Was she changed too? Again he had set his faith upon a woman, and was he deceived? Would she not probably steal to see him again? He paused, listened—no sound. Why did he ex-pect it? He had marked her besitetion. He asw the blush of confusion with which she

and just as our heroine entered the drawing-room his lordship wandered in the garden. What did all this mean? Bertha rang for her maid. The maid was equally puzzled.— Passing rapidly from one thought to another, Bertha's mind at last turned to the letter.—

"You are certain you gave it to him yester-day," she said. "If you failed you have ruined me !"

"Oh, certain, miss," responded the maid, with a most determined resolution to stick to

But just then Bertha's eye fell on some scraps of paper, which were strewed upon the ground. The suspicion flashed across her mind that these were the fragments of her let-ter, and that it had not been delivered yesterday. Her own handwriting soon convinced her of the former fact. Turning to her maid with a firm look that alarmed her the more from the deathlike paleness of her face. she said, "You did not deliver it yesterday?"

"No!" responded the maid, after a pause, and trembling in every limb, whilst Bertha slowly reascended to her chamber, but shortly afterwards descended to the garden.

It was not without pain that Edgar came to the conclusion that Bertha was calculating and selfish, like the rest of the world. The one hope which had bound him to society was broken, and he felt inclined to abjure that faith in high things which had so ennobled his character. Rain was beginning to fall, and he entered one of the arbors in the garcome back without having delivered the let- There was no one near him, and he exclaimthat she had ed. " Nature, thou alone art true ; true in It is

beauty, true in fidelity to your destiny. summer, and you wear the livery of joybright, shining, smiling ; filling the eye with beauty, the heart with gladness. Winter comes, and again you are like the time-true to it-ever faithful to the marriage vow which has bound you to the revolving year Man alone is false; woman, beautiful and false!" As he looked out upon the scene his mind was so deeply absorbed with these thoughts, that he did not hear the footsteps that approached. They paused, came on again a little, paused again. He heard them not .-Again they came on, and some one entered and sat down The rain was increasing, but Lord Temple wished to be alone. He rose and stepped forth. Good Heavens! what voice was that? Who was it pronounced his name, in a tone so low and so sweet, that it seemed to touch his very heart? He turned The lady had risen and was standing before him, she raised her veil a little and he beheld Bertha, her face pale, and her lips quivering with emotion. In wonder he rushed back to her.

so cruel, so relentless." He again folded his arm round her; but again she removed it. "By the happy hours we have spent together,

"They are passed," replied Bertha, lifing up her large and beautiful eyes to withdraw them from his gaze.

"But not the memory, nor the love—in me at least—which they 'engendered. Are they wholly dead in you, Bertha?" He look-ed at her; a tear started from her eye, stood on her cheek a moment, and then rolled off upon his hand. "Look back—look back!" he exclaimed, "to the last hour we spent to-rather. Can that he forgetten—that premius."

sounds. Three months after this, Lord Ed-gar Temple and Bertha sat again in that ar-claimed to have discovered some kind of a

A member of his choir who had learned to play the bass-viol, anxious to exhibit his skill, early one Sunday morning most unadvisedly introduced his big fiddle, into the singing walked into the affections of the Catholics, play the bass-viol, anxious to exhibit his skill, early one Sunday morning most unadvisedly introduced his big fiddle, into the singing gallery. After the first prayer was ended, and the doctor began to handle his "Watts," the base violer lifted up his profanation, and trying his strings, instantly attracted the doctor's attention. He reused haid down doctor's attention. He paused, laid down abominations, the scarlet woman; and, in fact, his hymn-book, took his sermon from the seemed to be having the field entirely to cushion, and proceeded with his discourse, as if singing was no part of public worship, and finally dismissed the congregation without note or comment. The whole choir was indignant? They stayed after meeting, and all the girls and young men resolved not to go the "Gim of the Ocean." into the "singing seats" at all in the afternoon, and the elders who did go there, bore the visages of mea whose minds were made up. Services began as usual in the afternoon. The doctor took his book in his hand. looked over his spectacles at the gallery, and saw only a few there; but nothing daunted, read a psalm and sat down. No sound followed, no one stirred ; and the leader looked up in utter unconsciousness. After a long and most uneasy silence, the good man, his face somewhat over-flushed, his manner rather stern, read the psalm again, paused, then re-read the first verse and pushing up his pectacles, looked interrogatively at the gallery. The leader could bear it no longer, and half rising said decidedly: "There won't be any singing here this afternoon." "Then there won't be any preaching !" said the doctor, quick as thought; and taking his cocked hat from its peg, he marched down the pulpit stairs, through the broad aisle, and out of the house, leaving his congregation utterly astounded. We need not inform our readers that the big fiddle was not used in the

at gether. Can that be forgotten—that promise never to forget me? Go back still further I saved your life, Bertha." He paused, and once more had encircled her with his arm, which her hand was about to remove, when he caught it in his, and pressed it with a lov-er's fervor. "Bertha—dear Bertha, I love yon! Be-fore heaven, I lové nothing in the world but you. Be generous—be honest! Have you ccased to respect me?" "No," she replied. "Nor to love me, Bertha ?" with a lov-etticoate (Dreaded a clear field. A female, "Nor to love me, Bertha ?" with a lov-etticoate (Dreaded a clear field. A female, "Nor to love me, Bertha ?" with a lov-etticoate (Dreaded a clear field. A female, "Nor to love me, Bertha ?" with a lov-etticoate (Dreaded a clear field. A female, "Nor to love me, Bertha ?" with a lov-"No," she replied. "No," she replied. "Nor to love me, Bertha ?" said Lord Tem-ble. His arm was tightened round her waist; His arm was tightened round her waist; her hand rested contentedly in his; nay, he thought once that slightly—very slightly— it even returned his pressure. Again she allowed herself to be reseated, and gradually her cheek came nearer to his. "Nor to love me?" once more asked our hero. There are looks that say more than words; nurmurs, more expressive than articulate did not agree with him. Did not seem wil-Claimed to have discovered some kind of a bor-man and wife. M. V. P. Anecdote of Doctor Emmons. The doctor, it is said, was no great lover of sweet sounds, and religiously excluded from his meeting house all instrumental music, ex-cept a little mahogany-colored wooden pitch-pipe of the size of an "eighteen-mo" book. A member of his choir who had learned to have discovered some kind of a northwest passage—some exclusive path "cross lots;" and she advocated her right of way with all her woman's power of tongue— in fact, they agreed only tolerably—"Arcades ambo"—both Celestials, but of a different breed—(B D says that sometime since they joined issue on the devil's head, one asserting that he has horns, and the other maintaining that his brunstone friend was a muley—but they both nitched into the Pore-showed all

The most unlikely things will sometimes happen in this world. One morning, news came that the Fitzsimon in possession had broken his neck in a steeple chase. Within a month from this time, one by one, the three intervening lives departed this earthly scene. and Fitzsimon found himself owner of two es-possession, and Mrs and Miss Fitzsimon were charged to prepare for a speedy departure to the metropolis. A week passed. Fitzsimon returned to the Rosery to conduct his wife and daughter to town. The day came, and Edgar called to bid them good-bye He found Bertha quite alone.

"You will be glad to go to London," said he, after the usual greeting had been exchanged; "you have not spent a season there yet!" "No," answered Bertha, laconically. "You have much to see then," said Edgar.

"a new" life and a very different one from that which you have hitherto led in this retire-ment. You will find much to amuse you ; much to delight the eye, the senses; much to admire in the brilliancy of fashion, the works of art, the displays of genius, the the-atres, the opera, and those attractions for which the metropolis is famous." "Yes," said she, melancholily, a faint

smile curling her lip into one of its many phases of beauty

"You will also find much ----." He paused. "But why should I render that taste-less to you on which your heart is perhaps set" There was an expression in his face as he said this, which Bertha had remarked be-

fore, an expression partly sad, but more stern. "No, no, tell me," cried she, for the first time since he had entered the room seeming to be cognizant of what was passing; " tell me what else shall I find ?"

"Too much that is hollow and insincere," was the reply, "notwithstanding a fair outside. Do not think that in changing this wild life amongst rocks and cliffs, and with the storms of winter ever and anon raging before your eyes, that all will be gain.'

"I would rather remain here," she replied; "I have been happy in the midst of nature." 'And are there no attractions in the world

that claim your affection ?" "Indeed," replied Bertha, artlessly, "I

shall never forget the friends I have loved pecuniary sense."

Have you to love you?" "Yes," she had dreamt that too; though

she saw no great daring about it.

"I love you," he said, "yes with my whole heart. Do I love in vain?" As he said this he drew closer to Berth who suffering her hand to remain in his, per-

mitted him to fold his other arm around her waist. Just then footsteps were heard upon the stairs

"Do I love in vain ?" repeated Edgar. He felt her arm timidly placed upon his shoulder "You will not forget me?" cried he. "Never!" replied Bertha.

A month passed, and the Fitzsimons were settled in London. It was the height of the season ; and Bertha found herself in a new world indeed, exceeding in splendor and in beauty the wildest paintings of her imagination

One morning, some two months after her arrival, while mechanically turning over some sheets of new music, and running her fingers along the keys of her instrument, the door of the drawing-room opened, and the servant an-nounced Mr. Edgar. Mr. Edgar himself followed.

Bertha rose, blushed, stammered. Edgar perceived her hesitation. He advanced and held out his hand. She placed hers within it and the courtesies of meeting were exchanged, but somewhat stiffly.

"You are altered, Miss Fitzsimon," said he after a time "You have lost the ruddy ference."

There was a melancholy in the tone in which he spoke that went at once to her heart. Altered! Yes, she was much altered. But whatever she might have said was interrupted by the entrance of her father.

Fitzsimon had always held his head high but now it was higher than ever. It seemed, indeed, as if his chin had usurped the position by nature allotted to his nose. As he stalked into the room Edgar, at once saw what reception he would have Proceeding to the piano, Fitzsimon took his daughter by the hand, and leading her to the door, motioned her out and closed it after her.

"Mr. Edgar," said Fitzsimon, returning with an air of magnificence which almost made our hero smile, "this is very unseemly, sir; very indecorous and improper. You should have written had you wished to see me, and I would willingly have granted you audience; but to take me by storm, to insist, as it were —though I hardly think your presumption could intend that on forcing me to an interview-this is, I say, most indecorous, most unseemly "

Edgar was not taken aback; he knew his man, and expected nothing better from him, "I have used this freedom with your leave before, Mr. Fitzsimon," said he, "and see no difference that two months can have made to render it indecorous now. I am not changed ; are you ?"

"Changed!" ejaculated Fitzsimon in amazement at the man's reckless impertinence "changed ! Good Heavens ! am I to be ad-dressed in this low, familiar manner, and ask-

dressed in this low, familiar manner, and ask-ed if I am changed!" "Remember, sir," replied Edgar sternly, and resolved to give no quarter where he found none, "you are still the man whose daughter I have saved from what would probably have been death ; still the man who has done me the honor to become my debtor in a

donze so

Bertha's mind was accordingly composed, and in due time she betook herself to her toilet In less than an hour she was dressed for the evening, and the carriage being anfor the evening, and the carriage being an-nounced, the Fitzsimons drove off to Lady Harriet Temple's. There was a dinner party and also an evening party: they joined both; but what was Mr. Fitzsimon's confusion to find himself sitting vis-a-vis to his friend Edgar! Had the fellow lent her ladyship money too? No; he was too much at home to be merely there on tolerance. More than that there was an evident deference paid towards him and-what !--was it possible that Bertrand Fitzsimon heard aright !-- 'Lord Edgar'-- 'my lord'- 'your lordship.'

"And where, and in what incognito ha my fitful cousin been for the last six months What have you been about, sir?" demanded Lady Harriet.

"Looking for honesty and truth." replied Edgar.

"I hope you found them, my lord?" inquired Sir Charles Wilmot, with a laugh. "I am not sure," he answered ; " perhaps, 'yes,' possibly 'no.'"

Did his eye wander towards Bertha as he said this? She thought so, and her heart beat rapidly. She thought of the letter. She rejoiced that he had received it before she had ten it had she believed Mr Edgar to have been health you brought to town with you. May I add, too, that in other respects I see a dif-that he should not address a single word to her,-that his eyes should not be turned toward her; that after dinner he should neither seek her out to dance with him, or ask her to sing one of those airs which had been such favorites with him before? Hours passed away; and finally, Mrs. Fitzsimons bade her hostess good-night. The husband and Bertha followed the example. Lord Edgar was stand-ing beside Lady Harriet. Fitzsimon bowed to him, a most gracious bow, which the other acknowleged by the slightest inclination of his head. But on Bertha he did not waste a

glance. What could it have meant? "We shall be happy to see your lordship, said Mrs. Fitzsimon, from whom alone the in vitation could come with any grace.

replied his lordship, in a tone tinged, as Ber-tha thought, with sarcasm. But he took no notice of her. "I shall do myself the honor of calling,

Bertha slept little that night, and the mor-ning found her pale and weary.

It was at two o'clock, as her maid was about to give herself an airing in the Park, which she did about the same hour generally, to disembarrass her mind for a few moments of the afflicting daties of her position, that the hall door opened, and Mr. Edgar gave his card to the porter, inquiring for Miss Fitzsimon. The card was handed to the maid, which, when the read was nanded to the maid, which, when the maid read it, produced a revulsion in her economy that no permissible language can ex-press. Turning round, and bowing at each step she took—lost in a maze of wonder and admiration, she led him to the drawing-room, and was about to hurry to her young mistres when the thought of the letter occurred to her. Fortunately she had not burnt it. Withdrawing it from her pocket she presented it with a triumphant air, as if she had been pursuing his lordship ever since yesterday and had run him down at last Having performed this feat, she rushed off to her young mistress, who immediately fell into the most delightful agi-tation. Pins were in demend; frills and bi-

"Miss Fitzsimon," he said softly, when she had sat down again. " what does this mean? or do I meet you again by accident?" "No," she replied, recovering herself after a while, and loosing her hand from his, "I have followed you; I came on purpose. You have received a letter from me."

"I have to acknowledge that honor," re turned Edgar, coldly-the very thought of the letter chilling him in an instant.

Bertha remarked the change. She could no longer control her feelings

"You have wrongrd me !" she exclaimed bursting into tears.

"Wronged you, Miss Fitzsimon; I believe on he contrary, that I have to complain."

"You believe, then," she continued, calm ing herself, "that I have condescended out of deference to your rank, to pretend a part I had not played; to pre-date a letter in order to represent myself in a different light from that in which you viewed me, and that I supported this for gery by addressing you in your feigned name, when I had become aware of your real one. No, I have not done that. I wrote upon the instant, stung with shame at the ingratitude with which your friendship in

less prosperous hours was repaid. My ser-vant betrayed me. She failed to deliver that letter until after your true position had been evealed to us."

"Good Heaven !" exclaimed Lord Tem

"I do not ask you to believe me," replied Bertha, with a mixed expression of pride and scorn. "Nor have I followed you with any other aim than this-to free myself from an imputation under which I could not live.-You'll pardon my boldness, my lord. Per-haps I have the greater right to your consid-eration, since it might have been expected that you would have sought shis explanation, not I." She rose to depart, but Edgar de-tained her. "You are not less a gentleman, I trust," said she, proudly, "than when you appeared nothing more than one. Let my hand go, and suffer me to depart."

"But oh, Bertha ! is this all ? is nothing nore to be said ?"

"Nothing," she replied, emphatically. "But, by me, Berth, much would be said,

if it were as easy to say as to know what we ought to say. You will not leave me." He attempted to place his arm round her waist, but she repulsed him. "Stay, Bertha!" he bathe in that sea, for she exclaimed. "Good Heaven! you cannot be him come back a suppr.

'singing seats" afterwards.

A Pious Marshal. Several years age, when a 'Sabbath School celebration' was to take place in Burlington, Vt., Sheriff L. was selected to be the Marshal of the day. The old gentleman was an austere officer, and used emphatic language in great abundance, without any reference what- ancient Sodom; said that his boliness can ever to attendant circumstances, or the preence of individuals, as in the case under notice.

The procession, which was placed under his leadership, on the occasion above referred to, having "fallen in," he was asked by the master of the band what he should play. Old Mr. L straightened himself himself

his stirrups, and cried loud enough to be heard all along the line-

"Play 'We're marching to Emanuel's land, by --- 1

How to Get to Sleep.

How to get to sleep is to some persons a matter of high importance. Nervous per-sons who are troubled with wakefulness and excitability, usually have a strong tendency of blood to the brain, with cold extremeties. The pressure of blood on the brain keeps them in a stimulated or wakeful state, and the pulsations in the head are often painful. Let such rise and chafe the body and extremities with a brush or a towel, or rub smartly with the hands to promote a circulation and withdraw the excessive quantity of blood from the brain, and they will fall asleep in a few minutes. A cold bath, or a rapid walk in the open air, or going up and down stairs a few times, just before retiring, will aid in a few times, just before redring, will ald in equalizing circulation and promote sleep These rules are simple and easy of applica-tion in castle or cabin, and may minister to the comfort of thousands who would freely expend money for an anodyne to promo "Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

An old lady, whose son was about to pro eed to the Black Sea, among her parting admonitions gave him strict injunctions not to athe in that sea, for she did not want to see

themselves, when lo ! a change came o'er the gave unmistskeable evidence that he was from

With the dignified and majestic bearing pe-culiar to some of his countrymen, he slowly mounted the steps, and took a position directly between the two, and in a voice strongly tinctured with the "sweet brogue," announce himself as a champion of that much slandered gintleman, the Pope of Rome.

At this astounding impudence, the woman for a single instant held her peace. Gabe was so taken aback that he seemed about to collaps, an "ad libitum" interlude on the tin horn, and all hands "pitched in" (as Miss Agnes Roberston says.) Gabrial commenced the onset by asserting that the Pope is not strictly a bachelor, but has seven white wives in his parlor, thirteen ditto bound in law calf in the library, a hundred and forty-one golden haired damsals in his private apartment, and a perfect harem of jetty beauties in the coal

Petticoats followed, by saying that he breakfasts on Protestant babies; drinks whiskey punch out of a Protestant clergyman's skull; has an abducted Protestant virgin to black his boots; fifty-seven Protestant widows to dig his potatoes and hoe corn, and that he rolls ten pins every afternoon with the heads

of Protestant orphan children. Irishman indignantly denied all—said the country was going to old knick, and some fine morning we shall wake up and find that the Pope, unable longer to endure our perverse-ness, has sunk us all forty miles deeper than ancient Sodom: said that the ball send us all to perdition by one wink of his left eye; that he is the head of the church on earth; has all power to save or otherwise; could get us all out of Purgatory, and send us all "kitin into heaven," by wagging his little finger; that he could, like a Joshua No. 2, make the sun and moon stand still; make the planets dance an astronomical rigadoon; cause the hills and mountains to execute a mighty geological jig, while old ocean should beat the time against the blue vault of heaven, and applauding angels encore the huge saluta-

Gabe said he din't believe the yarn. Petticoats remarked something about the Star Spangled Banner being always right side

Irishman proceeded to describe the future home of the happy in an other world, as a place where there should be plenty of pota-toes, and oceans of genuine whiskey Symptoms of a free fight now rapidly de-veloped into an uncivil war. Petticonts got

mixed up with the crowd, and presently emerged rather the worse for wear, bar bareheaded, hair down, and nose injured b collision

There is a young lady in Baltimore whose breath is so sweet, the storekeepers hire her to go out in winter, to freeze the same, which they sell for candy.

The war with Russia occasioned a rise in Tallow, and we have no doubt the same event has caused the rising in Greece.

Whiskey never conducted wealth into a man's pocket, happiness to his family, or rekey is a non-conductor, and it is best to het

