

Democrat and Sentinel.

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

NEW SERIES.

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A Story for Parents.

From the True Flag.

CHOOSING A PROFESSION; OR— THE BROKEN-DOWN MINISTER.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

"There, John; she is done!" said Joseph Broadley, an intelligent boy of fifteen, as he pointed his friend to a very perfect model of a fore-and-aft schooner, which he had just completed.

The miniature vessel stood upon the work-bench in his father's shop. The finishing touches had just been given to the work, and the young artisan surveyed his work with conscious delight.

"She is beautiful, isn't she, Joe?—I wish I could do that," said John Emerson. "Perhaps you could, if you only tried. It has taken me nearly all winter to do it. Do you know, John, that I mean to be a ship-carpenter?" said the eye of the boy kindled with an aspiration of future distinction as he adjusted the keel of the model.

"I should like to be one, too; but I know my mother would never consent."

"Why not?"

"She says I shall be a minister."

"You a parson, John?"

"I have no fancy for it."

"Then I certainly wouldn't do it."

"Not if your mother wanted very much to have you?"

"I don't think I would; but my mother would not want me to be anything I dislike. I am sure I never could make a parson."

"Nor I either; but mother says I can."

"You must reason her out of it."

"How?"

"Show her what you can do. Make a boat as good as mine. I am sure you can make as good a one as this."

"I will make a ship—that would be more difficult still—I am sure I could make one," and there was something in the eye of John Emerson which showed he had the energy to accomplish almost anything he should undertake.

"Good! I like your spunk. You shall work in my father's shop, and you need not tell any one what you are doing, so that when you get it done your father and mother will be surprised."

"I'll do it, Joe!" exclaimed John, clapping his hands. "I'll show them what there is in me, at any rate."

"Bravo! and after dinner we will go down to the saw-mill and pick out a log for the hull."

The plan was agreed to, and before night the log was in the shop, and some progress made in shaping it into the required form. But the task was not an easy one, and more than once the young mechanic was obliged to leave the shop and go down to the wharf to study the build of a real ship.

Joseph Broadley encouraged his friend, and the work went on bravely. Though John had projected an enterprise which, if successfully accomplished, would eclipse his own labors, he was not envious or ill-natured, and did all he could to assist his young friend without doing anything that would rob him of the credit of his work.

We have not space to mention all the trials and difficulties which beset the embryo ship-builder; but at the expiration of six months, having devoted all his spare time from school to the work, the ship was completed. There were plenty of critics at hand, men acquainted with every timber and every rope in the ship, and their judgement was decidedly favorable. Everybody that knew anything about ships pronounced the young man to be a genius, and said that he would make a mark upon the work.

When everything was ready the model ship was placed upon a little wagon and drawn over to John's house.

His father and mother were summoned to view the handiwork of their son. Mrs. Emerson was in ecstasies, and Mr. Emerson rubbed his hands with delight.

"Now, mother, what do you think of my talent for ship-building?" said John, as he pointed triumphantly to the work of his hands.

"It is very pretty, isn't it, husband?"

"Now, mother, I am going to be a ship-builder."

"A ship-builder!" exclaimed the fond mother, with evident horror.

"Yes, mother; Captain Smith has offered to take me as an apprentice."

"Nay, but my son, you know I want you to be a minister. You must be ready to enter college in a year more."

"Don't bother the boy, wife; let him be a ship-builder, if he wants to. You see he has a talent, as well as an inclination that way," said Mr. Emerson, as he went into the house again, followed by his wife.

John bestowed the ship in the back room, and joined the family circle.

"I have set my heart on making a minister of him. It is so much more respectable than a carpenter, or anything of that sort," continued Mrs. Emerson.

"Pooh!" interposed the husband, with a contemptuous sneer.

"You needn't 'pooh' me, Mr. Emerson. You know that a minister is better than a carpenter."

"No, I don't. I entirely dissent from your view of the subject. I think a mechanic quite as good as a parson; and I am perfectly satisfied that many mechanics are much better, more respectable, and more useful members of society than some ministers I could mention."

"There it is again! If you had your way we should have no preaching, and the world would go back into heathenism again."

"And may you, for all that one half of the preachers will do to prevail it. I have not the least objection to John becoming a parson if he chooses. But let him choose for himself."

"As though a mere boy could know his own mind! It is our duty, husband, to act for him, till he is old enough to act for himself."

"Trag, but we ought to consider the boy's taste, and have some regard for his fitness."

"You do not mean to say that he is not fit for a minister?"

"I don't say anything about it; but I know he has both taste and fitness for the trade of a ship-carpenter."

"How unreasonable you are! As though, when he has been to college, he will not have a taste for preaching! When he puts his mind to it, he will be perfectly satisfied with the calling; and if he don't make one of the smartest ministers in the country, I lose my guess."

"He will make a better ship-carpenter; but let the boy speak for himself. He is old enough to understand the subject."

John did speak for himself; but his mother's eloquence was too much for him; and after a deal of coaxing, he consented to abandon his inclinations, and endeavor to make a minister of himself. He was an excellent scholar, and as his mother had predicted, he was prepared for college at the end of the year.

Mr. Emerson, though he was satisfied that his son had been unwisely influenced in the choice of his future profession, deemed it prudent to urge no further objection to the plan. He was well off in the world, and abundantly able to give his son a liberal education.

John was ill at ease in view of his future calling. He was despondent and gloomy; he felt how insufficient were his abilities to meet the requirements of the sacred profession. Though he labored diligently in his studies, he felt that he was laboring to please his mother, rather than to advance Christ's Kingdom upon earth.

Technically speaking, he had "experienced religion"; but it was only as an indispensable qualification for his future duties. There was no religion in his heart; he knew it, and his conscience rebelled at the thought of the abominations to which he laid himself open by insincerely entering the sacred inclosure.

If he tried to be religious, he realized how unworthy were his motives; he was seeking God for the sake of making a respectable appearance in his profession. More than once he determined to abandon his purpose—throw away his books of divinity, and take to the axe and the auger. But his mother's influence was still potent, and in spite of himself, he became a minister at last.

Twenty years in the swift flight of time had passed away, since the two boys stood together in the work-shop gazing at the model of the schooner.

In one of the maritime suburbs of Boston, near an extensive ship-yard, in which are four immense clipper-ships on the stocks, stands a small, dingy church, bearing the most evident signs of neglect. But it is a small society, and the few who worship there find it exceedingly difficult to pay the Rev. John Emerson, the pastor, the meagre salary of five hundred dollars a year. Mr. John Broadley, the enterprising shipwright, who owns the yard near the church, it is said, pays considerable more than half of this sum, for the pastor is an old friend, and he earnestly desires to sustain him.

The church is in a most prosperous condition. It has been running down for several years. One by one, the society are leaving it, preferring to walk half a mile to another church.

There is a reason for everything; and there was a reason why the Rev. John Emerson succeeded no better in building up the society over which he presided. His preaching was so insupportably dull and insipid, that it was a severe penance to him. People said he was no more fit for a preacher than Beelzebub was for a saint; and they would not hear him. He said he did not seem to care anything about his profession, and was so gloomy as well as dull, that they could not tolerate him either in the pulpit or out of it; and if it had not been for the fact that Mr. Broadley, with all his influence, went to meeting there, the pews would have been entirely deserted.

The Rev. John Emerson was a broken-down minister. In his better days he had been settled in the pastoral charge of an extensive and wealthy society in the city. But after the first year, he "dotted out," as the folks called it, and some of his influential parishioners gave him a hint that he had better seek a dismission.

He had tried several places with no better success; and finally, after years of inactivity, had been compelled to accept a call from the feeble society where he now officiated.

His father and mother were both dead, and he had already expended his inheritance in supporting his expensive family while waiting a call. He was poor; his spirits were broken down, as well as his reputation.

Harrassed by financial embarrassment, there seemed to be no hope for him, but the hope beyond the grave. What wonder that, weighed down by trials and sorrows, he was unable to preach to the satisfaction of his people?

To cap the climax, his society, in spite of the influence of Mr. Broadley, voted, at last, to request him to ask a dismission. Even the

poor pittance, which had been barely sufficient to support him, was to be withdrawn, and the most abject poverty stared him in the face.

In the loneliness of his study, he shed great scalding tears over his unhappy lot. The world had been full of griefs to him. Misfortune upon misfortune had been his portion, and now, a helpless servant in the vineyard, he was to be cast out a beggar.

When he had sufficiently vented his anguish he left the house, and walked down to the ship-yard. Joseph Broadley had ever been his constant friend, and in his extremity, he flew to him for counsel and assistance.

"It is of no use, Joseph," said he, sadly, as he wiped a tear from his sunken eye. "I never was fit for a minister, and I ought never to have chosen the sacred profession."

"That is very true, John; but it can't be helped now."

"If I had gone to a trade, as you did, I—"

But he passed, leaving the sentence unfinished, as it cast a reflection upon a mother who laid in a remembered grave.

If that mother could have beheld his agony—the tears which he shed over his unsuccessfulness—how bitterly would she have reproached herself as the cause of all her son's unhappiness!

Nature made him for a mechanic, gave him the taste and the fitness for a mechanical calling; she made him a minister, a professed servant of the Great Master, because in her weakness she deemed it more respectable!

"Cheer up, John; there is hope yet," said Joseph Broadley.

"Alas! there is no hope. I can never preach again, and I am fit for nothing else now."

"Yes, you are; though I presume you do not wish to abandon your profession."

"Abandon it! With all my soul! I can serve the Lord much more acceptably in any other calling," replied the poor clergyman, eagerly; "but what can I do?"

"If it were not for the name of the thing, I would gladly offer you a situation as book-keeper at the yard."

"I care not for the name, Joseph; I am past the vanities of the world; I have a family to support."

What a contrast! The two boys with substantially the same abilities, had reached far different points in the pursuit of success. The fame of the ship-builder was spread over the whole world. Success had crowned him in all his undertakings. The minister was broken down, poor, and in despair. He had been lamentably unsuccessful, not as regards the things of this world only, but in the attainment of those higher ends to which his profession pointed him. He might have been poor in purse, and still successful; but he was a beggar of all results both spiritual and temporal.

"I will give you a thousand dollars a year, if you like," said Joseph, diffidently.

"God bless you!" exclaimed the minister, and a tear of gratitude stood in his hollow eye, as he grasped the hand of his friend. "I can never earn such a salary as that."

"Oh, yes you can; cheer up."

"May God ever bless you, Joseph!"

The arrangement was affected immediately, and the broken-down minister once more had the courage to raise his head, and hope that he might yet redeem his existence from utter uselessness. His old taste returned to him, after a while, and he proved to be quite an efficient aid to his friend, independent of his sphere as an accountant.

The moral of our story need not be pointed out. If a boy has a taste and fitness for the mechanic arts, let him be a mechanic. "Many a good shoneaker has been spoiled to make an indifferent, a useless minister."

Beautiful Extract.

When the summer of youth is slowly wasting away into the nightfall of age, and the shade of past years grows deep and deeper as life wears to its close, it is pleasant to look through the vista of time upon the sorrows and felicities of our earliest years. If we have a home to shelter, and hearts to rejoice with us and friends have gathered round our fire-sides, then the rough place of your wayfaring will have been worn and smoothed away in the twilight of light, when the sunny spots through, will grow more and more beautiful. Happy indeed are they whose intercourse with the world has not changed the tone of their holier feeling or broken these musical chords of the hearts, whose vibrations are so melodious, so tender and touching in the evening air.

"Only One."

One hour lost in the morning by lying in bed, will put back and may frustrate all the business of the day.

One hole in the fence will cost ten times as much as to fix it at once.

One bad habit indulged in or submitted to will sink your power of self government, as quickly as one leak will sink a ship.

One drinker will keep a family poor and in trouble.

"One sinner destroyeth much good."

The Washington Globe says that Major George Boon, chief of the British army, who on the 5th of November, was killed in the engagement before Sebastopol, was one of the officers severely wounded at the battle of Bladensburg in 1814. He remained several weeks in Washington and Georgetown, during which he received many kind attentions from the citizens. He was a Scotchman by birth.

Entering into an argument with a metaphysician is like getting into an omnibus; you know where you start from, but it is impossible to tell where it will carry you.

No entertainment so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting.

(CONTINUED BY REQUEST.)
From the Bedford Gazette.

COMMUNICATOR.

Mr. Editor:—From your well-known love of fair play and equal justice to all, I am led to believe that you will not refuse me a spare corner in your valuable journal, in which I may insert my protest against a gross wrong sought to be done to the religious body over which I preside in the name of the State, by editors of certain periodical complexions whose papers freely circulate here. The following extracts, which I have taken from a periodical of this description, to which my attention has been called by a friend, contains a paragraph against which I have just reason to complain:

"The main point of controversy is, that all Papists in this country are subjects of the Pope, which Potentate asserts that the Romish Church has a right to dissolve the tie of subjection and the oath of fidelity, and therefore Papists are most dangerous and untrustworthy subjects."

This paragraph comprehends within it as many untrue statements as lines. They may be singled out and noticed in the order they are placed, as follows:

Untruth No. 1. "All Papists are subjects of the Pope." The only subjects of the Pope whom I know are the people living in the Roman Territory in Italy, and his immediate temporal sway; but if the editor, or whoever writes for the paper, means to say that American Catholics, or the Catholics of any other country in the world, with the exception mentioned, are subjects of the Pope, that is, that they owe him civil obedience or any temporal allegiance whatever, he does us gross injury. The Catholics of America owe no allegiance or civil obedience, fealty or homage to any other authority under the sun than that of the American Government and Constitution which they stand ready to defend, at the hazard of their lives, against all traitors, domestic or foreign!

It is true, we acknowledge the supreme spiritual authority of the Pope, in matters purely spiritual—but this, in no wise, interferes with the temporal allegiance due to our civil rulers; no more than the acknowledgement of any supreme spiritual jurisdiction, (or what is called the "Higher Law") in any other Christian denomination, in the United States, interferes with the civil duties and allegiance due by their respective members to the Government of this country. Nay, even not so much. The Supreme spiritual authority acknowledged by Catholics has never come in conflict, and never will with any of our institutions. It has never meddled with any question of the day. It has never attempted to organize any opposition to SLAVERY or to render the northern portion of the church, from the southern in consequence of this vexed question. The spiritual authority of the church and the temporal authority of the land are perfectly distinct, independent, yet in harmony, each keeping within its sphere. There is no danger of their coming in collision in Catholicism than in Protestantism. The only exception would be, if the Government should enjoy ANY CLEAR VIOLATION OF THE LAW OF GOD, and then, other denominations as well as Catholics, should be prepared to say: "It is better to obey God than man."

Untruth No. 2. "Which Potentate asserts that the Romish Church has a right to dissolve the tie of subjection and the oath of fidelity." This unfounded imputation is borrowed from the persecuting annals of England, and it is this very charge that, for a long time forged and riveted fetters on the Catholic Church under British rule. The light of truth at last broke in on bigoted England, thanks to her enlightened Statesmen, the Burke's, the Canning's, the Grattan's, the O'Connell's, and emancipation was the result. In reply to the false charge, that Catholics owe any temporal allegiance to the Pope, or owe any interference on his part with their sacred fidelity to the Government under which they live, I will bring forward such authority as must satisfy any man who does not want to stultify himself on this subject.

Before Catholic Emancipation was granted, the British government instituted a most searching inquiry—and the highest Church Dignitaries of the Catholic church were summoned to Parliament in 1825, and there subjected to the severest examination before Select Committees of the House of Lords and Commons. The result satisfied even bigoted, persecuting England and the chains of slavery fell off from the bodies of seven millions of human beings born to be free. The following were the answers of the illustrious Bishops, Doyle and Murray, to the questions put by the scrutinizing committee, Lord Viscount Palmerston in the Chair. They may be considered the voice of the Catholic Church.

In point of fact is there any interference in temporal matters by the Pope? Dr. Doyle, No, Sir, I know of none.

Do the Catholics hold that the Pope has any right to interfere in temporal affairs? Dr. Doyle, No, He has no temporal authority in Ireland.

Is it in the power of the Pope to absolve Catholic people from their oaths of allegiance? Dr. Doyle, It is not.

Dr. Murray, Arch Bishop of Dublin, was then examined.

Will you be so good as to explain to the Committee what is the nature and authority of the Pope?

Answer by Dr. Murray. The origin of the authority of the Pope we hold to be from God who established a head of the Church which he wished to appoint on earth; the nature of his authority is that he is the executive power of that church; his offices to watch over and enforce the observance of the canons; he is, besides, the centre of Catholic unity, the great link that holds together all the different parts of the Catholic body; so that each Catholic throughout the world, finding himself in communion with the head of the church, may know thereby that he is in communion with the whole body.

Is his authority confined altogether to spiritual authority? Dr. Murray, Wholly confined to spiritual authority, according to the words of our Saviour, "My Kingdom is not of this world."

To what extent and in what manner does a Catholic profess to obey the Pope? Dr. Murray, Solely in spiritual matters.

Does this obedience detract from what is due by a Catholic to the State in which he lives? Dr. Murray, Not in the least; the powers are wholly distinct.

Does it justify an objection that is made to Catholics that their allegiance is divided? Dr. Murray, Their allegiance in civil matters is completely undivided.

Is the duty which the Catholic owes to the Pope and the duty he owes to the King really and substantially distinct? Answer, Wholly distinct.

Does the Pope now dispose of temporal affairs within the Kingdom of any of the Princes on the Continent? Answer, Not that I am aware of; I am sure he does not.

What do the principles of the Catholic Religion teach in respect of the performance of civil duties? Answer, They teach that the performance of civil duties is a conscientious obligation which the law of God imposes upon us.

Such were the answers of the official teachers and the highest Dignitaries of the Church to the questions propounded to them by the British functionaries, and these answers satisfied that tyrannical and prejudiced government so completely, that emancipation was granted, and the senseless calumny that Catholics were dangerous subjects was annihilated, yet alas! destined to be revived, *proh pudor!* in the land of Washington where the yoke of British Bondage was broken forever, and where, too, as was supposed, universal religious freedom and the rights of man were established on an enduring basis. The above declarations of the Catholic Bishops have never been contradicted or questioned in the church, and consequently those accredited witnesses may be looked upon as the true representatives of the whole Catholic Communion. Similar questions had been sent in the time of the famous Pitt, to the various Catholic Universities in Europe, and the responses were substantially the same as those given before the Committee of the House of Lords. If ever there was a question definitely settled, this, surely, respecting the temporal power of the Pope, was one; and it is difficult to discern the wisdom, though not so the malignity of resuscitating a subject long ago gone "to the tomb of the Capulets."

The undersigned has grown gray in the study and preaching of Catholic doctrines and practices, and has ever lived at peace with all his dissenting brethren. He, assuredly, has rather a better right to know what are Catholic tenets than certain editors whose chief aim, evidently, is to promote their political purposes and ambitious projects at the expense of a Christian denomination, which is in their view, "the Nazareth out of which no good can come." They ought, however, to keep in mind the poet's useful warning: When men of infamy to grandeur soar They light a torch to show their shame the more.

Untruth No. 3. "Therefore Papists are most dangerous and untrustworthy subjects." As this is but an inference from the two first propositions, it falls to the ground with them. This is truly a most charitable conclusion, and drawn too, observe, by *would-be American Republicans and the children of Washington!* "Oh tell it not in Gath nor let the sound reach Ashdod." I suppose Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, who perilled a million of dollars and his neck by signing the Declaration of Independence was "a most dangerous and untrustworthy subject!" So, too, must have been the great Gaston, of North Carolina, the upright Judge, the profound and eloquent jurist—so, too, doubtless, is the present Chief Justice of the United States, whom even the malevolence of journalism has not ventured to assail, as being "sans peur et sans reproche." It is surely not necessary, seriously, to answer such a gross outrage, as I shall merely contrast the sentiments of *Republican Liberty* with the sentiments of a British Protestant Statesman who thus spoke on an interesting occasion in the House of Lords: "He (the Bishop of Norwich) must contend that the Roman Catholics had given the most unequivocal proofs of their civil capacity. Their claims, he thought, could only now be rejected because of their attachment to the innocent religious opinions of their ancestors. These opinions had been also held by our ancestors who laid the foundation of that civil liberty we now enjoy; they were the opinions of most of the powers of Europe, and they were the opinions of many respectable noblemen and gentlemen with whom he and many who had heard him were in the habits of intimacy and friendship. They all knew that Roman Catholics, in all the relations of life, proved themselves, as worthy members of society and as good subjects as Protestants." A very eloquent speech he understood, had been delivered in another place, on the supposed danger to be apprehended from farther concession to the Roman Catholics, but the opinion said to have been given is not that of a Statesman. Those who talked of danger from Popery, in these times, would cry out fire in the midst of the deluge."

These generous sentiments, uttered by a member of a Protestant Communion, are equally applicable to American Catholics, who have been either planted on this soil by the more accident of birth or by choice, have made their abode forever. They have never been convicted of anything dishonorable or unworthy of this great Republic, their country. They discharge with fidelity its offices—bear its burdens—share its perils—fight its battles—contribute to its victories and glory in its ever-increasing area. This being undeniable, it is difficult to know from what data, or by

what process of reasoning, certain editors arrive at the conclusion: "Therefore Papists are most dangerous and untrustworthy subjects."

Such grave and grievous charges, as have been very generally circulated by certain papers in this section of the State in which I reside. They are still much circulated to the great detriment of the religious body with which I am connected by Ministerial ties. I, for one, could not remain passive or without registering my strongest disclaimer against allegations so groundless, so unjust and utterly destitute of truth and fit only to be ranked among those silly fabrications that were so industriously disseminated before and during the recent election, viz: that our humble chamber in this part of Pennsylvania, were filled with fire arms, and had literally become the Temples of Azeah, the God of War, instead of the peaceful Redeemer.

This frank and fearless disavowal of these stereotyped-standing charges, is due even to our generous friends of all denominations who have stood by us under all circumstances, "in evil report and in good report." I have endeavored in this communication, to steer clear of the slightest approximation to religious controversy. I have restricted myself solely to the political bearing of the odious charges in question on the Catholic Communion, and, therefore, none can I have offended. Should it ever fall to the lot of any other religious persuasion, to lie under the ban of an unjust proscription, I shall be prepared to exult at its successful vindication on the principle which should be dear to us all: "Do unto others as you would wish others would do unto you."

THOMAS HEYDEN,
Pastor of Catholic Church in Bedford, Pa.
To Gen. BOWMAN, Editor Bedford Gazette.

The Lancaster Gun.

Our readers have probably noticed in the letters from the Crimea accounts of the Lancaster gun, which has proved to be a most effective weapon against the walls of Sebastopol, although it has not been altogether a safe gun for those who handled it, two or three of them have burst. The Montreal Gazette gives the following description of this gun and of the principle of its operation:

"It is a well known fact that it is impossible to cast balls or bullets in such a way that one side will not be heavier than the other, and it is also well known that this circumstance deflects the projectile from its right line. With small arms this difficulty is overcome by the groove in the rifle barrel, which, being spirally set upon the soft substance of the leaden bullet, and gives it a rotary motion before leaving the muzzle of the rifle, which continues until the ball is stopped. By this means the heavy side is alternately turned in all directions, so that any tendency in one direction is immediately counterbalanced by a revolution of the bullet, which changes the position of the heavy side, and the result is that the ball flies in a direct line. Now, however well this plan may answer for small arms and leaden balls, the groove is impracticable for cannon and cast iron balls, and it has long been a problem to discover some means of making rifled cannon.

The Lancaster gun professes to have accomplished this by means of an elliptical bore, out of which is to be thrown an elliptical projectile, either shot or shell. The gun is large, because it is at a long range that its great precision of aim tells best over the common gun, and its appearance is that of an ordinary large cannon, except that the mouth, instead of being circular is elongated like an egg—having one axis longer than another. We will suppose that the mouth is the largest up and down—that is, that the lower axis is vertical, so that the flattened ball fitting it would stand on its edge; but the bore winds gradually from the mouth to the breach of the gun, so that when the ball is driven home to the proper position when the charge is loaded, it will have turned one quarter around, and will lie horizontally—that is, at right-angles to the longer axis of the mouth of the gun, and on its side. When the gun is fired the ball must make one revolution for every four lengths of the gun, and thereby counterbalance any imperfection in its shape which would otherwise deflect it. Several of these guns have burst. This is perhaps attributable to the fact that they are used at very long ranges, and were probably overloaded, although it is quite possible, and in fact probable, that forcing the ball to take a rotary motion would increase the resistance offered so much as to increase the risk of bursting. Experience will soon test the question. We may remark that the same principle has been applied to small arms, and a decided advantage is claimed for the Lancaster over the common rifle."

Printing Unknown in Morocco.

The art of printing has not yet penetrated into any part of the Moorish Empire; everything is written with the hand, and if ever this country should be entirely thrown open to Europe, medicine, philosophy, history, and many of the sciences may make in it some valuable discoveries; for not only in all the Mosques, but in the houses of almost all the Moorish families, who inhabit the towns, there is preserved an immense number of manuscripts, which date from the most brilliant epochs of Mussulman civilization. The Moor of the present day who does not understand a single letter of these manuscripts, not only obstinately refuses to part with them, but will not allow a stranger so much as a glimpse of the ancient parchment with which they are covered.—*Darrien's Present State of Morocco.*

The suit instituted against the government of the city of Boston by a person named Martin Ellis, for damages on account of his having fallen upon a key pavement and broken his thigh, has resulted in a verdict of \$1300.