Democrat

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, MAY 9, 1855.

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ed every Wednesday morning, in Ebensburg, Cambria Co., Pa;, at \$1 50 per annum, IF PAID IN ADVANCE, if not \$2 will be charged. ADVERTISEMENTS will be conspicuously in-serted at the following rates, viz: I square 3 insertions, Every subsequent insertion, I square 3 months, siness Cards.

THE DEMOCRAT & SENTINEL, is publish-

Select Poetry.

-Twelve lines constitute a square.

From Dicken's Household Words. THE CRADLE SONG OF THE POOR. HUSH! I cannot bear to see thee Stretch thy tiny hands in vain : I have got no bread to give thee, Nothing, child, to ease thy pain, When God sent thee first to bless me, Proud, and thankful too, was I; Now, my darling, I, thy mother, Almost long to see thee die.

Sleep, my darling, thou art weary; God is good, but life is dreary. I have watched thy beauty fading, And thy strength sink day by day; Soon, I know, will Want and Fever Take thy little life away. Pamine makes thy father reckless, Hope has left both him and me;

We could suffer all, my baby. Had we but a crust for thec. Sleep, my darling, thou art weary : God is good, but life is dreary. Better thou shouldst perish early, Starve so soon, my darling one,

Than live to want, to sin, to struggle Vainly still as I have done. Better that thy angel spirit With my joy, my peace were flown, Ere thy heart grow cold and careless, Reckless, hopeless, like my own.

Sleep, my darling, thou art weary ; I am wasted, dear, with hunger, And my brain is all opprest, I have scarcely strength to press thee, Wan and feeble, to my breast.

Patience, baby, God will help us, Death will come to thee and me, He will take us to his Heaven, Where no want or pain can be. Sleep, my darling, thou art weary : God is good, but life is dreary.

Such the plaint, that late and early, Did we listen, we might hear, Close beside us .- but the thunder Of a city dulls our ear. Every heart, like God's bright Augel, Can bid one such sorrow cease : God has glory when his children Bring his poor ones joy and peace! Listen, nearer while she sings

Sounds the fluttering of wings!

A Clergyman Engaged to be Married to

We heard yesterday of a series of villainies per We heard yesterday of a series of villainies per-petrated recently by a wolf in sheep's clothing, of a character to bring the reverend imposter, if caught, to the penitentiary. His name is John Howard Wilson, and he has been preaching for some time past at Cheviot. Being endowed with a soft oily tongue, and a sleek appearance, he tried his killing accomplishments indiscriminately a-mong the unmarried belies of that suberban village with such success that he engaged to be mar-ried to no less than eleven, some of whom he borrowed money from upon pretence of making the necessary arrangements toward house-keeping.—
Of one young lady he obtained fifty dollars, which he laid between the leaves of a Bible in her parlor, so be used the day before the wedding; but when, upon hearing of the pranks of the sanctumonious Lothario, she looked in the hiding place, the bank bills were non set.

The manner which led to the discovery of his multifarious engagements was, that a couple of the betrothed met, by accident, in a fashionable dry good establishment in this city. After mutual regood establishment in this city. After mutual recognition, they proceeded to examine various fabrics, and make purchases. Singularly enough their tastes assimilated so exactly that young lady No. 1 remarked to young lady No. 2 that she thought it was very strange. Herenhon young lady No. 2 replied that soit was; but, if she (young lady No. 1) could keep a secret, she would tell her one. Number one promised (what femanine would not?) that her lids should be eternally scaled, when, blushing like a peony, her companion whispered in her one that she was going to be married.

"To whom?" exclaimed the excited number one. Another promise of secrecy, and the name of the Rev. John Howard Wilson was softly breathed. "Who?" exclaimed number one, while her earnest gaze betokened her astonishment.

The name was again repeated, and forthwith young lady number one became suddenly dizzy, and, but for the application of sal volatil and cold water, a fainting exhibition in the Mercer establishment would have enisped. After a while when sufficiently calm to explain, she informed young ment of marriage to the reverend deceiver, and she was then making purchases of her wedding garments.

Another kettle of fish was the consequence of

Another kettle of fish was the consequence

Another kettle of fish was the consequence of this disclosure, for young lady number two immediately went through the same motions as her prodecessor, and again the pungent mixture and cold water were in requisition. The disconsolate damsels returned, without their purchases, to the quiet village, where they proclaimed the villaint of the rascally pastor, who, getting wind that all was discovered, made tracks between two days last week. Since his exit it has been discovered that he sometime ago forged a draft on Mr. Elliot, of the Methodist Book Concern, which was honored. No tidings have been heard of him since his absquatulation, but we presume he will turn up under another name, when he can discover a convenient field to reap a harvest by playing upon the credulity of the susceptible femanines who have a pendage for love and sanctity.—Cincuracti Inquiere.

Select Cale.

FLORENCE CELESTI.

A TALE OF ITALY.

BY IVY STARR. "The love of woman-'tis a fearful thing."

Italy! bright beautiful Italy. Land of sunny skies and sweet soft winds, of flowers whose beauty never withers, and trees whose verdure never fades! Land of chivalry and romance, love and hatred! Italy, I love thee. still; though I may never again roam over thy sunny soil, and pluck the juicy grapes from the cottage vineyard. Yet I can think of thee and love thee still. Reader, my tale is of Italy, and is a sad one. It was in the year 1834 that a young Englishman named Lester Morell, traveled on a four of pleasure through Italy, spending some months in Venice during the summer season; his place of residence was the large hotel for foreigners, which has since been burnt down, and at that place most of his time was spent in close ap-plication to studies There were few English families residing there, and Lester Morell did not make many acquaintances. Sometimes he regretted the loss of his friends, and wearied with study, would take his hat and saunter forth to enjoy the magnificent twilight of that favored clime.

It was on one of these occasions that a young flower-girl approached him, and tendered a but he could see the outline of a perfect form, and hear the low, sweet tones of her voice, as she asked him timidly to buy some flowers.

He gave her a piece of coin, and was about to ask a question, when she made a greef of the coldness are seen to work a piece of coin, and was about to ask a question, when she made a greef of the coldness are seen to work a piece of coin, and was about to ask a question, when she made a greef of the coldness are seen to work and took up his residence in France.

For two years he worked steadily, and during all that time sent no word to Florence. ask a question, when she made a graceful courtesy, and was instantly lost in the crowd. It was in vain he watched and waited—she did not come back that night, and he rejuctantly or hear a sweet air warbled, but he thought went home to dream of the beautiful apparation. Lester Morell was a man of accomplished manners and noble bearing, and at the age of 27 was older in heart than many men of fifty. He was supremely selfish, and when his will was thwarted, proud and passionate. He had lived a life of dissipation when younel and study some recreation for an ennuied mind. It was that stationed him at Venice, which just suited his artistic taste.

The next day found Morell watching for the peasant girl. He had just given up the idea of seeing her, when she suddenly appeared, basket in hand. Again he bought the beautiful flowers, and again she rapidly departed. This continued for three weeks, and he had not yet learned either the name or residence of the beautiful Italian girl.

On returning from the villa which was some like a spectre. distance from town, he was overtaken by one of those sudden storms which sometimes sweep

present business, that of selling flowers, and the cup of retribution ! that a better daughter never gladened a parent's heart.

he did not miss ber in her absence. He re-plied that he did, but there was no help for it.

"If your daughter could give instruction in the Italian language for foreigners, it would pay better," said the wily Englishman. The old peasant shook his head—"no one," he said, "would be willing to pay for such

pay," said Morell. "I will give her g guage pure, and she could then be at he with you." 'If she will teach me I will give her goo

"I will tell her," replied the father, "and if she is willing, I am."

Alas! Poor Florence. Morell, the prond scholar already loved the Italian peasant girl! He came every day and received lessons, imparting at the same time a knowledge of his own tongue. Florence had been well educated own tongue. Florence had been well educated for one in her station, and her mind thirsted to explore the hidden depths of learning. Morell was her guide—he read to her the histories of countries far away, which she had never heard of, explained science, and brought the telescope to give her an ineight into the beauties of astronomy.

Then she would sing the sweet melodious songs of Italy, and play heartiful air many

Then she would sing the sweet melodious songs of Italy, and play beautiful airs upon the guitar, while he listened entranced to the wild, passionate music. He would sit on a low stool at her feet, and together they would watch the pale silver moon rise over the tops of the tall trees, till she gilded with her soft rays, the beautiful scenery near.

Morell taught her to paint Nature in her rare beauty—he guided the pencil, and Florence was an aptpupil, for it was a labor of love—she had given her young heart with its untold love, to the young English artist.

The summer passed away, and the grapes

were gathered. The days were bright and beautiful still, and Morell and Florence took long walks together, and he murmured sweet.
loving words in the young girl's ear, that sent
the rich crimson glow to her face, and then she
would gaze with her dark beaming soul-lit eyes
into his face and pushing aside the brown curls
from his broad forehead, press her lips lovingly upon it and he would call her "wife," and
clasp her tenderly in his arms. Poor Florence!
she had no mother to tell her of the tempter's

She had given her all of love-such love as one born beneath a Southern sky alone can know. Her father knew not his daughter's danger! he did not know that the haughty Englishman would never wed the lowly peasant girl, but deemed his beautiful Florence fit for any sphere, and so he left the lovers to them-

At last the time came that Morell must go. But how could be tell Florence that he would never return? Would it be best to tell her at once, or deceive her still longer He would wait till he reached home, and then write. So he told Florence that he was going away to re-

The poor child clung to him and sobbed bitterly at this first parting, but no shadow of fear or doubt crossed her mind—she wished to go with him, but he said he must travel in haste

More'll felt his own heart pulsating more rapidly, and he hurried away. That night he was on his way to England.

He arrived at home in time to sec dis father die, and his estates sold to creditors leaving large bouquet for his acceptance. Morell could not distinctly see her face, which was shaded by the broad-brimmed hat she wore, but he could see the outline of a perfect form, and took up his residence in France.

A pang of remorse did sometimes cross his mind, but he consoled himself with the idea that others had done just as bad, and tried to reform—I really thing you go too far. I thought you would want to hear something about your 'chere amie,' and so I told you. Adieux."

The letter was from a man as heartless, if not more so than Morell, who sat almost stupified by the intelligence. He had not for one moment thought of Florence as dead, and as a vision of the same had been as a wind the bad his mind, he cursed his own heart that he had wrought such misery. He could not forget her vow; he thought of her love and devotion to him compared with his own selfish affection, and her face pale and wasted haunted him

One day a French count called and reques-ted Morell to accompany him on a four of

distance from town, he was evertaken by one of those sudden storms which sometimes sweep across the Italian sky. He had no umbrella, and so determined to stop at the first cottage and get one. There was a neat house a short distance from the road, and at this he made application.

The old man who opened the door asked him in, while he sought for one, and the first person Morell saw on entering, was his beautiful little flower girl. Instead of her straw hat he could see the faultless beauty of her head and face; her complexion was clear of ite, and jetty curls hung in rich abundance around her delicately shaped neck. She recognized Morell and blushed deeply at the carnest gaze of undisguised admiration which he fixed upon her. No umbrella could be found, and he was compelled to stay till the storm was done.

The old peasant talked familiarly with his guest, and during the girl's absence from the room, told what Morell most wished to know, who she was. The old man was her father, and he was enthusiastic in his praises. Her name was Florence Celesti, her age seventeen. He said that she had always followed her present business, that of selling flowers, and that a better daughter never gladened a little flower girl and the county of the county of the county of the carnest gaze of undisguised admiration which he had caused. The wind murmured sadly through the descreted rooms, and shook the investment of the carnest gaze of undisguised to know, who she was. The old man was her father, and he was enthusiastic in his praises. Her name was Florence Celesti, her age seventeen. He said that she had always followed her present business, that of selling flowers, and that a better daughter never gladened a little flower girls and the carnest gaze of the cup of retribution!

The long are french count called to accompany him of cercive a handsome salary, and concluded to go. There was an unpleasant feeling about his heart sometimes, when reviewing teching about his heart sometimes, when reviewing teching to meck was venice a ha

There was a masquerade ball given at the palace of the Count Givanni Morell was one of the maskers, and he wandered through the magnificent rooms in search of his companion, who had arrived earlier, but failing to find him, sauntered out upon the piazza, and leaning against one of the marble pillars, fixed his own eyes upon the glorious scene below.

The splendid gardens were one brilliant group of flowers, over which the bright full moon shed a chastened light, while here and there gay over the blighted prospects and wasted of his life, when a hand was suddenly upon his arm, as starting suddenly from his reverie he beheld a masked from beside him. It was a female, and Morell knew that it was one of the many Signoras who delight in mystery and intrigue: Bowing gallantly he waited for the mask to

"You are sad, signor," she said in a tone hat made him start, for it sounded strangely

Morell smiled biterly, and said,
"It would little interest you, fair lady, know my thoughts. I was musing of altered prospects of my useless life, and thin ing how strange it was that man with his be passions and destroying nature, should in the beauty and grace of earth. Yet he would so," Morell spoke as if to himself

"Were you ever in Italy before?"
"Once I spent many months here"
Morell's checks flushed as he spoke.
"Why do you stay here?" asked the unknown suddenly. "Has the ball no attrac-

"There are none there I care for, or who "You are particular, signor. Can you not light of the chandalier.

laugh and dance with the rest, or do you really prefer solitude?"

Morell felt a nervous not know; but he rose a light of the chandalier.

"Are you ready to le

Morell located at the mask There was a cold sareasm in the last tone of voice, that surprised him and he could see the passionate eye bent full upon him. He was determined to discover who the lady was.

"Will you be my partner?" he asked.—

"If so, I will join the dancers."

"I do not dance, but I will walk with you

They strolled through the walks, and the mask, who were a rich black satin domino, attracted considerable attention. "Who can she be?" asked a young noble of his companion. "Her form is superb, and I am sure her face must be correspondingly beau-

"I do not know," was the answer, " but the count will tell you"

The count did not know, however, and the curiosity remained ungratified. Meanwhile Morell and his unknown companion entered the conservatory, and the lady commenced arranging the flowers in tasteful bunches "You are used to arranging them," romarked Morell, and have an artistic eye to

their beauty and coloring "

The mask stopped and looked at him intently. She was evidently thinking of something far away, for she said abstractly. "Yes, I am," at the same time dropping a

white rose from her hand. He stooped and picked it up, saying as he

"It is withered." The mask took it and replied,

"It is not the first rose that has withered from neglect."
"Her tone was sad, but in a moment more

she added lightly."
"Come, signor, to the ball room."

"I must go now."

"You will allow me to accompany you?" " No, I go alone."

"But may I not see you again?" "Yes Meet me at the ball room to-morrow

scornfully. 'You would like to see it I think!
Yes, Signior, but not to night. Adieu!" and she was gone before Morell, who was surprised at her manner, could observe her departure.

That night the young man told his friend of his adventure and described the mask

"I know her" he exclaimed, when Morell had finished speaking. "It is the Countess Maria, the widow of old Count Berteli. By Jove! Morell, you've made your fortune, if she has fallen in love with you. She is immensely rich and the most beautiful woman in Italy. You're a lucky fellow; be sure and follow her round"

The next night Morell went to the ball. He waited a long time, but the mask did not come. He was about to go into the garden in search of her, when she stood by his side. That night the conversation took a different turn. They talked of love, that fatal passion which forms so large a part in the drama of Italian life, and of life anywhere. Morell shuned the

Do you not believe it?" asked his companion. "Have you never loved?"
"Not as you do," was the reply. "Our English natures are different from yours."

"Then you have never loved, never won the love of a true heart and repaid it with

"No." He turned aside to shun the gaze which he felt was bent upon him. " No my life has been a roving one and I am somewhat

How cold and cruel those words sounded How cold and cruel those words sounded. Alas poor Florence! Night after night the unknown mask and Morell were together, at the season balls. But they participated little in the gaities attendant. Morell was ever listening to his mysterious companion, charmed by the power he could not over come. Till at at last he made a passionate declaration of love to her whose face he had not yet seen. He was urged on by his Italian friend who had declared her identity. The mask listened to his and her eyes mushed with a su ange

"I will accept," was the reply, " upon one condition, that we are married to-night."

request, but considering it a mere whim of the lady, consented, and seeking his friend, dispatched him for a priest. And now all the wealth of Count Bertelli was about to pass into his hand. That could reconcile him to anything, and he awaited the priests arrival

He stood near the open window, and as the night wind murmure through the trees, he imagined it had a wailing sound. An icy chill crept over him, and at the moment the priest came, and entering a small room, they stood before the holy father. The countess still wore the black mask, and nought of her face could be seen, save the strange light o her eyes, which wore a passionate triumphant

The marriage service was concluded, and Morell led his bride back to the ball room As he passed the ball, a light scornful laugh met his ear. The bride trembled convalsive ly, and her hand was cold as ice. The Eng man led her to the most retired part of the

"Certainly. I am longing to look upon erybody another half-hour to settle down again, your beautiful features." "I do most devotedly."

But the mask was gone!

They raised the dying man and bore him from the room. As they did so, a low; triumphant laugh rang upon his ears. hour of retribution had come at last

It was many years after that an aged nun died in the monastry of St. Bernard. It was Florence, the report of her death had been false. It was the Italian friend of Morell who had instigated ber to kill him and avenge her wrongs. He had loved her previous to Morell, and had sworn eternal vengeance. Such is Italian love!

GETTING IN THE HOUSE AT NIGHT WITHOUT MAKING A NOISE

The door was locked when I got home and how to get in without waking up "the govern-or," was the difficulty. I knew he'd give me "particular fits" if he knew I was out after en, and the clock had just struck one The back yard was an impossibity, and but one chance remained. There was a porch over the front door, the roof of which was but a few feet below two windows. One of them I knew it was fastened down and the other opened from a bedroom, which might or might not be occupied. An old maiden sister of Jim's wife had arrived on the same day, and it was very probable that she was in that room; but I knew the bed was in a corner farthest from the window, and hoped I would be able to get in and through the room without awa-There was a strange fascination in her manner that Morell could not resist, and he followed her to the interior of the palace. They enteran awful clatter on a stray dog that had fol-lowed me for two or three strates, who im-mediately set up the most awful how! a whipped hound ever gave tongue to. That started half a dozen other dogs in the neighborhood barking; a mocking-bird in the window above commenced singing as if he intended to split his threat at it; and an old woman, in her night-clothes, with a candle in her hand apeared at a window across the street. I knew I was safe as far as she was concerned, but if any one came to our windows, the caudle gave enough light to very probably discover me Nobody did come, however, and the old lady, after peering up and down the street for a minute or more, popped her head in and retired. The mocking-bird still kept up its eternal whistle, and it was fully half an hour before it and the dogs settled down and gave me fore it and the dogs settled down and gave me a chance to move. Creeping slowly along the wall, till I reached the window, I put my hands on the sill, sprung up, and, with my head and shoulders within, and my legs hanging out, stopped to listen Yes, she was in that room for I could hear her breathing. After waiting for a minute, I cautiously drew up one leg, then the other, slewed them round, and putting them down to the floor, was conscious that I had stepped on something soft and yielding, and was about withdrawing them when another yell broke out at my feet; the old maid jumped up from her bed crying "Murder! murder!" and the dogs and mocking-bird started again. I saw through it all; I had "put my foot in it," in more ways than one. A little darkey was lying on a blanket, under the window, and I had stepped on her face, and, of course, woke her up. I decided in a flash what to do. The house would be aroused, and I caught, to a certainty, unless aroused, and I caught, to a certainty, unless I could get to my room before the governer was up; but I hadn't a moment to lose, for the little nigger was yelling, and the woman screaming; so I started for the door, made three steps, and struck a chair—tumbled over it, of course—made the awfulest racket you ever heard of in the "dead hour of night," in a peaceable house; the nigger and the old maid screamed louder than ever, the mocking-bird whistled like a steam-whistle, and the dogs fairly made a chorus as loud as Jullien's. I reached the door, however, swiftly and quietly opened it, and just got outside in time to see the old gentleman open his door, with a candle in his hand, and come hurrying up the stairs. Not a moment was to be lost. There stairs. Not a moment was to be lost. was a wardrobe near where I stood, and I sprung behind it. Up came the "governer," who reached the door, opened it, went in, and in the meantime there was all sorts of confusion and inquiry down stairs as to what was the matter. Nobody else came up, though, and from where I stood I heard every word of inquiry and explanation in the room. Of course they couldn't make much out of it. The lit they couldn't make much out of it. The lit-tle darkey was too frightened and too sound asleep at the time to understand the truth; the upshot of the business was, that they con-cluded she had been dreaming; and the "gov-erner," after giving her a sound spanking, and explaining the matter to the aroused neighbors, from the window, went down to his

So far, so good. I now had to go down stairs, reach the back door, unbar it, get into the yard, and make for my room, which was in the second story of a back huilding that stood unconnected with, and about a dozen yards from, the main one. After giving cy-

I started. Boys, did you ever try to go up or down a pair of stairs at midnight, without ma-king a noise? You may try all sorts of ways, "And you are prepared to see my face?" but every step is sure to crack, each with a pecular noise of its own, and loud enough, you are certain, to waken everybody. I had gotnot know; but he rose and stood in the clear came trotting up the entry towards me, yelling "Are you ready to look?"

She slowly raised the mask, and he looked upon the deathly features of Florence Celesti! but the cur started the mocking-bird, and the dogs in the neighborhood having learned to hast ned to the spot where lay Morell bathed in blood. A light poignard lay beside him, with which he had suddenly been stabbed. reached the door, and unlocked it, just as the governor, aroused the second time, opened his door, and, seeing a man escaping from the house, by the back way, of course cried "Thieves! thieves!" and made a rush after me. I was too quick for him, though; I opened the door, sprang out, broke for the door, that opened into the room below this, and had just reached it, when crash! within a foot of my head went a brick, and another voice, that I knew belonged to our next door neighbor, Tomkins, joined the "governor" in the cry of "Thieves! Thieves! Murder! Thieves!" I was safe, though. Rushing up the stairs, I "shelled" myself quicker than I ever did before or since, and was in bed and sound asleep in less than half a minute. Wasn't there a row, though? I never heard so many dogs before; the mocking-bird, of course, was outbefore; the mocking-bird, of course, was outdoing all previous efforts; the chickens even
began to crow, and Tomkins, next door, was
hallooing "Thieves!" and calling the "governor." I could hear screams and all sorts
of talking and noises among the neighbors,
until at length the old gentleman's voice was
heard in the yard calling "Tom! Tom!"
Tom was sound asleep—snoring!
"Tom!" cried the old man, in a voice that
would have roused a man from an exlentic fit

would have roused a man from an epleptic fit.

I judged it prudent to wake then, and, jumping from my bed, raised the window, and rubbing one eye, and looking particuarly frightened (which I was) asked:

"Why, father, what in the world's the

matter? "There's thieves in the house!" was the reply; "get your gun and come down, and

be quick!"
"He's in that room below you, Tom!" halthe eaves of the shed, pulled off my shoes, put as he ran down, and threw a fire-brick at him. them in my pocket, and then "cooned up." I know he didn't pass that door, Mr Jones." All right so far, but I thought it necessary, in order not to arouse any suspicions in the morning, to remove the plank; so dragging it up, I threw off the end, and down it went with the governor stood sentinel at the door, below, armed with a club, while Tomkins had five minutes to collect aid from the neighbors, and in less than half the time, so thoroughly was every house alarmed, there was a dozen or tols, and sticks.

The "governor" led the attack. Opening the door, he called, "Come out here you house-breaking seoundral! If you attempt to run or resist, I'll blew your brains out!" No-

body came, however. "Watch the door," was the order, "while I go in ; and I was told to "look sharp," and "shoot the rascal if he came up stairs." A momentary search was sufficient to satisfy everybody that the thief was not in that room.

"He's up stairs, then, "cried Tomkins," for I'll take my Bible oath he didn't pass

So up stairs they trooped, but I had lit a candle by that time, and there was no bugbear there. The strictest search, even to looking under a beetjack, didn't show the faintest trace of him. The yard was next examined, then the house, and everybody being at length tolerably well satisfied that he had escaped, the neighbors dispersed to their several homes; but I was appointed sentinel for the rest of the night, and ordered not to go to sleep on my post under penalty of a flogging.

The articles missing, on a thorough investigation next day, were two pies and the old lady's silver thimble. The thimble turned up in a week or two, being discovered under a corner of the carpet; but the pies have never been accounted for to this day. On oath, I could have given very material testimony as to the disposition of the stolen property, but, as the case didn't come before court, I remained quiet. So up stairs they trooped, but I had lit a

Didn't the local editors from though! One Didn't the local editors loom though! One of them elongated himself through a quarter of a column, and headed the item, "A Diabolical and Atrocious Attempt at Burglary and Murder!" describing, with graphic particulars, the "fiendish attempt to throttle Miss—and her servant," complimented the "coolness and resolution of R. Tomkins, Esq.," and perorated with a withering anathems on the want of vigilance displayed by the police.

It was fun for me to see with what wide awake sagacity the watchmen used to stop at the front door and listen, during their nightly rounds, for a month after; and you couldn't

the front door and listen, during their nightly rounds, for a month after; and you couldn't have bribed a youngster to go under the porch, on any account, after dark. The excitement died away, though, after a while; but I'll never forget the night I tried to get into the house "without making a noise."—N. Y. Spirit of the Times.

A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK. -We have heard of a child "taking after his father," but not exactly in the way recorded by a co-temporary journal:

"We once know an cencutric man in the

"Nutmeg State," in its northern part, who went by the familiar title of "Unele Aaron." The old man had raised a large family of boys, the youngest of whom—a wild roystering blade—was named after himself. In speaking of his family, the old man said, with a long face:

"Among all-my boys, I never had but one who took after his father, and that was my Aa-