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 16, 1855.

TERMS:

THE DEMOCRAT & SENTINEL, is publish-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-

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Dr. Chalmers is said to be the author of the beautiful poem, written on the occasions of the death of a young son whom he greatly loved :

I am all alone in my chamber now. And the midnight hour is near; And the fagot 's crack, and the clock 's dull tick, Are the only sound I hear. And over my soul in its solitade, Sweet feelings of sadness glide, For my heart and my eyes are full when 1 think, Of the little boy that died.

I went one night to my father 's house ---Went home to the dear ones all --And softly I opened the garden gate, And softly the door of the hall. My mother came out to meet her son --She kissed any and then she sighed, And her head fell on my neck and she wept For the little boy that died.

I shall miss him when the flowers come, In the garden wher he played; I shall miss him more by the fire-side, When the flowers have all decayed. I shall see his toys and his empty chair, And the horse he used to ride; And they will speak with a silent speech Of the little boy that died.

We shall go home to our Father's hot To our Father's house in the skies, Where the hope of our souls shall have no blight, Our love no broken ties. We shall roam on the banks of the river of peace, And bathe in its blissful tide, And one of the joys of our Heaven shall be The little boy that died.

She only remembered a single word of all that Cæsar had said-that word was love, and it continued to ring in her ears. When she reached her mother's house, a poor hovel of one room, with gray walls outside, and white within, containing a bed, a cradle and three chairs, and a framed engraving above the fire place, she had not recovered from her agita-

"What is the matter Rosa " said her mo-

ther, "you look strangely." "I stumbled against a stone in the street,

"I stumbled against a scole in 'the screet, and came near falling." "Rose, Rose, why did you fib?" "Take care of Lili," said the mother his-sing a red and white doll to which she applied sing a red and white doll to which she applied that name. "When he goes to sleep, go on with your work Perhaps to-day I may be more fortunate than I was yesterday. The audience will be large, and I shall probably sell more. Shut the door and window and let no one else in. I will tap on the blind " The mother kissed Rose, who was rocking

Lili, and left,

The woman was the widow of a workman. Her husband had fallen from the tower of a church about a year before, (just three months before Lili's birth). To support her children, whom she loved dearly, as a dying man loves his life, she sold papers in the morning, fruits in the afternoon, and flowers at night. Rose never accompanied her, for some one had to stay with Lili.

This was a pretext. The mother was pru-dent, and uneasy on account of her daughter's beauty

When she was alone, Rose shut the blinds, and took from beneath a heap of withered flowers a piece of broken glass. This was the accomplice of her innocent coquetries. Her mother's was much larger and fastened to the wall.

Rose approached the glass la m, which shed its light as sp. right as the miser yields his gold, and looked as I face in the fragment of glass. For the twentieth time she looked at the little dimple on her chin-its appearance gave her as much delight as the discovery of America did Columbus. Suddenly, however, she looked anxiously around. She fancied she heard a light tap on the window. She replaced the glass, opened the door and looked into the street. The sky was blue, and a kind of profile was visible not far from the

"See sergeant." Cæsar saw the body of a young girl on the and. He recognized Rose, and exclaimed-"This is strange !"

It will be remembered that after Dr. San-grado had taken all the blood from his patients'

vein he was surprised to see them die. "A man of our regiment killed her," said one of the soldiers. It was about midnight and she would not answer the sentinel's challenge. He fired, and you see what happened!" "That was his order. Pardicu! but it

took place during the storm." Rose had begged her way, and had follow-ed the regiment without being able to overtake it. At last almost dead with fatigue, she reached St. Maur. It was in the midst of the tempest, and the noise of the rain, the wind, and the thunder, had prevented her from hear-ing the challenge. She had been shot as she approached the sentinel to ask him the address of her lover.

Poor Rose !--- poor Casar !-- poor mother !

A FRENCH STORY

A FRENCH STORY At a Court ball, some twenty years since, a young officer of the French cavalry met and was charmed by a beautiful English girl. He obtanied an introduction, and danced with her as often as he could, without challenging the remark of his Grace, the young lady's papa. Our hero was handsome, amiable, witty, and in every way a person to win the good will of the fair sex. He was of good family, and had the aristocratic de affixed to his name, although he could boast no patrimonial estate. The young lady was of England's privileged

he could boast no patrimonial estate. The young lady was of England's privileged class—both noble and wealthly This, however, our lover did not know when first he bowed before the charms of her beauty. Love begets love, and women are grateful; and the fair girl returned the young soldier's devotion. They met often—how or where we cannot say; but Paris is large, and English customs are convenient for young people. This was all charmingly agreeable, but unsatisfactory; for theirs was flirtation with a serious intention affixed to it—marriage 1

ant, a man without estate! Is is not to be thought of. She listen to this Contains in feels nature's dictate and the strength which love gives. She next boldly and firmly de-clares to her parents that she loves the young year 1842. to St. Petersburgh as a deputation officer with her whole heart, and him alone will she marry. That if they will not permit her to judge of her own happiness, she can wait until she is of age, when the clergyman propria persona to inspect his different milita-ry establishments, and among others, to the School of Cadets, where all the lads were may marry them without parental leave. My Lord and My Lady are made consciou My Lord and My Ludy are made conscious that their fair and gentle daughter has a will of her own, and also a patient determination to gratify that will. They come to parly, and enter into negotiations with the young people The lovers are to be separated for two years —it shall not be considered an engagement drawn up in a long hall-The Emperor, closely followed by the Prussians, stopped before one of the youngest cadets, patted his cheeks with both hands, and then lifting him up, kissed him nost affectionately. They turning to the Prussians, he said: "Gentlemen, you will never guess who this lad is. He is the and the young lady shall receive the addresses son of my most bitter enemy, the Circassion chieftain, Schamyl, who has placed him un-der my care for his education." of other suitors. On the other hand, the lovers are to be per-mitted to correspond, and if they remain lov-ers at the end of two years, they shall marry with full consent and approbation The young lady consoles her anxious lover with assurance that her love is unchanged, and A friend who read the aneedote of Lieut that the two years' absence will only serve to prove their affection for each other and endear Governor Plunkett, recently given in our columns, was reminded of an event in the early life of the late Hon. Jeremiah Mason, which them to one another still more. They part! The English party return home. They part: The English party return home. ped along with out giving him an opportunity. Every evening, however, when her mother was away, Rose used to open the blinds to see if the sentinel was on his post. He was always on duty. He showed her a bunch of violets, which he used to kiss, with-Londoner. He came not. The next day pas-sed, and the next-and no tidings; and thus took out the looking-glass immediately after-wards. On such occasions she was always pale, and a tear of remorse would steal into her eye. She would then sit down by Lill's her eye. She would then sit down by Lill's cradle, with a dpooping brow, and heaving breast, and relaxed limbs, for whole hours un-til the return of her mother. One evening Rose heard the signal at the blind much earlier than usual. She however opened the door room; but the saucy variet, with an impudent look at the apparently small youth, perempto-rily refused, and told him to turn out hinself. months pass. Meanwhile the unhappy damopened the door. It was not her mother but Cæsar. "Do you love me, Rose?" asked he tenderly; and as he spoke he passed one of his arms a-round her waist. Rose did not open her lips, so amazed was she; but her blushes and her trouble replied to the question. CHAPTER III. "Do you know the news Rose?" said an Mr. Mason, who instantly perceived there was but one course to pursue, quietly stopped his horse, laid down the reins over the dasher, and slowly began to roll down the robes, at the time drawing up his legs, and gradually rising from his seat. The teamster quietly watched these motions; but as the legs obtained a foundation, and foot after foot of Mr. Maquickly. son's mammoth proportions came into view, a look of astonishment, like a circle in the water, spread ever his hitherto calm face, and with a It was done. Fifteen years pass by. Out heroine is a widow! Five years more, and "My lady" lies ill until death. deprecating gesture he presently exclaimed, "That'll do, stranger—don't rise any more— I'll turn out." Mr. Mason had soon the track to himself, and our bewildered teamster drove She calls her daughter to her bedside, and confesses that she had detained the letters of the young officer-that he had been faithful The proofs of it were by the hundred in such a off at a brisk pace. "Creation !" said he, as he touched up the off leader with his whip, "I desk. "My Lady" dies. Our heroine seeks these letters of the lover of her youthful days, wonder how high that critter would have gone if I hadn't stopped him ?"-Boston Journal. and finds heaps of his, and also those she had written, in the vain hope of obtaining explanation of his silence. Twenty years of disappointment were for-gotten in reading the ardent expressions of af-fection and devotion which they breathed. She was young again, and her heart had known Law Surrs .- Napoleon, in conversation with Las Casas, at St. Helena, dwelt upon the no care-it was again the spring-time of her life. She took these letters with her, and went to Paris. She sought information from the Minister of War, of him who was lieutenant in the cav-alry of 1834. The authorities replied that the lieutenant of that time was now Commanding General, and that he was station ding General, and that he was stationed in one of the Southern Departments. The widow wrote to the General that she was at Paris, and desired to see him. He obtained leave of absence, and hastened to meet the lady All is explained, and our lovers are married. To be sure, the General is no longer young; but his manners have the same charm, and would have been a glorious one for clients.
society from living upon the quarries of the Guarries of the Going to do with you going to do with you 'Going to get it discusses.
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his elegance and style lesson his apparant age. The lady carries her inadmissible forty years as if they numbered but thirty. The latter twenty years of their lives are likely to be hap-pier than either of the first.

And so ends a real life romance, that is very like one in a story book.

Schamyl and his Son.

Within the last few months, Schamyl has been rejoiced by the return of his son, who, eleven years ago, when of tender age, had the misfortune to be taken prisoner by the Rus-sians. Since then Schamyl had not heard of the boy, and long ago gave him up for lost. It appears, however, that when he was cap-tured, the Russian General, Prince Woronzoff, sent him to St. Petersburgh, where the late Emperor took a liking to the lad, and had him

Emperor took a liking to the lad, and had him educated in the Military Academy. It happened last year that Schamyl, in some sudden surprise, took several Russian ladies prisoners, among whom was the Princess Tas-charawaddy. They were conducted to one of Schamyl's mountain fastnesses, and confined there as prisoners of war, but treated with the respect and decorum due to their rank and sev_The Covernor Connerd, of Tidia, sented sex-The Governor General of Tiflis sent a flag of truce to Schamyl to demand the release of the captured ladies, offering a large sum of money and the liberty of several Circassion ladnes, who had been made prisoners by the Russians. But Schamyl replied that if his son were alive, and the Russians would restore him, he would release all the lady-captives. him, he would release all the lady-captives. The Emperor Nicholas sent for young Seamyl, gave him his liberty, and fitted him out with the needful equipments to undertake the loag journey. The exchange took place in the end of January. Young Schamyl, who, when at St. Petersburgh, was not required to abjure the moslem creed, has profited by his involun-tary sejour at the Russian capital, and has now returned to his overjoyed father an accom-plished cavalier, with a comparatively divili-zed education. It is said that he entertains great gratitude to the Emperor for his person-al treatment, but it is not impossible that his return to his native mountains may have an

the Prussian onicers of the 6th Cuirassier

A Change of Mind.

An Unfortunate Widow.

Sentine

Sol Smith relates the following odd occurrence during his percerinations in Georgia :

Between Caleba Swamp and Line Creek, in the "Nation," we saw a considerable crowd gathered near a drinking house, most of them seated and smoking. We stopped to see what was the matter. It was Sunday, and there was the matter. It was Sunday, and there had been a quarter race for a gallon of whis-key. The first thing I noticed was the singu-lar position of one of the horses of the party. He was kneeling down and standing on his hinder feet, his head wedged in between the ends of two logs of the grocery, and he was tree doed begins wideretty and he was stone dead, having evidently run directly against the building at full speed, causing the house partially to fall. About five paces from the horse lay the rider, quite senseless, with a gash in his throat that might have let out a

enough; there's been a quarter race." "But how came this man killed?" I asked. "Well," answered the chewing and spitting gentleman, " the man was considerably in liquor, I reckon, and he run his hoss chuch against the house, and that's the whole on it " "Has a doctor been sent for?" inquired

one of our party. "I reckon there sin't much use of doctors here," replied another of the crowd, " burnt brandy culdn't save either of 'em, man or

"Has the man a wife and children ?" in-

"No children that I knows on," answered a female, who was sitting on the ground a short distance from the dead man, smoking composedly. "He has a wife, then ?" I remarked, "what

will be her feelings when she learns the fatal termination of this most unfortunate race ?" "Yes !" sighed the fomale, "it was an un-

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An Indian Ceremony.

Among the many curious ceremonies characteristic of the California Indians, one of the most interesting and imposing is said to be the "Feast of Gympsum"—which celebrates the introduction of boys to manhood. On the ocintroduction of boys to manhood. On the oc-casion of this ceremony, due notice of the feast having been given, and invitations ex-tented to neighboring friendly villages, all the youths who have attained the requisite age are confined within the dwelling of some chief, and obliged to swallow a decostion of gymp-sum or stramonium, sufficiently strong to de-stroy all power of muscular action and sensi-bility for an entire night. The female choir of the village then assemble around the tent, decorated in their gavest dresses and surroup. vested of the greater part of their clothing, profusely ornamented with feathers, and cov-ered with alternate strips of black and white paint. The director then makes a short speech and commences dancing. The entire choir bursts out into a song by no means an-musical, and all the men within the ring proceed to follow the example of their director, in a series of steps which set at defiance all con-ventional rules for the poetry of motion. At the close of the song the old men puff from their mouths a volume of wind towards heaven, and with a loud howl the dancers ratire to recover breath.

Three nights are spent in this manner, with the acception that after the first night the youths, who have recovered from their stupor, are allowed to participate in the dancing. On the first day after their recovery from the effects of the medicine-which effects are said to resemble somewhat the delightful sensations produced by the haschish of the Arabs-they re presented with water and paint, and after are presented with water and paint, and after having performed their ablutions and painted themselves, are led into the field and taught the mysteries of planting and harvesting-al-so, how to construct the various kinds of lodso, how to construct the various kinds of iod-ges, and how to ensnare the different species of game used by them for food. They are al-so daily lectured upon the "arts" of war, theft and deception This instruction continues for three days, during which time they are al treatment, but it is not importable that his return to his native mountains may have an effect on the foture mode of Circassian warfare, and the istriction of more civilized manners and customs generally among his countrymen. The following was related to me by one of the husband?" were my next inquiries. The following was related to the Circassian of the untimely death of her husband?" were my next inquiries. On the third day they are lectured upon religion, the creation of the earth, and the histo ry of the human race, and are then dismiss to the liberties of manhood .- Boston Journa

Aliscellancons.

THE ROSE OF GRENOBLE

A ROMANCE OF YESTERDAY.

[Translated from the French.]

CHAPTER I.

Gronoble is an elegant and flourishing city The girls there have their Mabille and quingnettes just outside the gate, and find num-berless beaux among the second lieutenants on foot.

Casar Rivolet, at the epoch of the commencement of this history, June 1848, had but two chevorns on his arm His uniform coat, however, fitted him as finely as possible, and a soft silky moustache gave the young man a decidedly interesting air.

One single sentence will show what brilliant expectations his regiment had fermed of him.

" Corporal," said a soldier to him one day, "I shall be a sapper. Promise me that when you are a captain I shall be your attendant." Caesar smiled with an air of affectation, which showed that he expected to be a Marshal of France.

Why was not ambition the only passion of the young man? Had this been the case he would not have followed, one evening of 1848. a basket of violets, which hung on the arm of blind much earlier than usual. She however s young girl who was on her way home from a gardner's in the suburbs.

The street which Caesar passed down was almost deserted. The san was setting and a few women sat in front of their side doors gossipping. The young girl with the basket walked on with down-cast eyes. She did not know her flowers had tempted Cæsar Rivolet -she did not even know, oppressed with the burden of her violets and her revery, that she was beautiful, and that Gorvarini, the poet of the pencil, if he had seen her pass might have acked himself if she were one of his own pro-

Cæsar kept his eyes fixed on the basket of til at length nothing but the basket separated

"Mademoiselle," said he, "your flowers are the most beautiful I ever saw."

"Monsieur, this evening, at the theatre, my mother will sell you as many as you please at one sou a boquete." "One sou!" exclaimed Caesar ; "that is in-

deed cheap, when we remember how pretty the hands that gathered them. Here is one the perfume of which you have yourself inha-led. I prefer that decidedly "

"I cannot sell them to you. My mother has expressly forbidden me to stop in the street, or to sell them to any one." "To sell them ? That's right enough.

She did not, however, forbid you to give them away. Now what is not forbidden is permit-ted. L will then, accept this, mademoiselle, and as I cannot pay you for them, I will give you in exchange all the love my heart con-tains "

Cassar took the boquet from the hands of the young girl, who stood for a moment silent and astonished. She then hurried on, under the influence of a target ab could act only the influence of a target ab could act only the influence of a target ab could act only the influence of a target ab could act only the influence of a target ab could act only the influence of a target ab could act only the influence of a target ab could act only the influence of a target ab could act only the influence of a target ab could act only the influence of a target ab could be able to issue the rations of wine for be had to issue the rations of wine for be had to issue the rations of wine for be had been four the rational target about twenty-four hours.

house. The profile seemed to move towards her; she became alarmed and shut the door. "It is strange," said she. "There cannot

be a sentinel here; besides the man has no gun.' Sentinel, or not, the soldier, though with-

ont his gun, kept watch over the house all night, or at least till the mother tapped at the

CHAPTER II.

"I have kept my promise, and come to tell you that I love you."

" If you are serious, Monsieur, I will tell

my mother." "Precisely just what I wish; but by and by. Love me first, Rose. Do you love me, Rose? Do you love me?"

The young girl looked down, but made no

reply. This was about a fortnight after Cæsar Rivolet had taken a bunch of violets from Rose. Every day since then he had contrived to meet her or her way from the gardener's. He always sought to speak to her, but she trip-

out, however, saying a word Rose used to shut the blinds silently, but then she always

opened the door.

seems that they're cutting each other's throats violets. He drew nearer the young girl, un-til at length nothing but the basket separated them. last night.

"Gone!" said Rose in a tone of misery "Are you a fool, Rose" Are you afraid of a little bloodshed?"

"Gone!" repeated she; "gone! Oh, my God! Say to my mother that she has no daughter. Tell her to curse me. Adieu!" The regiment to which Caesar belonged marched so rapidly, that in eight or nine days it was at St. Maur, in the camp which was then formed under the walls of Paris, near Vincennes.

Vincennes. One morning Cæsar came out of his tent swearing because he had been unable to sleep. He had strange dreams. He thought, amid the thunder, that he heard, a woman, in a tone of great agony utter his name; and immedi-ately after the report of a gun—discharged, probably, by some sentinel—broke on his ear. Cæsar went to a wagon loaded with barrels. He had to issue the rations of wine for he had

He had to issue the rations of wine for he had

"Do I know her? has she been informed of (Emperor of Russia,) who were sent, in the his death ?" said the woman. "Well! I reckon you ain't acquainted about these parts : I

from the regiment to congratulate the Czar on his having been five-and-twenty years Colo-rel of that corps.—Nicholas, who received the officers with marked distinction, took them in the unfortunate widder." "You, maiam ! You the wife of this man who has been so untimely cut off ?" I exclaim-

"Yes! and what about it ?" said she : "nntimely cut off! His throat's cut, that's sll, by that 'tarnal sharp end of a log; and as for its being untimely. I don't know but it's as well now as any time. He war'nt of no account, no how !"

She resumed her smoking, and we resumed our journey.

Amusing Duels.

life of the late Hon. Jeremiah Mason, which bears resemblance in some points to our story. Mr. Mason was something of a giant in phys-ical as well as mental proportions, and in youth must have possessed a powerful frame. In a sitting position he did not, however, appear a-bove ordinary stature, not only from great length of limb, but from a habit of stooping which he had acquired. While in the vigor and strength of early manhood, Mr. Mason happened one very cold day to be driving a-long a road in the country, looking rather in-significant to the casual observer; at least, to an impudent termster who approached in an

an impudent termster who approached in an opposite direction, occupying a large portion of the road with his team, so that passing was a difficult matter for another vehicle. As they neared each other, Mr. Mason courteously reueared each other, Mr. Mason courteously re-quested the teamster to turn out and give him about thirty rods off. While 'Put' was re-load ing, the officer approached and asked, "what are you about to do? Is this the conduct of an American efficer and a man of honor?" "What am I about to do !', replied the General. "A pretty question to put te a man you intend to murder! I'm alout to kill you; and if you don't beat a retreat in less time than it takes old Heath to hang a tory, you are a gone dog " The efficer fled,

The old Wolf-Hunter accepted another challenge from a British officer. At the appointed time and spot the officer found him seated near a barrel—apparently of gunpow-der—smoking a pipe. He asked the Eng-lishman to sit on the other side of the barrel, and remarking that "there was an equal chance for both," set fire to the match officer retreated in a hurry, when Old Put laughed at him, saying-'you are just as brave a man as I took you to be; this is nothing but a barrel of onions to try you by ; but you don't like the smell."

DISCOUNTING ON A LEDGER .- In the days of Nick Biddle and the U. S. Bank, a man was seen going into Wall street with his ledger under his arm. Meeting a friend the following conversation occurred :

"Good morning, friend-which way now ?" "Good morning, good morning, sir-just going up to the bank a moment."

"But what have you got under your arm?" "A book, sir—my ledger—that's all." "Your ledger! What in the world are

you going to do with your ledger ?" "Going to get it discounted, sir-nothing else to offer ; they take anything now." "Going to-what?"

"Going to get the money on my ledger, IT A paddy, writing from the west, says sir. Yery accommodating at my bank pork is so planty that every man yen meet in

A Husband for a Day.

A very funny farce is sometimes presented to the public, called "A Nobob for an Hour." A melo-drama has recently been enacted in St. a lady whose husband has been in California adout five years, was agreeably surprised by the unexpected return of her better half, as she supposed. He wore a heavy beard and mus-tache, and was familiar with many incidents of their early life, and so fully established him-Amusing Duels. A work on "Duels and Duelling" has re-cently been published in Boston, which con-tams for more amusement than one would ex-peot to find in such a volume. The case of Major Hillas and Fenton, in Ireland, in which the former gentleman was shot, is an illus-tration. The Judge, in summing up the evi-dence said to the jury :---"Gentlemen, it is my business to lay down the law to you, and I will The law says the killing a man in a duel is murder, and I am bound to tell you it is mur-der; therefore, in the discharge-of my duty, I tell you so; but I tell you, at the same time. ine article—bearing the same form and fea-tures, and having been an intimate friend of the true one. The martial impostor has been arrested, and now awaits his examination for (so the indictment reads) "assault and battery."

Journeyman Printers.

From high to low, they are the same enre-less, well informed, good-hearted men-know-ing how to act better than they do-nothing at times, yet everything if occasion requires it, we have seen one and the same individual of the craft, a minister in Carolina, a boatman on the western canal, a lawyer in Missouri, a sheriff in Ohio, a sailing master on board a pri-vateer, an auctioneer in New York, a pressman in a garret printing office !

man in a garret printing office! Having nothing to loose, no calamity can overwhelin them, and caring to gain nothing, no tide of fortunate carries them upward from the levil where they choose to stand, the hap-piest dogs in all Christendom. Philosophers by practice, spendthrifs by inclination. They complain not when the stomach cries for bread, and they have none to give—and next hour if fortune favors the means they expend more for unnecessary delicacies than would serve to keep them on wholesome food for a whole week. week.

THE LATE CEAR AND HIS PHYSICIAN .--- Dr. The LATE CZAR AND HIS PHYSICIAN.--Dr. Mandt. the physician who attended the Czar Nicholas in his illness, has published a circum-stantial account of the closing scenes of the monarch's life. "Atten minutes past three," says the doctor, "he asked me, after I had mentioned the name of his father confessor, 'Must I then die?' I answered, 'Yes sire.' Not a muscle of his face moved, not the least cuickering of milation.

Not a muscle of his face moved, not the least quickening of pulsation. 'How,' said he, 'can you find the courage thus to doom me to death; to tell me to my face? 'First,' said I, by so doing, I fulfil a promise made to you a year and a half ago; the moment of which you spake to me, alas! has come : moreover, I thus fulfil a duty to the Emperor. You have several hours to live; you are in full possession of your found time. of your faculties, and can direct them at your will-at least I believe so. Lastly, are, I love you, and this is not the moment to con-ceal the truth, which I am sure you can bear to hear.' His Contenance because serene, and he sir ched out his hand, saying, "I thais you ""

with Las Casas, at St. Helena, dwelt upon the evils arising from law suits' which, he said, was an absolute leprosy, a social cancer. My code, he said, had singularly diminished law-suits, by placing numerous cases within the comprehension of every individual. But there comprehension of every individual. But there remained much for the Legislature to accom-plish. Not that he could hope to prevent m n from quareling; this they have done for ages; but he might have prevented a third party in society from living upon the quarr.ls of the other two, and even stirring up disputes to pro-mote their own interests. It was, therefore, his attention to establish the rule that lawyers beauting the start when they

