

# Democrat and Sentinel.

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

NEW SERIES.

EBENSBURG, MAY 23, 1855.

VOL. 2, NO. 32.

## TERMS:

THE DEMOCRAT & SENTINEL, is published every Wednesday morning, in Ebenburg, Cambria Co., Pa., at \$1.50 per annum, IN ADVANCE, if not \$2 will be charged. ADVERTISEMENTS will be conspicuously inserted at the following rates, viz: 1 square 3 insertions, \$1 00  
Every subsequent insertion, 25 cts  
1 square 3 months, 3 00  
1 " 6 " " " " " " " 4 00  
1 " 1 year, 12 00  
1 " 2 " " " " " " 20 00  
1 " 3 " " " " " " 30 00  
Business Cards, 5 00  
63-Twelve lines constitute a square.

## Select Poetry.

From the Home Journal.  
**THE FACTORY GIRL.**

By Mrs. Mary A. Kipper.

She boasts no rich and costly robes,  
She wears no jewels in her hair;  
And yet her pale and comely face  
Seems wanting in no modest grace  
To make her passing fair.

With backward glance of anxious love  
She quite the humble cottage door,  
And through the wet or dusty street,  
She trends with worn, yet willing feet,  
The path oft trod before.

What sudden thought calls up the blood—  
The crimson tide, that faint would speak?  
As swift the arrow shuttle flies,  
As swifter still her task she plies,  
White tears are on her cheek?

That blush wears not the tinge of shame,  
Those tears are not the tears of sin;  
Some hope, or fear, with sudden start,  
Sends bounding from the busy heart,  
The tell-tale blood within.

These bespeak a mother's need—  
A widowed mother, thin and pale;  
For who will give the orphan food,  
And fill the scanty share of wood,  
When her weak efforts fail?

But Mary's heart is large and free,  
And Mary's hands were made to soil;  
And near (says the blushing cheek),  
Shall one so pale, and ill, and weak,  
As that dear mother toil.

God bless thee, Mary: keep thy vow,  
And unto thee shall strength be given;  
And when thy noble work is done,  
The cross bears, the victory won,  
Thy rest shall be in Heaven.

## Miscellaneous.

### THE WIDOW, OR THE BROKER'S SECRET.

He looked like an old clothesman, but he was only a broker—a broker with a bad character; and what that must have been, when it was bad for a broker, we leave to imagination and Johnson to define. He was reputed the hardest man of his trade; and as men of that trade are popularly supposed to be mere electrical machines, worked by flints, not hearts; a supposition of fineness must have left him a fearful conglomerate. He was a withered old man now, bent almost double with age and rheumatism, with a hooked nose, and light brown eyes, red round the lids and a strange mixture of surliness and suspicion in his face. He looked a cross between a mistle and a weasel, which he was in character as well as in countenance. No one had a good word to say for him. The publican at the corner was sure there was something queer in a man who did not take his honest glass like the rest; and the baker looked down on him because he ate "seconds" on principle. If a distress was to be put for miles round the neighborhood, they prayed that it might not be by old Joe Mappin, of Holborn Buildings. One woman said she'd as lief have the Empress of Russia as him; her daughter said she'd liefer. The very children were afraid of him, and screamed if he came too near them, unless they were impudent and mocked him. But to the little ones he was the district bogie; and "Old Joe Mappin" stood in Holborn buildings, searing the riotous small fry of the gutters, for "the black man" of more civilized nurseries.

Everybody said the man had a secret. Some thought he was a coiner; and others that he had committed a murder, and went to look at the body or the grave. Others again said, that he had a mad wife locked up in a garret, but none knew exactly what they thought, excepting the broad fact that there was a secret somewhere; and of course, if belonging to him, a disgraceful one; he could have nothing but villainy to conceal," said the inspector to Policeman X, 82.

Why the report arose of his having a secret in his life was, because ere long after evening, he was seen stealing in the dark from his garret, along Holborn, towards the West End. No one knew where he went to, though more than one lounging fellow had set out to follow him; but somehow the old man always contrived to escape, doubling through the streets in such a quick and unexpected manner that, however it was done, he invariably got away. All sorts of plans had been made to track him, but they failed, every one of them; and the broker's secret was a secret still. Little Teddy, his landlord's boy, came the nearest to the discovery; but he lost him at last somewhere up in the New Road, near Regent's Park, though that was a good measure to have taken, too. Moreover, he saw that Joe was decently dressed beneath his

shabby old cloak—a thing no one else had known; and from that time the report got about that it was a love affair with some mysterious celebrity, and that Joe was buying a wife with his gold; for "he had a California worth," said his landlord's little boy, Faddy.

One evening Joe set out, as usual, with his shabby old cloak and battered old hat, but well dressed beneath. He walked cautiously at first, hobbling, as was natural to him now, with his rheumatics so bad; but after he had passed through his particular quagmire, turning round constantly as if to cough, but in reality to see if any one were following him, he walked briskly on, cutting through all sorts of queer alleys and bye-places, winding and doubling like a fox; the best topographer in London could not have followed him. At last he came to a very pretty house in the Regent's Park—a house which was evidently inhabited by a gentleman of fortune, as well as of taste; for all the appointments were in such perfect keeping, and there was such a wealth of costly simplicity about it as could only belong to both these conditions. The broker looked up at the window as he came beneath it, and a little girl of about fourteen or fifteen—but young and slight for her age—leaning out from among the geraniums, cried, as answer to his look, "Why, Joe, how late you are to-night!"

That sweet voice! the old man used to say himself that he would not ex-change its "Joe" for a good fiddler's note! He nodded to her affectionately; and carefully scraping his shoes opened the door and went in—with the air of a man who knows that he will be welcome.—He took off his hat and cloak, and put them away into a dark corner; and then, clean and "respectable looking" he went up stairs to the drawing room.

A lady still beautiful and still young—young at least for the mother of a child of fifteen—was sitting there embroidering. Surrounded with every luxury and every beauty—nestled in that lonely home, like a bird in a golden cage—how strange the chance which had thrown together anything so graceful as that lady and that old Jew broker. Yet they were well acquainted; they were even friends; for she rose when he entered, and advanced towards him kindly, and shook hands with him, and drew forward the best easy chair for him, and patted him as women only can pat, without any visible effort. But all that, Joe seemed to wish for was to sit a little, and watch her as she bent over her embroidery, and to hear her say again and again that she was contented and happy.

"And you are certain sure you want for nothing?" inquired Joe; "nor Miss Margaret neither?"

"Nothing, Joe, Nothing?" and the sweet lady looked up affectionately as if she had spoken to a father.

"That is enough—that is all I want," murmured Joe; and then he went back into the depths of his quiet meditation, watching the lady's face and every now and then glancing round the room as if to see that all was right, and to find out where he could alter and improve.

After this had gone on for a short time, Joe Mappin asked for Margaret in an uncouth way, strangely softened, like a mistle fairly mesmerised. "The lady rang the bell and Margaret came. It seemed to be the usual way in which she was summoned when the broker was there, for she came at once, without giving the servant time to call her. She also showed the most unaffected gratitude and love for the old man, running up to him and taking his hand, calling him "Dear Joe," as if she meant it.

"And is there nothing that the little lady wants?" said Joe, patting her head and smoothing down her curls. "Has she gowns and bonnets enough, lady? for you know she has but to ask and have."

"Why, Joe, I don't wear such a frock in a week!" said Margaret, laughing; "and it was only last Tuesday that you gave me that beauty, though I hadn't yet half worn my blue silk."

Joe Mappin drew her between his knees, and held her face in his hands. "Silver and gold isn't good enough for you both!" he said with almost a passion of fervor in his voice; "so never stint yourself for fear of me."

infinite yearning worship, such as he had read of in the novels of the libraries he had seized, but which he had always thought trash, and the mere mouthings of author fools. He felt now and for the first time, that there was such a thing in the human breast as Love—the love of beauty, the love of virtue, Love for pity's sake.

Captain Thornton was carried off to the Queen's Bench; and after a short term of imprisonment, died suddenly of apoplexy. He had lived to freely, and taken too little exercise; and being one of those fair haired men of sanguine temperament who required abstinence and work, who love luxury and idleness, he had met the fate any medical man would have predicted. His wife and child were thus left alone in the world, and penniless. The broker had never lost sight of them. Gifts from an unknown hand, money, clothing, and even food, had kept Mrs. Thornton from want—all the more welcome, as by marriage she had displaced her relatives, who were perhaps not sorry now of this excuse to avoid maintaining her. When the captain died, then old Joe Mappin came forward openly. He told her how he had lived an Ishmaelite life, without pity, and without love; he told her how she had roused feelings in him—feelings of reverence for humanity, such as he had never known before; and the old man bowed himself before her as to a superior being, and besought of her the privilege of maintaining her and her child. He wanted nothing, he said, but to know that they were happy, and sometimes to hear them say so. He had not a relation in the world to whom he could leave his money—not one that they would wrong by taking it; he had hoarded because it was his nature to hoard; but he never knew for what end he saved. Now, he should have saved for Heaven, if she would accept her life on these easy terms. They were not hard; and if she objected to his going to see her, he would not indeed, indeed, it was her happiness, and that sweet baby's—not his own—care for, in the after!

What could she do, that gentleman without friends or fortune, or the means of earning her own subsistence? What would she do but look at her child, hold out both hands to that strange old man, and burst into tears of gratitude, and shame, and sorrow, all mixed together, as she filtered out. "Yes," and took her face from his hands. She understood the truth of his feelings, and was herself too truthful and too noble to assume a false dignity which would have been less dignified than the acceptance of his generosity. She thanked him by her tears, and she kissed his withered hand; and that touch bound old Joe Mappin as he stood for life: the first, last, and only time that a woman's lips had ever touched him. And in this manner their lives had passed for the last fifteen years.

He took a beautiful little house for the widow and her child, and furnished it with every luxury and beauty possible. All that came in his way—dress, jewelry, furniture, ornaments—whatever it might be that was rare and expensive he bought for them. He lavished his money like water, and thought nothing dear which would call forth a smile from the woman or a joyous exclamation from the child. Their pleasure repaid him for everything; it was his world, his heaven, his life.

But the time was coming fast now when poor old Joe Mappin, the broker, must face the boundary between time and eternity, and learn the great secret. When the winter had killed Margaret's flowers, had stripped her geraniums of their leaves, and had frozen the songs of her birds, the old man and Death stood face to face. His rheumatism and asthma had been very bad for a long while, and his living had been very bad for a long while, and he knew he was dying, but he could not die in peace without looking one more on those two faces he loved so much—the only two he had ever loved through the whole of his long life. They could not come to him, for they did not know his address nor even his surname. He was only "Joe" in the beautiful house in the Regent's Park; and the servants thought he was "Missus's queer old uncle—perhaps from Ing's or furrier parts." But if they could not come to him he would go to them—and must—whatever the risk. He could not die happily—he believed he could not pass away at all—without seeing them once more.

Though the seal of death was set right on his face, the old man resolved to make this long and perilous journey. He knew he should hasten the supreme moment; but it would be better even if he did, he said, sadly. He had done all he could do now; he had established and protected those dear ones, and his death would not deprive them now of a farthing, or of a single comfort. He had saved enough; let him die. He sent for a neighbor to dress him for the last time in his decent clothes; and when this was done—between fainting gasps, and long fits of pain—he told her to go for a cab, and bargain with the man for his fare to Regent's Park. Because he was old and weak he wouldn't be done even by the biggest ruffian amongst them," he growled out.

When the woman left the room, old Joe dragged himself as best he could to a small iron safe he had let up to the wall with his own hands. No one knew it was there—not even the landlord, nor those prying eyes of Little Teddy. He unlocked it, and took out a roll of bank notes, railway scrip, and mortgage bonds, and tied them all in a cotton handkerchief, together with a parchment tied with red tape, sealed with a big seal, and endorsed "Joe Mappin's will," in his own handwriting. He hid the bundle under his green old cloak, and then the woman came back, and found him panting and pale, and she screamed out that he was dying. But he swore at her between each gasp, and told her to hold her noise, and to help him down stairs. And then half stumbling and half carried, the old man got down stairs at last, and so was put into the cab.

He gave the man his directions in an undertone, jealously guarding the name from the crowd standing curiously about; and then he drove out of Holborn for ever. And as he left his old neighborhood, with all its associations of the pitilessness and sorrow of which he had been the instrument, and the heartless one, a change seemed to come over him. The mastic face gradually grew more softened and humanized. He was passing from the world of men and mammon into that of love and death, and the evil influences of his material life faded before the purification of this great baptism.

The journey—it was a long one for a dying man—fired him sadly. He did not care though for the pain it caused him; his only fear was that he should die ere he reached his home—the home of his spirit, of his better and his purer life. But he survived it—in a sad state of suffering and prostration; and only just survived it; for when, carried by the cabman in his arms as if he had been a child; he was brought into the presence of those loved ones, all that his failing life left him power to do was to place the packet in the widow's lap, murmur faintly, "It is all yours," and to die with her tears falling softly on his face.

Novel Mode of Paying the Printer.

I once had the pleasure of listening to a colloquy between an editor and a farmer, which struck me as being decidedly novel and unique. For the benefit of those who can't afford to pay the printer, I conceive its relation not to be inappropriate as it is written.

Early in the spring of 18—, I casually walked up to the office of my friend C., whom I found earnestly engaged in a spirited conversation with farmer B. Just as I entered the office, the farmer with very vehement gesticulation, flinging his arms up, and then lowering them as if to pump out his words, said in the conclusion of a sentence, in answer to the interjection of the editor, "Can't afford it, sir; don't like to take your paper, sir; but can't afford it, country is new, and expenses high; must provide for my family first, as I once read in the newspaper."

"I can," resumed the editor, "show you a novel mode of paying the printer. I will cite you to it, not because I wish to get your subscription money, but merely to convince you that you are able to take a paper, and can afford it, and after taking it, you will be thoroughly persuaded that it would be showing charity at home. You have hens at home, of course. Well I will send you my paper for the proceeds of one single hen for the season, merely to illustrate it. It seems trifling; yes, but to imagine the proceeds of a single hen will pay the subscription, perhaps it won't; but I mean the other."

"Done," said farmer B., "I agree to it," and appealed to me as a witness in the affair. Time rolled round, and the world revolved on its axis, and the sun moved in his orbit just as it formerly did; the farmer received his paper regularly, and regaled himself with the information obtained from it. He not only knew the affairs of his own country but became conversant upon the leading topics of the day, and the political and financial convulsions of the times. His children delighted to read, in passing the contents of their weekly visitor. In short he said he was "surprised at the progress of himself and family in general information."

Some time in the month of September, I happened again up in the office, when who should step in but our friend the farmer.

"How do you do, Mr. B.," said the editor, extending his hand, and his countenance lit up with a bland smile, "take a chair, sir, be seated; fine weather we have."

"Yes, sir, quite fine, indeed," answered the farmer, shaking the proffered "paw" of the editor, and then a short silence ensued, during which our friend B. hitched his chair backward and forward, and twirling his thumbs abstractedly, and spitting profusely, starting up quickly, he said, addressing the editor, "Mr. C., I have brought you the proceeds of that hen."

It is amusing to see the peculiar expression of the editor, as he followed the farmer down to the wagon. I could hardly keep my risibles down. When at the wagon, the farmer commenced handing over to the editor the produce of the hen, when on being counted, amounted to eighteen pence, worth a shilling each, and a number of dozen eggs, making in the aggregate of the least calculation, two dollars and fifty cents, one dollar more than the price of the paper.

"No need," said he, "of men not taking a family newspaper, and paying for it, too. I don't wish this from you, yet I have paid a year's subscription and a dollar over. All folly, sir; there is no man but can take a paper; it's charity you know commences at home."

"But," returned the editor, "I will pay you for what is over the subscription. I did not intend to institute this as a means of profit, but rather to convince you. I will pay you."

Not a bit of it, sir; a bargain is a bargain, and I am already paid, sir, doubly paid;—and whenever a neighbor makes the complaint I did, I will cite to him the hen story. Good day gentlemen.

### Our Debt to the Gallant Dead Paid off.

The speech of Mr. Smith, of Alabama, in favor of the doctrines of the new party, and especially against foreigners, adopted citizens, and Catholics, is standard authority with the believers in Know-Nothingism. One of his strongest points is that in which he declares that we owe nothing to the brave foreigners who have fought our battles—that they have been amply compensated, and the account is closed. This must be consoling information to the "Americans who are to rule America." It is lifting a heavy burden from their souls to be assured that they are no longer to be troubled with visions of obligations to such adventurers as Lafayette, Montgomery, Kosciuszko, De Kalb, and the rest. Debt is always a nightmare, and he is to be congratulated who is clear of it. But we are a little incredulous as to the fact which Mr. Smith announces to the world. Who has paid the debt? Who holds the receipt? Where are the papers recorded? Where are the details? How much did you pay for the glorious life of Montgomery, lost before Quebec? How much did Lafayette, obtain for his daily compensation? What was the price of his wounds, of his sufferings, of his prayers for the success of our infant cause? Is the memory of De Kalb to be buried in oblivion because in a moment of gratitude an American Congress paid a just claim to his descendants? Give us the amount in dollars and cents that acquitted us from all obligation to the poor Irish and Germans who starved and died in the wintry field of Valley Forge, and fought at Trenton, at Yorktown, and at Brandywine.

### A Russian Heroine.

The following is related in a letter from Kamiesch, in the Crimea: "For some days past nothing has been talked of but the arrest of a young Russian woman; she had been remarked several times before, as her favorite walk appeared to be in the trenches. The rumor circulated for some time, and the General at last was informed of the fact. He ordered a stricter watch to be kept, as though it could be only a spy disguised in woman's attire. At 6 o'clock on the morning of the 28th the same woman presented herself in front of our men while they were at work. She was tall and majestic stature, and held an extinguished lantern in her hand, and seemed to examine the works with much attention. Some one perceived that she held a roll of paper in her bosom, in which she probably noted all the observations she could collect. At the sight of our soldiers and officers she quickened her pace, and entered a sort of ravine at the extremity of the French trenches.

As soon as she reached that spot she began to run, but the commandant sent two Zouaves in pursuit, and they soon overtook her. Two hours after she was conducted to Gen. Canrobert. Her examination was not long; she constantly replied that it was for the good of her country, and to avenge the death of her husband, Donoff, killed at the Alma, that she acted thus, and moreover, that she left no regret. She was then searched. The searchers found in one of her pockets a paper book, containing several details on the state of our batteries, the number of men employed, the number of guns in the batteries, &c.; and in another pocket a double-barrel pistol, and a letter addressed to Prince Menschikoff. After the visit she was shut up in an apartment of the General's head quarters, under the guard of two soldiers, until such time as she can be sent to Malta.

California Financial Panic.

A San Francisco correspondent of the New York Daily Times thus makes light over the perplexities of a small capitalist in that city who was in trouble for a safe place of investment.

"A Dutchman who had a couple of hundred dollars in Page Bacon & Co.'s drew it out, and after carrying it about an hour or two, thinking Adams & Co. must be perfectly safe, deposited there. Happening to hear some doubts expressed about them an hour later he became alarmed and drew it out again, took it to Wright's and opened an account with him. He had not got ten rods from the door before he saw a man making to his office looking wild. Poor Sorknot thought the devil must be to pay there too, and forwardly drew a check for his two hundred.

"He continued to deposit and draw again at nearly every banking house in town, when tired out and thoroughly in despair, he sat down upon a curbstone, wiped the perspiration from his face, and soliloquized thus. 'Mine Got, Mine Got, I'll put mine dollars 2 Me put 'em in ten different banks; so soon I put 'em there heakin to prairie; I got him out and he no prairie! I take my money home and sow him up in ter potato of mine vrow, and spess she prakes! I prakes her head.' And struck with the idea he rushed for home, and probably has rejoiced over his plan, which more might have followed and been better off."

### How Oysters came to be Eaten.

It has often been said that he must have been a bold man who first ate an oyster. This is said in ignorance of the legend which assigns the first oyster-eating to a very natural cause. It is related that a man walking one day, picked up one of these savory bivalves just as it was in the act of gaping. Observing the extreme smoothness of the interior of the shell, he inserted his finger between them, and he might feel their shining surface, when suddenly they closed upon the exploring digit with a sensation less pleasurable than he anticipated. The proud withdrawal of his finger was scarcely a more natural movement than its transfer to his mouth. The owner of the finger first tasted oyster juice—the savor was delicious—he had made a great discovery; so he picked up the oyster, forced open the shells, banqueted upon their contents, and soon brought oyster eating into fashion. And unlike most fashions, it has never gone, and is never likely to go out.

### Presidency of Liberia.

Edward J. Roye, one of the candidates for President of Liberia, was some ten years since a barber in Terre Haute, Indiana, from which place he emigrated to Liberia. He engaged successfully in commercial pursuits at Monrovia, has been a member and speaker of the House of Representatives of that Republic; was a candidate two years ago for the Presidency against President Roberts, and is now editing and publishing a paper in that country. He is, we believe, a pure African—certainly a black man.

Stephen A. Benson, the other candidate is of unmixed African descent, went with his parents to Liberia when a mere child, before the time of Gov. Ashmun's arrival in 1822, was taken captive by the natives in the war of December of that year, but was finally restored to his home after an absence of several months. He has been entirely educated in Africa; is the principal merchant at Bassa Cove; has filled the office of Judge in one of the highest courts in and of Liberia, and is now the Vice President of the Republic.

Mr. Benson is a Christian of eminent piety and benevolence of life, and enjoys the respect and confidence not only in the community in which he resides, but of many distinguished strangers, and universally of the citizens of the Liberian Commonwealth.

The time for the election of President, Vice President, Senators and Representatives, is fixed in the Constitution of Liberia, to be held "on the first Tuesday in May, in every two years." Intelligence of the choice made on the first day of the present month will doubtless reach this country about the middle of June next.

### New Building Material.

Goward's Real Estate Register, published at Boston, says: "We have been shown a sample of a new building material, to which we allude a week or two since. It is a kind of brick made with dead air spaces, and possessing all the beauty and hardness of granite. It is made of dry lime and dry sand; in the proportion of one twelfth lime and eleven twelfths sand, laid in moulds and subjected to an even pressure of one hundred tons. The lime is slack and the sand is sifted. The pressure is sufficient to cause the particles to cement together, forming a beautiful material. The bricks, of course are made in any form or shape, according to taste. It is fully equal to sand-stone.

"The advantages are the facility with which they are manufactured; lathing and plastering becomes unnecessary, and the outside and inside of the wall is made at the same time. The chemical change which takes place in the manufacture of the bricks hardens them so that they are no more affected by the action of the atmosphere than common stone. It is not affected by frost, and experiments which have been tried to test its strength and other qualities have resulted satisfactory. Scientific men have examined the material, and all have arrived at the same conclusion. It has been used in some places in the West for building, but not in this section of the country. A fine dwelling-house is about to be built in Danvers of the material."

Kossuth on the Visit of Napoleon III. to England. — Kossuth has written an unusually bitter letter, even for him, in relation to the visit of Napoleon III to England. He calls the reception a "comedy." The letter appears in the N. Y. Times. Kossuth salutes Austria as follows:

"That Austria, sir, which means the Hapsburgs, whom I, a plain, unpretending citizen, weighed in the hollow of my hand just seven years ago; the very existence of whom depended on a breath of mine; whom I saved with ill-fated generosity, fed as I was to trust a king's oath; whom the people of Hungary has humbled to the dust, unarmed, unprepared, forsaken and hermetically secluded as we were; those Hapsburgs whom the Czar propped up for a while, but to whom no aid, no combination can impart vitality, and whom the very hand of the Eternal has doomed to certain destruction. It is this Austria, sir, which strikes terror to the adventurer who carved his way through all the bloody horrors of December, and through unscrupulous perjury to a throne; this Austria, whose finger pulls the leading string on which England and France are hooked in the camp and in the councils also."

Tribute to Chief Justice Tancy. — A gentleman who was present during the arguments of counsel in the case of Powell, recently tried and acquitted before the United States circuit court, was struck with the appropriate and eloquent tribute paid by Mr. Z. Collins Lee to Chief Justice Tancy, and has communicated the passage, as he recollects its language, to us, so deserved by the distinguished jurist referred to.

"In this sacred temple (said Mr. Lee) our client will find a refuge from the malicious and false accusations which have pursued him. Here, in this high court, over which presides the most eminent judicial officer of the Union, prejudice, if fed and passion cannot enter and survive. — Here, the scales of Justice in his hands are so firmly held that not a cloud can obscure their brightness nor the fall of a feather disturb their perfect balance without the notice and rebuke of his discerning eye and unbiased judgment. Well, then, may we congratulate the accused on his trial in such a forum."

Two Girls Banished. — Two young girls, convicted of larceny at St. John, N. F., have been sentenced to seven years' banishment from the Colony.