

# Democrat and Sentinel.

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

NEW SERIES.

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## THE BATTLE OF LOUISVILLE.

I congratulate you on your glorious victory, Mayor Barbee's speech.

It was on August evening  
The bloody work was done,  
And "Samuel" at his cottage door,  
Was sitting in the sun;  
And by him sitting on a stool  
His little grand-child, William Poole.  
They saw the dead, with ghastly wounds  
And limbs burnt off, borne by;  
And then old Sam he shook his head,  
And with a holy sigh,  
"They're only Dutch and Irish," said he,  
"Who fell in the great victory!"

Now tell me what 'twas all about,  
Young William Poole he cries,  
While looking in his grand-dad's face  
With wonder-waiting eyes—  
"Now tell me all about the war,  
And what they killed the Irish for."  
"They were Know-Nothings," Samuel cried,  
"Who put them all to rout;  
But what they shot and burned them for  
I could not well make out.  
But Mayor Barbee said," quoth he,  
"That 'twas a glorious victory!"

The Dutch and Irish lived in peace,  
You silver stream hard by;  
The Hindoos burnt their dwellings down,  
And they were forced to fly;  
So with their wives and children fled,  
Nor had they where to rest their head.

With fires and guns the city round  
Was wasted far and wide;  
And many an Irish mother then  
And new-born baby died;  
But things like that, you know, must be  
At a Know-Nothing victory!

They say it was a shocking sight,  
After the day was won;  
For twenty bloody corpses there  
Lay rotting in the sun;  
But things like that, you know, must be  
After a Know-Nothing victory!

Great glory George D. Prentice won,  
And also Captain Stone.  
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing,"  
Quoth Samuel's little son.  
"Nay, nay, my little boy," said he,  
"It was a famous victory!"

"And Cayennes said," Americans  
America shall rule."  
"But what good came of it at last?"  
Quoth little William Poole.  
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,  
"But 'twas a glorious victory!"

## THE MISSIONVILLE BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

BY CHARLES CASTLETON.

In the snug, cosy bar-room of the "Farmers' Inn," at Missionville, sat six young men. It was a cold, bleak evening in December, and the wind that howled and drove without, drifting the snow and rattling the shutters, gave to the blazing fire and steaming kettle additional charms and comforts. There was Peter Hobbs, a youth of five-and-twenty, who seemed to be the leader, par excellence, of the party. He was a good natured, intelligent, frank-looking man, and was really a noble hearted citizen. Then there was John Falcon, a youth of the same age, who worked with Hobbs, both being journeymen carpenters. Samuel Green was a machinist; Walter Mason, a tin-worker; Lyman Drake, a cabinet-maker; and William Robinson, a clerk. They ranged, in age, from twenty-three to twenty-eight, and were really industrious youths, receiving good wages, and maintaining good characters for honesty, sobriety, and general good behavior. Yet they were looked upon by some as idly youths, and given over to peditation. Thus, they belonged to no church; and, amid the various conflicting creeds by which they were surrounded, they had not yet settled down upon any one in particular, believing that there was good in all of them; and even among the members of each.

On the present occasion, they were all of them smoking, and the empty mugs which stood upon the table near them, showed pretty conclusively that they had been drinking something besides water. The subject of the cold winter had been disposed of; the quality of the warm ale and cigars had been thoroughly discussed; and at length the conversation turned upon the missionary meeting, which had been held in the town on the previous Sabbath.

"I don't know but this missionary business is all right," and Sam Green, knocking

the ashes from his cigar with his little finger, "but at the same time I don't believe in it. Them Hindoos and South Sea Islanders, may be savage and ignorant, by our scale of measuring folks; but that is no reason why we should send all our money off there, while our own folks are starving at home."

"Did you put anything into the box?" asked Lyman Drake.

"No, I didn't. When they shoved it into my face, I told 'em I'd left all my money at home—and so I had."

"You're about right, Sam," said Bill Robinson. "But I did more than you did. When the box was handed to me, I spoke right out, so that everybody around me heard. I told the old deacon if he'd take up a subscription to help the poor folks in our own town, I'd put in something."

"What did he say to that?"

"Why—he said 'souls were of more consequence than bodies. So I just said back that I guessed he'd find it hard work to save a soul out of a starving body. But you see that ain't the thing. They won't try to save the souls, nor the bodies, either of their own townfolks. Now, when Squire Trueman came here to settle, they tried quick enough to save his soul. Ye see his body was already salled down with ten thousand dollars, so his soul was worth something to 'em. That's the dogs of it. Why don't they try to save poor old Israel Trask's soul, and his wife's too?"

"Wasn't there a committee of the church that visited old Israel last month?" queried Drake.

"Yes—there was," answered Sam, giving his cigar an indignant shake; "and what did they do? They went there—four or 'em and found the old folks suffering for want of food and clothing. They tried to make the old man believe their religion was the only true one in the world, but he wouldn't; so they gave him three tracts and a little cheap book, and then went away. That's what they did. By hokey, afore I'd give a cent to such chaps to send off to feed their missionaries in Baugwhank and Slappam Islands, I'd throw it into the fire."

"But these missionaries are honest people, and do some good," remarked Peter Hobbs, who had not before spoken on the subject.

"In course they do," responded Sam. "But wouldn't it look better of 'em to begin some of their charities at home? By jingo, I judge of a man's order by the way he may fuss around on another man's premises. And just so with these philanthropists. I'd rather see how much their religion does towards keeping the Gentiles of their own town, than to go away off to the other end of the earth to look for the fruits of their Christianity. Theirs my sentiments."

"And mine, too," muttered Walter Mason, who had just thrown away the stump of one cigar, and was about lighting another. "Just think; they collected, last Sunday, to send off to the Hindoos, over two hundred dollars. Now, that would have made half the poor folks in this town—and I don't know but all—comfortable for the winter. There was Mr. Netherly—worth forty thousand dollars, he put in a ten dollar bill. It was a great, new bill, and he opened it and held it up, and even turned it round, so't everybody could see it afore he let it drop. Then at the end, when the box was carried up into pulpit, the deacon whispered to the minister; and the minister got up, and said he, taking hold of the corner of the rich man's bill: 'Here is ten dollars from one brother. Let that brother be assured that this deed is remembered of him in heaven.' Yes, that's what was said; and Mr. Netherly held up his head, bowed very low, and then looked around at the rest of the congregation, as much as to say, 'that's me!' Now I know of another thing that I guess'll be remembered in heaven, alongside of this one. Last week, poor old Trask—Uncle Israel—called at Netherly's with some baskets. You know the old man gets out stuff in the summer, and then in the winter makes it up. Well, he went there, and asked Netherly if he would buy a basket. No; he didn't want one. The old man told him how he and his poor wife were suffering, and he asked him he couldn't help him in some way; and what d'ye think Netherly said? Why, he said that he had to pay taxes to help support a poorhouse, and told Uncle Israel that he'd find help there, if he'd only apply to the selectmen. Now, what d'ye think of that, eh?"

"Why," returned Sam, "I think if he's got an account in heaven, he'll find a balance against him, when he comes to settle up."

"So he will," responded three or four of the others.

For some moments after this, the party smoked in silence. Peter Hobbs had been pondering very deeply upon something, and at length he spoke:

"Now, look here, boys," he said, throwing his half-smoked cigar into the fire, "there's a good deal of truth in what's been said—in fact, it's all true; but before we blame others, we ought to do something ourselves. Now, I'm ready to form a regular benevolent society.—Let us six go at the work, and see what we can do towards alleviating some of the distress about us. What say you?"

The other five looked on in wonder.

"But," said Sam, "how are we to do it? We ain't born with silver spoons in our mouths."

"I should like to do it," added Drake, "but what's the use? We couldn't do much, any way—not enough to amount to anything."

And so the others expressed their opinions in like manner. They all "would like," but "where was the money to come from?"

"Listen," said Peter; and they all turned towards him with real deference, for they knew that he never wore a cloak over his heart, and that when he spoke in earnest, his meaning had depth to it. "Now I have formed a plan.—There is old Uncle Israel and his wife; then there is the widow Manley, with four little children, suffering for want of the actual necessities of life; and then there is

Mrs. Williams—she is very poor. Her son, Philip, who is her main stay, was sick all the summer and fall, and is sick now; so the woman got nothing from her little patch of land, and is now absolutely reduced to beggary, with herself and sick son to support. Now let us take these three cases in hand, and support them."

"But how?" asked three or four voices, anxiously, for they really and fully sympathized with the noble plan.

"I'll tell you," resumed Peter. "Here, Tim," he called, turning to the bar-keeper, "what's our bill?"

"Let's see," responded that worthy, coming. "There's two cigars apiece, three cents each—that's thirty-six. Then the ale—three pints—eighteen cents; and wine—three gills—that's eighteen more—makes just thirty-six is—seventy-two—seventy-two cents in all."

"Come, boys," said Peter, "let's give an equal share to-night. Let's give him ninety-pence apiece."

So the "boys" paid up, and after Tim had gone, Peter resumed:

"Now see what we've spent to-night for nothing. I'll begin with you, Sam. How much do you suppose you spend each day for cigars and ale. Now reckon fairly."

"Let's see," was Sam's response, after gazing into the face of his interlocutor until he had fairly got hold of the idea. "I certainly average four—no, five cigars a day, and I suppose they average three cents apiece. Then comes my ale—but I couldn't tell how much that amounts to, for I don't drink it regularly, but perhaps six cents a day."

"That's just twenty-one cents per day utterly wasted," said Peter; "and I'll own up to wasting twenty-five yer day. How is it with you John?"

"I'll say twenty-five."

"And you, Walter?"

"Just about the same."

"Lyman?"

"The same."

"Now look at it. Here we are, a little worse than wasting about a dollar and a half per day. But let us put our loss at a shilling each."

"No, no," cried Sam, who saw through the whole plan, "let's give honest measure. I'll own up to the twenty-five. Let's go the whole if any."

"Very well," returned Peter; "then let us commence and pledge ourselves not to smoke or drink ale for one month from this date. Every night we will lay away a quarter of a dollar, and at the end of the week we'll put our savings all together and then go on our mission. What say you?"

With one voice, the other five joined in the plan. The novelty of the thing may have pleased them; but the real incentives lay deeper down in the natural goodness of their hearts. There was no written pledge; but they took a more speedy method. Peter laid his hand upon the table, and said:

"Here's my hand, pledged to the work."

"And mine, too," cried Sam, laying his broad palm a-top of Peter's.

"And mine," and mine, "and mine," and mine, chimed the rest, placing their hands one a-top of the other until the six right hands lay upon the table in a pyramid.

"This is Tuesday," resumed Peter. "Will we meet next Saturday?"

"Yes," answered Sam, "and call it a week. Let's throw in the two days."

And so the work was begun.

On the next day, as Sam Green sat a-top of his bench after dinner, he felt rather lost without his cigar, and for a while he argued the question with himself, whether 'twouldn't do just as well for him to put an extra quarter into his box and have his cigars as usual. But he remembered his pledge. He looked forward to Saturday, when he should find himself an ambassador of mercy to the sick and needy—and his resolution grew strong again. That was his last real hesitation, though it must be confessed he had some trials and hankers.

And so with the rest—they had some moments of doubt and mental warfare with appetite and habit, but they conquered, and were true.

Saturday came, and the six youths left their work at noon, having done more than over-work enough to make up for the loss of the half-day.

"Must have a time once in a while, eh?" said Sam's boss, as the young pointed to the work he had done, and informed him that he should not work the rest of the day.

"Some sort of a time," replied Sam.

"Very well. But you're too good a fellow to go very deep into dissipation."

"I'll be up bright in the morning, sir," and with this he left.

The new Benevolent Society met at Walter Mason's tin shop. Each took out his money and they had in all nine dollars, it being in thirty-six silver quarters.

"Now," said Peter, "let's visit the three families we have taken under charge. We'll go together, and expend the money as we see it is most needed. Let us go to Uncle Israel's first."

So off they went to Uncle Israel Trask's. The old couple lived in a small hut at the edge of the village, which was reached by a narrow lane, and here the six philanthropists found the old lady, who was now in her eightieth year, suffering with a severe attack of the rheumatism, while the old man sat crooked over the fire, shivering with cold.

"Good day, good day, Uncle Israel."

"Aha, good day, boys, good day," cried the old man, trying to smile. "Can't ye find seats? Sit down somewhere and make yourselves at home. But ye see it's a poor house that old Israel can offer you to day."

"But how are you getting along?" asked Peter, after the party had found seats.

"Ah, God's mercy, I won't complain, for he is a takin' meself and Molly home fast. Only old an' hunger an' kin' help-mates, Mr. Hobbs, ye ken that, eh?"

"Right well, Uncle Israel. And we're come to help ye. Do you want any medicine?"

"Nay, nay, the old ooman's got a' the medicine laid up we want. It's only the food an' the heat we need. I can't wade through the drifting snow as I could once."

"Suppose we send you a dollar's worth of flour, a dollar's worth of pork, and then another dollar's worth of other things, such as tea, coffee, sugar, butter and the like—could ye live a week on it?"

"Ah, God's mercy, boys, meself and Molly'd live a long, long while on that. But ye'll not do it for us."

"Yes, we will."

"Ah, it's too much."

"No, no," cried Sam, "we've got to do it, Uncle Israel, for we six have sworn to help you through the winter. So speak up."

"D'ye know that?" uttered the old man, clasping his thin tremulous hands.

"We do," they all six answered, and then Sam added, "and while one of us lives, you shall not suffer the want of what we can give."

A moment the old man bowed his snow-white head, and then, while the big tears streamed down his face, he raised his eyes, and murmured:

"O God's blessing be on ye, ye noble boys. If my heart was gold, an' I could take it out an' give it to ye—for it's yours, all, all your own."

In a little while the six went away promising to send, or come back soon, and even after they had reached the yard they could hear the voices of Israel and his wife, both raised to God in blessings upon their heads.

"I say, Sam," said Peter, "this is better than cigars and ale."

"Don't say a word, now," replied Sam, "for my heart's full, and I can't bear any more."

Next they drove through the biting wind and snow to the humble cot of the Widow Manley. They found her in the habitable room of her dwelling, sitting by a fire of chips and fagots, with a babe asleep in her lap, and engaged in sewing a coarse frock. Three other children were crouched by the fire, the oldest not yet eight years old.

Mr. Manly had been one of the many unfortunate who are swept off by ruin, and in the prime of early manhood he had gone, leaving a young wife with four children in absolute penury.

"Ah, good day, Mrs. Manly."

The woman would have arisen, but Sam Green placed his hands upon her shoulders to keep her down.

"We have come," said Peter, seeing that she was anxious and fearful, to see how you get along, and also to see if we can help you."

"Help us, sir," answered the woman in absolute penury.

"Yes. Now tell us plainly how you are situated."

The woman was silent for a few moments but at length she seemed to require her self-control, and replied:

"Ah, gentlemen, it's all comprised in three short words. Hunger, cold and nakedness."

"And if we will supply you with food and fuel for a week, can you manage to get along until that time without more clothing?"

"Oh—ye—yes—yes—sir. But what is it?"

"Who will help us? Who can care for us?"

"We can, we will," cried the energetic Sam, not so good to plan as Peter; but good at execution. "We six have pledged ourselves to see you safe through the winter. So cheer up and take hope, for neither you nor your children shall suffer while we can help it."

The widow's hands were clasped, and her eyes wandered vacantly from one to the other of her strange visitors. She saw tears of goodness in their eyes, and her own soul's food burst forth.

"Oh God bless you—bless you always."

"And shall we have something good to eat, mama, and something to make us warm?" asked the eldest girl, clasping her mother's knees.

"Yes, yes, you shall," exclaimed Drake, catching the child up and kissing her clean pale face. "You shall have it before supper-time, too."

The widow gradually realized the whole object of her visitors, and she tried to express her gratitude in words, but they failed her, and her streaming tears had to tell the tale of thanks.

After this, our society went to the Widow Williams. Here was a neat cot, but they found suffering painful enough inside. Philip, a youth of about their own age, sat in a large, stuffed chair, looking pale and thin, and wasted away almost to a skeleton, and his great blue eyes peered at them wonderingly as they entered. The mother, too, looked careworn and sick, and the dry, hacking cough that sounded in her throat, told how much she needed proper food and care.

The youths made their business known as before, and with the same result. The widow and her son could hardly realize that such a blessing had dawned upon them, but when they did realize it their joy and gratitude knew no bounds.

"Look here," said Sam Green, as soon as they reached the road, "it strikes me that we are just about a week behind hand. We ought to have commenced this work just a week earlier than we did, for our nine dollars won't quite bring matters all up square to the present time. But if they'd square now, they'd keep so with our weekly allowance."

"By crickoe, Sam, you're right," said Fulton gleefully.

"Then let's commence back two weeks—eh?"

"I think so," said Peter.

And all the rest said so, too. So they had eighteen dollars instead of nine.

First our party went and bought three half-cords of wood, which they sent at once to their respective destinations; and they agreed that when the other matters were attended to they would go and work it up. Then they went to the stores and purchased some articles of pro-

vision and comfort as they could agree were best adapted to meet the wants of their charges and having done this separated into three parties of two each, so as to have each family provided for with as little delay as possible.

Peter and Lyman Drake went to Uncle Israel's; Sam Green and Fulton to the Widow Manley's; and Walter Mason and Robinson to Mrs. Williams's, and to each they carried provision enough to last a week, besides leaving with each about a dollar in change.

When the poor people saw the promised blessings—when they thus met the fruition of their newly raised hopes, their joy was almost painful. The noble youths were blessed over and over again.

The wood was sawed and split, and put under cover, and then the "society" returned to the village as happy as happy could be. On the next day they went to church and heard how many hearthens had been converted to the peculiar faith of the preacher; and on the day following that they commenced another week of their newly found Christianity.

"Sam!" said the owner of the machine shop, "what were you and the rest of your party doing last Saturday afternoon?"

"Converting the heathens," answered Sam.

His employer was a church member, and went in for foreign missions, and moreover, had often tried to induce Sam into the mysteries.

It was sometime before Sam would tell the secret, but his boss became so earnest that he at length told the whole story. For a while the employer gazed upon the journeyman with wonder, but gradually, as a sense of the fact came over him, he began to smile.

"Sam," he said, at length earnestly, and with a tear in his eye, "let me join your society."

"But how'll you raise the money?" inquired Sam.

"Money?" echoed the boss. "Look at my bank-book."

"Ah, but that won't answer. You must save the money by denying yourself some superfluity, or luxury you now enjoy."

"Is that the rule?"

"It is, most rigidly. Our cigars and ale furnish us."

"And what you smoke again?"

"Never while within the reach of my influence does a human being in want!"

"Then I'll kerow away my tobacco and beer. May I join at that?"

"I'll propose you."

And the master-machinist was proposed and admitted.

Another week passed away, and the new Christians went again on their mission, and there were more tears of joy, more prayers, and more blessings. Mr. Roothby the machinist had gained a new ray of light on the subject of Christian missions.

At length it became known that the poor families in Missionville had found friends. People were wonder-struck when they discovered how happy and joyous these once miserable wretches had become; and more still, when, one Sabbath, they saw Uncle Israel and his wife, and Mrs. Manley, with her two older children, enter the church.

Of course the truth leaked out, and we can imagine where the public eye of sympathy and appreciation was turned. Before a month was out, more than fifty people had engaged indirectly in the work by placing money, food and clothing in the hands of the original six, for them to distribute as they deemed proper.

But there was one rule to which the "society" adhered. They would not receive a cent in money which was not the result of a cutting off of some superfluity, and thus they showed to the people how simple and easy in its work is true charity, and also how many professed Christians not only lose sight of their duty, but really lose the greatest joy of Christian life.

It was a glorious day for Missionville when those six young mechanics met in the village bar-room, and concocted the plan for their society. And the good has worked in two ways. The members find themselves happier, healthier and stronger for having given up their pipes and cups; and the poor unfortunate ones of the town are once again basking in the sunlight of peace, content and plenty.

How many professed Christian churches are there in our land which would be benefited, and even Christianized, by following the example of the six noble youths who still stand at the head of the Missionville Benevolent Society!

**The Future of Turkey—Speech of Earl Grey.**

Earl Grey, one of England's ministers under a former administration, lately delivered a speech in the House of Lords on the finances of Great Britain, and the propriety of Her Majesty's government guaranteeing the interest of the Turkish loan, in which he used this remarkable language:

We are, in the first place made responsible for the whole interest of the Turkish loan. If Turkey does not pay, and I conceive no man in his senses believes that the Turkish empire will be in existence forty years hence, or that there is the remotest chance of our not being called upon to pay the interest which we have bargained to pay. When we have paid the interest, it will be for us to call upon France to reimburse us her proportion. But looking at the future, many changes may take place, and many questions may arise between the two countries which are now upon the best possible terms. Having some supposed set-off, the French government may claim the right of withholding that payment. We, on the other hand, not admitting any such right, may insist on being reimbursed, and difficulties may arise between the two countries.

Your lordships know the present state of that most corrupt of all governments, the Turkish government, and that it is notorious that of the money which ought to go into the Turkish treasury for public purposes, no small proportion goes into the hands of corrupt persons and grifting money-lenders. Your lord-

ships will remember the distressed state of the Turkish army in Asia last winter. By the concurrent testimony of all the newspapers, the state to which the army was reduced was, not because Turkey had not a sufficient sum of money wherewith to pay the men, but because the funds had been the subject of unbounded speculation. In all countries there is a disposition to extravagance in the expenditure of the government money, but in a country like Turkey, that extravagance and speculation it is impossible to check. I did not intend to advert to this subject, but it has been incidentally raised by my noble friend. Before I sit down, as the bill before the House provides another loan of £7,000,000, it is impossible for me to forbear expressing the alarm and regret with which I have received this proposal for an additional loan. My lords, we have already sanctioned a loan of £16,000,000; then there is the guarantee of the Turkish loan, which, in the most favorable view, is equal to another loan of half the nominal amount, £2,000,000, which the government are now authorized to raise, making a total of £25,200,000; of borrowing which, Parliament has sanctioned in a single session. My lords, I for one look with the utmost dismay on such draughts upon the resources of the country. My noble friend has already called attention to the enormous amount of our present expenditure, for, in addition to these loans and our largely-increased taxation, the expenditure is going on at a rate that is truly frightful.

When the time comes that this reaction shall take place, and when injudicious reductions shall be called for, this House will have the most difficult question to consider, how to relieve the people from the pressure of taxation? Your lordships will remember that the state of the world is much altered from what it was in former days. Already a great stream of emigration is setting out—an emigration not only of the best of population, but of those men who carry with them no inconsiderable portion of the national wealth. If your taxes press too heavily on productive industry, you artificially increase that tendency by rendering it difficult for men to live at home, and thus injure the very sources of your power. The same effect will be produced upon your trade. In the present state of the world, with active rivals on the other side of the Atlantic, with the competition of your colonies to contend against, you cannot, without injury to the vital sources of your power, impose taxation upon trade and industry beyond a certain amount; and, therefore, when peace returns, you will find, if this system of loans is carried much further, that you have inflicted a most irreparable injury upon the country. I hope that these things will be considered not only by your lordships but also by the public, and that there will be a general desire to prevent the continuance of the present enormous expenditure.

Notwithstanding the opposition of the noble Earl, the bill passed through the Committee, and will become a law without doubt. But his speech shows what a peer of the realm thinks of the future prospects of their ally, Turkey, for whose pretended integrity England is now shedding her best blood and spending her vast treasures in the Crimea. If the Turkish Empire is so near dissolution—if the "sick man's" condition is so desperate—we will warrant England and France will be "in at the death," when they will cast lots for his garments.

The Louisville Courier thus sketches the characters of those Know-Nothings who were killed during the Louisville riots:

Graham was a man of bad character, who had been guilty of previous riotous conduct, for which he had to answer in court. Some time since he was arrested for robbing a house of ill-fame on the plank-road, and the stolen property found in his possession. Believing it to have been his first offence, and in consideration of his youth and promises of good behavior for the future, Judge Joyce merely held him to bail in the sum of \$1000 for his good behavior.

Rhodes was a man of violent temper, and of such character that his neighbors would hold no intercourse with him. He had been "indefinitely suspended" (which was tantamount to expulsion) from Boon Lodge, I. O. of O. F., for bad conduct. He treated his wife so badly that she was driven away from him, and for several months before his death they had not been living together.

He refused to pay her physician's bills incurred after their separation, disowned her as his wife; and only two or three days before his death forbade the physician who had been called to visit her during sickness, from longer attending to her.—But abused and maltreated as she had been, with the holy devotion of her sex, forgetting all his faults, Mrs. Rhodes now seeks to remove the cloud that surrounds his memory. She is represented as being a worthy lady, and her womanly devotion cannot fail to excite admiration.

Hudson, who was murdered by his own friends, was not killed by the Irish as was stated, was a man of notoriously bad character. We see it stated that he was recently released from the Indiana penitentiary, where he had been sentenced to serve a term for stealing, and at the time he was killed an indictment for felony was hanging over him.

BRAYER ISLAND, Lake Michigan, is said to contain 800 Micromots, mostly females. Six years ago there were but thirty. The women wear the bloomer costume, and many of them are said to be well educated. A large number are from the factory district of England. Some come with much money. They are abandoned wives, daughters, &c. Strang, the chief of the tribe, is described as an educated Philadelphia lawyer, whose lawful wife resides in Wisconsin. He publishes a newspaper, and is postmaster a member of the Michigan Legislature, and an important man among them.