

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, DECEMBER 5, 1855.

VOL. 3. NO. 7.

TERMS:

THE DEMOCRAT & SENTINEL, is published every Wednesday morning, in Ebenburg, Columbia Co., Pa., at \$1 50 per annum, in advance. If not paid, \$2 will be charged. ADVERTISEMENTS will be conspicuously inserted at the following rates, viz: 1 square 3 insertions, \$1 00 Every subsequent insertion, 25 1 square 6 months, 4 00 1 " 1 year, 12 00 1 " 2 years, 20 00 1 " 3 years, 30 00 Business Cards, 5 00 Twelve lines constitute a square.

Select Poetry.

The following is beautiful—some of those little gems which touch the heart—

"WATCH, MOTHER!"
Mother! watch the little feet
Climbing o'er the garden wall,
Donding through the busy street,
Ranging court, shed and hall.
Never count the moments lost,
Never mind the time it costs,
Little feet will go astray,
Guide them, Mother, while you may.
Mother! watch the little hand,
Picking berries by the way,
Making houses in the sand,
Tossing up the fragrant hay.
Never dare the question ask,
"Why to me this weary task?"
These same little hands may prove
Messengers of light and love.
Mother! watch the little tongue
Prattling frequently and wild,
What is said and what is sung,
By the happy joyous child.
Catch the word while yet unspoken,
Stop the vow before 'tis broken;
This same tongue may yet proclaim
Blessings in a Savior's name.
Mother! watch the little heart
Beating soft and warm for you;
Wholesome lessons now impart,
Keep, O keep, the young heart true.
Extracting every weed,
Sowing good and precious seed;
Harvest rich you then may see,
Ripening for eternity.

THE PORTRAIT GALLERY—PERSONALITIES OF LITERATURE.

Douglas Jerrold. A well known contributor to Punch, and editor of various publications, is a man about fifty years of age, and in person is remarkably spare and diminutive. His face is sharp, angular, and his eye of a greyish hue. He is probably one of the most prolific writers of the age, and, with keen sensibility, he often writes under the impulse of the moment, articles which his cooler judgment condemns. His Cattle Lectures have been read by every one. In conversation he is quick at retort—not always refined. He is a husband and a grandfather.

The Hon. T. B. Macaulay is short in stature, round, and with a growing tendency to aldermanic proportions. His head has the same rotundity as his body, and stuck on as firmly as a pin head. This is nearly the sum of his personal defects, all else, except the voice (which is monotonous and disagreeable), is certainly in his favor. His face seems literally insatiable with expression; his eyes, above all, full of deep thought and meaning. As he walks, or rather struggles, along the street, he seems in a state of total abstraction, unmindful of all that is going on around him, and solely occupied with his own working mind.—You cannot help thinking that literature with him is not a mere profession or pursuit, but that it has almost grown a part of himself; although historical problems or analytical criticisms were a part of his daily food.

Bailey. A correspondent of the Tribune, writing from Nottingham, England, says: "I have seen Bailey, the author of 'Festus.' His father is proprietor of the Nottingham Mercury, and the editorial department rests with him. He is a thick sort of a man, of a stature below the middle size; complexion dark, and in years about eight-and-thirty. His physiognomy would be clouded in expression, if his eyes did not redeem his other features. He spoke of 'Festus,' and of its fame in America, of which he seems very proud. In England it has only reached its third edition, whilst eight or nine have been published in the United States."

De Quincy. He is one of the smallest legged, smallest bodied, and most attenuated of the human form divine that one could find in a crowded city during a day's walk. And if one adds to this figure clothes that are neither fashionably nor fastidiously adjusted, he will have a tolerably rough idea of De Quincy. But then his brow, that pushes his obtrusive hat to the back part of his head, and his light grey eyes, that do not seem to look out, but to be turned inward, sounding the depths of his imagination, and searching out the mysteries of the most abstruse logic, are something that you would search a week to find the mates to, and then you would be disappointed. De Quincy now resides at Lasswade, a romantic rural village, once the residence of Sir Walter Scott, about seven miles from Edinburgh, Scotland, where an affectionate daughter watches over him, and where he is the wonder of the country people for miles around.

Lamarine. Lamarine—yes, young ladies, positively,

a prim looking man with a long face, short, gray hair, a slender figure, and a suit of black. Put a pen behind his ear, and he would look like a "confidential clerk." Give his face more character and he would remind you of Henry Clay. He has a fine head, phenologically speaking—large and round at the top, with a spacious forehead, and a scant allotment of cheek. Prim is the word, though. There is nothing in his appearance which is ever so remotely suggestive of the romantic. He is not even pale, and as for a rolling shirt collar, or a Byronic tie, he is evidently not the man to think of such things. Romance, in fact, is the article he lives by, and, like other men, he chooses to "sink the shop," at least when he sits for his portrait.

On the contrary, is a burly fellow. His large red, round cheeks stand out, till they seem to stretch the very skin that covers them, and it looks as smooth as a polished apple. His black crimped hair is piled high above his forehead, and stands divided into two unequal masses, one inclining to the right and the other to the left. His eyes are dark, and his mouth sensuous, but not to a degree of vulgarity. His person is large, and his flowing mantle red. He is a gentleman to lay bare his throat and look romantic, not Byronically so, but piratically. Yet he looks good humored, and like a man whose capacity for physical enjoyment is boundless.

Is neither prim nor burly. He is a man of large frame, over which a loose black coat is carelessly buttoned. Complexion light, eyes blue, hair once black, now pepper and salt whiskers voluminous, eyebrows black and thick, good forehead, and the lower face ample. This conveys no better idea of the man's appearance than a French passport. But the truth is, Sue's countenance and figure have none of those peculiarities which make description possible. He looks in his portrait like a careless, elderly gentleman, taking his ease in an easy chair and easy coat. He does not look like an author—authors seldom do. His hair is rather that of a prosperous citizen. Sue is only forty-five years old, but he has lived fast, and looks fifty-five. Lamarine is sixty-three and would pass easily for fifty-three. Dumas is fifty, and could get credit for thirty-eight.

Crime in California. The California papers abound with accounts of crime. Murders appear to be of almost daily occurrence. Lynch Law, too, is carried out freely and frequently. We have before us several accounts. In one case, six Spaniards were arrested, on suspicion of having murdered several Chinese on Sloat Creek. They were taken to St. Louis, where a committee of twelve men was appointed, with authority to investigate the testimony. After three days they returned a verdict that the evidence was insufficient. Fortunately, this decision tallied with the opinion of the outsiders, and the accused were saved. In another case, however, a man named Barclay was hung by the mob at Columbia. He was charged with having murdered a female. After his execution, a reaction took place in his favor, his body was exhumed, and buried in due form in a cemetery. Before his arrest, he enjoyed an estimable character, and had many friends. A meeting was also held at Chinese Camp, Columbia, when the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That we, the citizens of Chinese Camp, in speaking plainly our sentiments and feelings, upon this occasion, do so irrespective of party issues, believing that no party is responsible for the private wrongs of any one of its members, and that any political party that would attempt to make capital out of the affair that occurred at Columbia, the 11th inst., is unworthy of an existence.

Resolved, That it is with much satisfaction that we learn that the largest portion of the citizens of Columbia are in favor of law and order, and that they regard the shocking affair that occurred on the 11th, in its true light.

Resolved, That we do pledge ourselves to do all in our power to cause justice to be executed upon those who participated in the murder of John S. Barclay, at Columbia, on the 11th inst.

Resolved, That we call upon all of the citizens of this county and State, to discountenance the act of carrying about their persons deadly weapons, such as pistols and bowie knives, believing that any community can do without them, provided that the public sentiment should be arrayed against the use of said weapons.

It would appear from the foregoing, that after the execution, by Lynch Law, of the wretched Barclay, the act was denounced as murder! The following is from the San Francisco Herald:—

REPORTED MURDER NEAR SAN JOSE.—A report reached this city yesterday to the effect that a man had been found murdered at a short distance from the old Mission of San Jose, on the road leading to Stockton; and that two Mexicans had been seen riding hastily from the spot, some minutes previous to the discovery of the body. According to the report, the murdered man was shot twice through the body, and was stabbed in the breast.

Various other outrages are detailed, but the above are quite sufficient to show that there is a wide field for improvement and reform in California.

Trial, Conviction and Execution of Gen. Corral for High Treason.

Gen. Corral had entered Granada, and was received by Gen. Walker, when the programme of the new ministry was promulgated. At this the people were much elated. However, on the 5th instant, Gen. Valle handed several letters to Gen. Walker, addressed by Gen. Corral to Santos Guardiola, an ex-officer of the legitimate army, which were hostile to Walker, and invited Guardiola to invest the city, when Walker's party might be routed and put to the sword. On this Corral was charged with high treason, tried by court martial, convicted, and sentenced to be shot. He was accordingly executed on the 9th inst.

Affirmation of Sentence of Court Martial and Order for Execution of General Ponciano Corral.

HEAD QUARTERS ARMY OF NICARAGUA, GRANADA, NOV. 7, 1855.
Having read and duly considered the proceedings and sentence of the Court Martial organized for the trial of Don Ponciano Corral, on the charge of High Treason and of Conspiracy against the Government of this Republic, the sentence of said Court is hereby affirmed, and it is ordered:

That said Don Ponciano Corral be shot in the Plaza of Granada, at 12 M., on Thursday, Nov. 8, 1855, and the Officer of the Day is charged with the execution of the sentence.

WM. WALKER, General, Commander-in-Chief.
The execution of the within sentence will be postponed until 2 o'clock P. M. of this day.
GRANADA, NOV. 8, 1855.

WM. WALKER, General, Commander-in-Chief.
Within order complied with, and the prisoner shot at 2 o'clock, P. M.
GRANADA, NOV. 8, 1855. CHAS. H. GILMAN, Officer of the Day.

THE PROOFS OF CORRAL'S GUILT.

The following are the letters referred to above:

[TRANSLATION]
GRANADA, NOV. 1, 1855.

To Gen. Santos Guardiola:

My Esteemed Friend:—It is necessary that you should write to our friends to give them notice of the danger which threatens us, and to take active steps with you. If you wait two months it will be too late. Think of us and of your officers! I salute your lady, and am your real friend to command. Yours, &c., P. CORRAL. Nicaragua is lost. Honduras, San Salvador, and Guatemala are lost if you let things go on.

Come quickly and you will find auxiliaries. FAREWELL DON PONCIANO.—We are badly, badly, badly off. Think of your friends. I was left here without anything but what I had on my body, and I hope for your help. Your friend, &c., P. CORRAL.

MANAGUA, NOV. 3, 1855.

To General Santos Guardiola:

My Dear Sir and Friend—I enclose to you letters from the General who does not write much on account of the insecurity; but you already understand all he wants to tell you, and it is enough if you consider the sufferings of a man who has been forced to the sacrifice to do what he has done, and to whom they already deny what was offered him. We all expect a fatality, and always with hopes, which at the end only turn out illusory. We all confide in you, and only in you, to redeem this beautiful section of Central America. We hope that you and the real friends of Honduras will not be indifferent to our disgrace. Thousand probabilities—many elements—a good deal of disposition, and much repining!

If things here go on badly, and cannot be remedied, I will with pleasure once more become a Hondureno. I felicitate you and participate in your pleasure in returning again to your beloved country; always remain there, and may tyranny never again take root in that soil so worthy there to be forever buried.

I salute affectionately Lady Anita and you with all frankness command your friend, &c.

[Signed,] THOMAS MARTINEZ.

THE EXECUTION.

At 2 1/2 P. M., the prisoner, attended by the clergy, made his appearance under an escort of soldiers, and crossing the Plaza, took a seat in a chair prepared for the occasion. The death sentence was read to him by Col. Gilman, officer of the day, and almost immediately after, the spirit of Gen. Don Ponciano Corral had passed from time into the mysteries of an eternity, having been pierced, we understand, by every bullet fired at him.

He met his fate with the composure of a soldier, and was evidently a man worthy of a better fate. His countenance, though only some eighty hours had elapsed from his arrest to his execution, bore marks of the severe mental trials he had undergone.

Others arrests in the same connexion were made on the 9th instant; but the details have not transpired in a sufficiently reliable form to be the subject of a notice from us. In our next we shall, perhaps, be enabled to chronicle them.

The Philadelphia Sunday Mercury tells a good story of a fellow in that city, who, a few days since, stole a firkin of butter from a grocery store, and ran off with it on his shoulder. When the butter was missed, the thief was of course pursued by the owner and a crowd of men and boys, crying "stop thief!" Being strong and fleet of foot, the rogue had every prospect of escaping, but in an unlucky moment, he attempted to shift his load from one shoulder to the other, and in so doing, he passed it under his nose, when, as he himself declared in the Mayor's office, the scent of the butter was so powerful that it immediately knocked him down! This, of course, enabled the crowd to overtake and capture him.

Important from the Russian Possession—The Allied Fleet in the Vicinity of Ayan.

The whaling barque "George" Capt. Wall, recently arrived at San Francisco, in twenty-six days from the Sea of Ochotok.

The English steamer Barracouta arrived off the port of Ayan on the evening of the 9th of July; a boat from her boarded all the vessels that were then in port. The Commander of the steamer thought there were three ten-gun batteries in the port, and was prepared for action when he came in. He made inquiries of the American whaling captains then lying in port, and found that the place was deserted. He ran in with the steamer and anchored. After getting all the information that could be obtained in relation to the Russians, the steamer got under way and stood out to sea again, to communicate with the frigates that were off the port trying to get in; after she communicated with the frigates, she stood back into port, and came to anchor the same evening. On the 10th two frigates arrived in the bay, the Pique and Amphitrite, and came to anchor. The three commanders went on shore. Commander Fredericks stated to the American captains that it was not his intention to burn the place, but to destroy all the vessels that he could find. Commander Fredericks then issued his proclamation, and requested a Mr. Packard, who was then residing at Ayan, to use his utmost endeavors to send a proclamation to the inhabitants—the proclamation granting them protection. The English commanders were very much surprised to find the town deserted—the people having previously all left the town when the steamer appeared. Their effects had all been removed some time previous, with the exception of some goods in the Russian American Company's warehouse, which they were in the act of removing at the time when the steamer hove in sight. After the Russians made out that it was an English steamer, they left every thing, and proceeded into the interior, where the remainder of their people were.

There was at Ayan a small vessel on the stocks, which the Russians were building, and a small steamer that had been brought there the year before; she was intended as a tug-boat on the river Amoor. The Governor of Ayan had a hole dug in the beach, above high water mark, and with tacks and purchases hoisted the tug-boat into the hole, with the intention of burying her. At the time the British steamer hove in sight the Russians were engaged in putting merchandise in the tug-boat from the Company's warehouses. The steamer had got so close to the shore before she was discovered, that the Russians did not have time to cover her up. On the 11th of July, the squadron sent their boats on shore, and commenced taking all and everything they could find, that was of any use to them, that the Russians had left. On the landing of the boats, they found the place where the tug was buried, and they commenced taking out the boxes of merchandise and hardware that the Russians had put into the tug-boat, and conveyed them on board the squadron. After they had got all that was convenient for them to take, the commander ordered the tug-boat to be blown up, which was done by putting one hundred pounds of powder into the fore part of the vessel, and applying to it a slow match which took fifteen minutes to burn to the powder. The explosion was most effectual; it completely ripped open the forward part of the vessel, which was built of iron.

The Productiveness of England.

The London Times congratulates itself that just now England is in a bright state of productiveness—is as prolific as ever, and recruits day by day the losses of epidemic, emigration and war. The Times gives the following figures.—In the last quarter there were registered 154,834 births and 87,934 deaths.—At this rate the natural increase, as it may be called, of the population of England and Wales is 66,900 a quarter, that is 267,600, or more than a quarter of a million a year. As far as can be ascertained, the number of English emigrants from this part of the kingdom did not exceed 15,530, which is only 62,120 a year. Thus, after deducting emigration, our annual increase exceed 200,000. The utmost drain of the war, if the worst comes to the worst, is not likely to be more than 50,000; that is half the number of males annually added to our population at home. This is a very safe calculation, for, as war raises wages and increases the value of men, it has a tendency to diminish emigration.—Already the number of emigrants from the United Kingdom, which was 109,236 in the summer quarter of 1852, has fallen to 44,698, which is nearly the same as in the corresponding quarter of 1847.

Nebraska.

Omaha City is growing rapidly. The Council Bluffs Bugle says:

"The improvements at this place are going on rapidly and largely. Some thirty or forty houses are now in progress of erection. The brick hotel is now completed, and the Douglas House is said to be doing a good and satisfactory business.—Stores, groceries and mechanical shops are crowding in all around, and business is lively, stirring and really looking up. The only lack seems to be a want of material with which to build."

From the same paper we copy the following:—A large bear sprang at a horse upon which Mrs. Boyd, of Macedonia Camp, was riding, a week ago Sunday, as she was going home from a neighbor's house. Such game is rare in our region, and the kick this chap received from the horse no doubt made him wish he had remained at a more safe distance. We have not heard whether he has been captured or not, but such kind of gentry should not be allowed to pass through the country without a game pass. His propensities for hugging would not suit our matronly community."

St. Bernard Dogs.

A correspondent of the Providence Journal gives an interesting account of his ascent of the St. Bernard. He was shown the portrait of a noble dog that I had saved fifteen human lives. The breed is in danger of becoming extinct. The writer adds:—"The pictures that we see of St. Bernard dogs going out with bottles tied around their necks, and picking up little children pronouncedly in the snow, are all very pretty, but like too many other pretty things, not at all true. The dogs never go out alone; but their wonderful sagacity, and their strong scent, which, it is said, will detect a man three miles off, their power of following the path with unerring certitude, however deep it may be covered with snow, their endurance, fidelity and courage, more than double the efficiency of the men who accompany them. Their natural gifts are greatly improved by education, and as much is due to the careful and laborious training which they receive as to the singular power with which they are originally endowed. In the training of the young dogs, the old ones are most efficient instructors, and it is this which mainly excites the apprehension in the danger of the extinction of the race. It would be a work of immense labor, and perhaps of doubtful success, to attempt, without the aid of the dogs already taught, to bring up the young ones to be their equals. The same monk told me that the breed was believed to be a cross between the dogs of the Pyrenees and the Newfoundland, but that now it might be called a distinct breed."

Important Discovery.

Jean Blanc of New Orleans, represented to be an agriculturist of considerable scientific attainments, has secured letters patent from the U. States, for the discovery of a process of converting thirty different varieties of plants, which grow wild in enormous quantities in various sections of the Union, into flax of great strength and beautiful texture. Specimens of the flax and of the plants from which it is made, are on exhibition at the office of Walter E. Harding, No. 1 Hanover Square, where they may be examined by all interested. Mr. Blanc will be present during business hours, to explain the points of the invention.—Among the most interesting of the specimens are the flax made from the stalks of the cotton plant, large quantities of which are burned on the Southern plantations, to get them out of the way; the century tree or wild Manilla, which grows in abundance in Florida; the wild holly-hock, with a fibre ten to fifteen feet long; the gold nankeen, of a natural nankeen color; the vegetable silk, and the vegetable wool. The process of preparation we understand is simple and effectual, preserving all the strength of the staple, and so economical that the flax can be sold at prices far below those at which the article is now sold.

A Husband and Father Turned Up After Thirty Years Absence.

—We heard the particulars yesterday of one of those strange episodes in life in which the old adage of truth is stranger than fiction, was fully illustrated. About six years since, a lady named Mrs. Martha Wood, accompanied by her son, his wife, and a couple of children, arrived in this city from New Bedford, Mass. She stated that she was a widow of twenty-four years standing, her husband having been master of a whaler, which had been lost at sea. The family have resided for the greater part of the time on Liberty street, Mr. Wood, the son, working at his trade, which is that of a cooper. Yesterday morning a gray-headed and toil-worn man called at the residence of the widow, and, seeing Mr. Wood, inquired for the widow, who, being called into the room, while gazing intently upon the stranger, whose eyes were fixed mournfully upon her, requested to know his business.

"Do you not know me, Martha?" said he, and as the sound of his voice, like the memory of an olden melody, met her ear, she gazed at an hysterical cry, and fainted in the arms which were opened to receive her. The tale is soon told; the ship in which he had made his last voyage from New Bedford, was cast away in the South Sea Islands, and he was one of the few who escaped a watery grave. After enduring almost unheard of privations, he succeeded, after thirty years absence, in reaching his native city. From a brother of his wife he learned their present location, and arrived here to find her whom he had left a young and blooming bride, far advanced in the evening of life, while the infant, upon whose lips when last he saw him he had imprinted a father's kiss, and who could hardly lisped his name, was now a stalwart man, and the head of a family. How many hopes and fears must have agitated the old mariner as he again set foot, after his long pilgrimage, upon his native soil.—Cincinnati Enquirer, 2d.

MOREN' YOU'LL KEEP.—Some years ago an old sign-painter, who was very cross, very gruff, and a little deaf, was engaged to paint the Ten Commandments on some tablets in a church not five miles from Buffalo. He worked two days at it, and at the close of the second day, the pastor of the church came in to see how the work progressed. The old man stood by smoking a short pipe, as the reverend gentleman ran his eye over the tablets. "Oh," said the pastor, as his familiar eye detected something wrong in the wording of the holy precepts; "Why, you careless old person, you left a part of one of the commandments entirely out; don't you see?" "No; no such thing," said the old man putting on his spectacles; "no, nothing left out; where?" "Why there," persisted the pastor; "here, look at them in the bible; you have left some of the commandments out."

"Well, what if I have?" said old obstinacy, as he ran his eye complacently over his work; "what if I have? There's more there now than you'll keep!"

Another and a more correct artist was employed next day.

The Farmer's Future.

An English correspondent of the New York Tribune, expatiates on the prospective introduction of steam power as an aid in agricultural operations, as follows:—"The Farmer's Future will be found in the application of steam to the cultivation of the soil! We are rapidly coming to the conclusion here that the good old plow is a humbug. We begin to think that spade-husbandry applied by steam is the right thing; indeed, there are some among us of the opinion that a machine maybe invented which would, in effect, plow, sow, harrow and roll altogether—a machine, in fact, which should make a seed-bed and sow the seed all at one operation.—There has already been one steam engine exhibited in this country which will walk anywhere and do anything that it is required to do. It has feet about the size of yours, sir, and it puts them down upon the ground, one after the other, very much in the fashion of a dandy going up Broadway, only the feet of the machine are fixed on wheels, and revolve regularly, instead of moving up and down awkwardly like his. This machine will go through a plowed field very comfortably, and rather quicker than a good hunter will get over it; and as it will drag a dozen plows after it, I do not see, for my part, why it should not be made to carry, as part and parcel of itself, a mechanism that will readily convert the untilled ground into a seed-bed. Well then, as to drainage. I saw a machine, the other day, that would dig, drain, and lay down sixteen and a half feet of piping per minute; the pipes being rather more regularly and satisfactorily laid than any skilled workman can lay them. The machine labored under the disadvantage of being cumbersome, and of being made to be worked by a stationary engine. But having got thus far, it seems to be only one step further to give us steam application to the soil, so as to enable twenty times the quantity of land to be put under cultivation by the same amount of labor, and at no greater cost than now. Then we may hope for a produce of cheap corn, the great desideratum in this land of sweat and toil, where it depends upon a shilling or two, more or less, in the price of food, not only whether a man can reap the advantages of his labor, but absolutely too often, whether he can continue to exist."

Reward of Merit.

—A late number of the Monitor contains eight columns of names of soldiers, in every class of public service, who had the legion of honor conferred upon them for bravery in the Crimea. This is a heroic catalogue, and will be read with pride in hundreds and thousands of families. It is not a barren list of names. The special merit is often named. Thus, a sergeant in the first foreign legion received the cross for having lost both his hands in pushing away a shell that fell near his captain. A captain is described as "always in the post of danger"; another as "wounded in planting the standard on the rampart"; another as "always in front." A corporal "carried away his companions by his example"; a lieutenant was "the first to throw himself on the enemy." This is the way in France, each hamlet catches some beams of glory; while as to England merit lights in the cold shade of aristocracy.

A Slight Mistake.

—A few days since, a German was riding along Sanson street, in Sacramento, when he heard the whizzing of a ball near him, and felt his hat shaken. He turned about and saw a man with a revolver in his hand, and took off his hat, and found a fresh bullet-hole in it.

"Did you shoot at me?" asked the German.

"Yes," replied the other party; "that's my horse. It was stolen from me recently."

"You must be mistaken," says the German. "I have owned the horse for three years."

"Well," says the other, "when I come to look at him, I believe I am mistaken. Excuse me, sir; won't you take a drink?"

The rider dismounted and tied his horse. The two found a drinking saloon; they drank together, and parted friends. That is the California way of making acquaintance.

What is a Mormon?

—A Mormon is a living paradox; he says grace before a cotillion, swears in his sermons, selects his text indifferently from the Bible, the books of Mormon, an almanac, or the President's message, and is perpetually quarrelling for the sake of peace. His religion is a joke, and he makes the best storyteller a chief of the quorum. He assumes dignities, but has not the slightest respect for them; and the effect of his piety is apparently to put him on a level with the greatest reprobates of the time. In short he is a Latter Day Saint, or in other words, the last one you would think of calling a saint.

Singular Circumstance.

—Not long since Mrs. Kendrick, wife of James Q. Kendrick of Taxwell county, Ia., after an illness of some length of time, presented every external evidence of death, and preparations were made for her interment. About ten hours after her apparent decease, some friends, who were employed in making a shroud, were amazed to hear her ask in a faint voice, for food. It seems that she had a cataplectic fit which fortunately passed off in season to prevent the horrors of a premature burial. She was, however, very low at the last seconds.

An Irishman was indulging in the very intellectual occupation of sucking raw eggs and reading a newspaper. By some mischance he contrived to bolt a live chicken. The poor bird chirped as it went down his throat, and he very coolly observed: "Be the powers my young friend, you spoke too late."

DEATH OF SULLY, THE ARTIST.—Mr. Robert M. Sully, the distinguished artist, who recently left Richmond, Va., to take up his residence in Wisconsin, died at Buffalo, N. Y., on the 28th of October last.