

# 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, JULY 16, 1856.

VOL. 3, NO. 38

**TERMS.**  
THE DEMOCRAT & SENTINEL, is published every Wednesday morning, in Ebenburg, Cambria Co., Pa., at \$1.50 per annum, in advance. Advertisements will be conspicuously inserted at the following rates, viz:  
One square & insertions, \$1.00  
Two squares & insertions, 25  
Three squares & insertions, 50  
One square & insertions, 12  
One square & insertions, 20  
Business Cards, 15  
Twenty lines constitute a square.

**THE WEST BRANCH INSURANCE CO.**  
OF LOOK HAVEN, PA.

INSURES Detached Buildings, Stores, Merchandise, Farm Property, and other Buildings, and their contents.

**CAPITAL \$300,000.**

**DIRECTORS.**

HON. JOHN J. PEARCE, HON. G. C. HARVEY,  
JOHN B. HALL, T. T. ABRAMS,  
CHARLES A. MAYER, D. R. JACKMAN,  
CHARLES CRIST, W. WHITES,  
PETER DICISSON, THOS. KITCHEN,  
HON. G. C. HARVEY, Pres.,  
T. T. ABRAMS, Vice Pres.,  
THOS. KITCHEN, Secy.

**REFERENCES.**

Samuel H. Lloyd, Thos. Bowman, M. D.  
A. A. Winegardner, Wm. Featon  
A. Mackey, Dr. J. S. Crawford,  
A. White, Dr. J. S. Crawford,  
James Quigley, A. Updegraff,  
John W. Maynard, James Armstrong,  
Hon. Simon Cameron, Hon. Wm. Bigler,  
A. C. NOON, Agent.  
Ebensburg, April 9, 1856.

**Ho! this Way for Bargains!!**  
**NEW GOODS, AND AT PAIR PRICES.**

The undersigned would respectfully inform the good citizens of Ebenburg and the surrounding vicinity, that he has just received from the East one of the most choice stocks of goods ever brought to this place. The stock is varied, and selected with an eye to the immediate wants of the public. His stock consists of the following:  
*General Assortment of New Styles of Spring and Summer Goods, comprising a variety of Ladies' Dress Goods, among which will be found*  
Laws, Cassinets,  
Delains, Fancy do.  
Alpacas, Tweeds,  
Black Silks, Kentucky Jeans,  
Fancy do, Fancy Vestings,  
Bleached Muslins, Shirts of all kinds  
Unbleached do. Cravats,  
Calicoes, Plain Gloves,  
Ginghams, Fancy do.  
Cloths,  
Together with an innumerable assortment of articles not mentioned, usually kept in a country store. These goods will be sold at fair prices. Call and examine, even if you do not wish to purchase.  
**MILLINERY GOODS.**  
Connected with the store is a large stock of MILLINERY GOODS, every article in this line, have on hand, and will be constantly in receipt of the latest styles of BONNETS, for old and young. RIBBONS of every pattern and color, LACES, EDGING, &c., &c.  
A beautiful assortment of MOURNING Goods now on hand, and at prices to suit the times. Ladies are respectfully invited to call and examine this stock which is far ahead of any goods of a similar kind brought to this place.  
GEORGE MCCANN,  
Ebensburg, April 23, 1856.

**New Firm.**  
**TAYLOR & JONES,**  
**TAILORS.**  
The subscribers would respectfully inform the citizens of Ebenburg and the surrounding vicinity, that they have entered into partnership for the purpose of giving full satisfaction to all mankind and in the way of giving fits, they may be found at the old establishment formerly occupied by Byrnon and Jones, immediately opposite the store of Geo. McCann. The public may rest assured, that all work entrusted to their care will be made in a workmanlike manner, and at the same price. Garments will be cut according to the latest fashion.  
A. H. TAYLOR,  
JOHN JONES,  
Ebensburg, March 5th 1856.

**Farmer's Look to your Interests!!**  
I have a stock of Goods to Clothe you!!  
The undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Ebenburg, and farmers of the surrounding country, that he has arrived with a large STOCK OF DOMESTIC DRY GOODS, consisting of plain, and fancy Cassinets—a large variety of Jeans, Linseys, Barred and Plain Flannels, Blankets, Coverts and Baites. The above goods will be exchanged for wool on low terms, and if the goods are not desirable the market price will be paid in Cash.  
April 23, 1856. JOS. GWINNER.

**GEORGE HUNTLEY,**  
**Wholesale and Retail,**  
Tin, Copper, and Sheet-Iron Ware Manufacturer.  
RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Ebenburg and the public generally, that he has purchased the Tin Shop, formerly carried on by Messrs. Davis, Evans & Co., and will continue to carry on the business in all its various branches, wholesale and retail. His wares will be made of the very best material, and in the most workmanlike manner. Repairing of all kinds done on the shortest notice for cash.  
Also—House Spouting made and put up to order on the lowest terms, for cash.  
Also, on hand and for sale, a large assortment of Cook and Parlor stoves, for coal or wood, Dining room stoves, Egg stoves, &c.  
Also, a large assortment of grates and fire brick, for Cooking stoves, Coal buckets, Shovel pokers, smoothing irons, &c., all of which will be sold low for cash.  
The shop and ware room in part of the building formerly occupied by Stephen Lloyd as a cabinet warehouse, and opposite Geo. McCann's store.  
All orders promptly attended to.  
Ebensburg, May 7, 1856.—28ly

**FASHIONABLE CLOTHINGEMPORIUM.**  
**SPRING & SUMMER CLOTHING.**  
GREAT ATTRACTION at the New Store of Evans and Hughes, one door above the Store room of Shoemaker & Clark, where the subscribers are at present receiving and opening a large and excellent assortment of fashionable Ready Made Clothing of the latest and most approved styles, which for cheapness and durability can not be excelled by any similar establishment in the county—not only in regard to *brags*, but what we say we will make good or take the dealer. Every article in the clothing line will be kept on hand, viz—summer Coats, Sack Coats, Drop do.; Pants, Vests, Cuffs, &c., all of the latest styles.  
Cloths, Cassinets, Satinets, Vestings, of all colors, and styles.  
Our Department of BOYS' CLOTHING promises a much more extensive selection than usual.  
We flatter ourselves that we shall be able to furnish garments suitable for all classes, fitted up in such a manner, and on such terms that shall disarm all competition; we therefore ask a liberal share of the public patronage.  
EVANS & HUGHES.  
June 4, '56.

**A Human Life Saved.**  
DOWAGIAC, Mich., March 11, 1856.  
J. A. RHODES, Esq.: Dear Sir—As I took your medicine to sell on consignment, "no cure no pay," I take pleasure in stating its effects as reported to me by three brothers who live in this place, and their testimony is a fair specimen of all I have received:  
W. S. CONKLIN told me—"I had taken nine bottles of Christie's Ague Balsam, and continually run down while using it until my lungs and liver were congested to that degree that blood discharged from my mouth and bowels, so that all thought it impossible for me to live through another chill. The doctors to did all they could for me, but thought I must die. Nothing did me any good until I got Rhodes' Fever and Ague Cure which at once relieved me of the distress and nausea at my stomach and pain in my head and bowels, and produced a permanent cure in a short time."  
H. M. CONKLIN says—"I had been taking medicine of good a doctor as we have in our county, and taken any quantity of quinine and specifics without any good result, from 25th August to 17th December. But seeing how nicely it operated on my brother, I got a bottle of RHODES' FEVER AND AGUE CURE, which effected a permanent cure by using two thirds of a bottle."  
S. M. CONKLIN was not here, but both the other brothers say his case was the same as H. M.'s. I sold the medicine to both the same day, and the cure was as speedy from the same small quantity and I might so specify. Yours with respect,  
J. A. MONTGOMERY.

The above speaks for itself. Good proof as it is, it is of no better tenor than the vast number of like certificates I have already published, and the still greater amount that is continually pouring in to me.  
One thing more. Last year I had occasion to caution the Public in these words:  
"I notice one firm who have taken one of my general circulars, substituted the name of their medicine for my medicine, and then with various ornaments and flourishes, published and sold it, as much if it were mine."  
Now I take pleasure in saying that the caution referred to the same Dr. Christie's Ague Balsam that is mentioned in the above certificate.  
There are several other industries people who are applying to their positions, and all that I can publish about my Fever and Ague Cure, or Anti-dote to Malaria, except the Certificates of Cures, and the Certificate of the celebrated Chemist Dr. James R. Clifton of N. Y., in favor of its perfectly HARMLESS CHARACTER, which is attached to every bottle. Those will always serve to distinguish my medicine from imitations.  
J. A. RHODES, Proprietor,  
April 23, 1856. 33 Providence, R. I.  
For sale by Druggists generally.

**IMPORTANT TO EVERYBODY.**  
For the last two or three years, I have been engaged in a business known only to myself, and, comparatively a few others, whom I have instructed for the sum of \$200 each, which has averaged me at the rate of \$3,000 to \$5,000 per annum; and having made arrangements to go to Europe in the month of August next, to engage in the same business, I am willing to give full instructions to the art to any person in the United States or Canada, who will remit me the sum of \$1. I am induced, from the success I have been favored with, and the many thanks and acknowledgments I have received from those whom I have instructed, and who are making from \$5 to \$15 per day at it, to every person an opportunity to engage in this business, which is easy, pleasant, and very profitable, at a small cost. There is positively no HONOUR in the matter. References of the best class can be given as regards its character, and I can refer to persons whom I have instructed, who will testify that they are making from \$5 to \$15 per day at it. It is a GENTLE BUSINESS, and but a FEW SHILLINGS are required to start it. Upon receipt of \$1, I will immediately send to the applicant a printed circular containing full instructions in the art, which can be perfectly understood at once.  
Address, A. T. PARSONS, Office, No. 325 Broadway New York.  
April 23, 1856.—2 m.

**NEW BLACK SMITH SHOP.**  
The subscriber would respectfully inform the citizens of Ebenburg and the vicinity that he has rented the SMITH SHOP formerly occupied by Michael M. Cague, where he intends to carry on the BLACKSMITHING in all its branches. Persons entrusting work to his care can rest assured that it will be promptly attended to and at moderate rates. He would also, inform the citizens that the business of HOUSE SHOEING will be superintended by himself personally. Owners of valuable horses will not be under the necessity of sending their stock to a neighboring village, as his experience in this line is widely known.  
ISAAC SINGER.  
Ebensburg, April 9, 1856.

**GROCERIES, Candies, Nuts and Crackers**  
sold at the lowest prices for cash.  
J. M'Dermitt's

**GOLD Rings and Breastpins—Combs, Portemonies, and Toys, at J. M'Dermitt's**

**Choice Poetry.**  
**Benedict's Appeal to a Bachelor.**

DEAR Charles, be persuaded to wed—  
For a sensible fellow like you,  
It's high time to think of a bed,  
And muffins and coffee for two.  
So have done with your doubts and delaying,  
With soul so adapted to mingle,  
No wonder the neighbors are saying,  
"His singular you should be single!"  
Don't say that you haven't got time—  
That business demands your attention—  
There is not the least reason or rhyme  
In the wisest excuse you can mention.  
Don't tell me about "other fish"  
Your duty is done when you buy 'em—  
And you never will relish the dish,  
Unless you've a woman to fry 'em!  
You may dream of political fame,  
But your wishes may chance to miscarry—  
The best way of sending one's name  
To posterity, Charles, is to marry!  
And here I am willing to own,  
After soberly thinking, upon it,  
I'd very much rather be known  
By a beautiful son than a sonnet!  
Then, Charles, bid your doubting good-bye,  
And dismiss all fantastic alarms—  
I'll be sworn you've a girl in your eye,  
'Tis your duty to have in your arms!  
Some firm little maiden of twenty,  
A beautiful azure eyed elf,  
With virtues and graces in plenty,  
And no failing but loving yourself!  
Don't search for an "angel" a minute—  
For granting you win in the sequel,  
The cease, after all would be in it,  
With a union so very unequal!  
The angels, it must be confessed,  
In this world are rather uncommon,  
And allow me, dear Charles, to suggest  
You'll be better content with a woman!  
Then there's the economy, dear,  
By poetical algebra shown—  
If your wife has a grief or a tear,  
One-half, by the laws, is your own!  
And as to the joys, by division  
They're nearly quadrupled, 'tis said—  
(Though I never could see the addition,  
Quite plain in the term of bread.)  
Then, Charles, be persuaded to wed—  
For a sensible fellow, like you,  
It's high time to think of a bed,  
And muffins and coffee for two.  
So have done with your doubts and delaying,  
With soul so adapted to mingle,  
No wonder the neighbors are saying,  
"His singular you should live single."

**Sketch.**

**Ethan Allen in Captivity.**

Among the episodes of the Revolutionary War none is more strange than that of the queer genius, Ethan Allen. In England, the event and the man being equally uncommon, Allen seemed to have been a curious combination of a rascal and a patriot. He was a man of Tom Hyer. He had a person like the Belgian giant, mountain music like a Swiss, and a heart plump as Cœur de Lion's. 'Thorn in New England, he exhibited no traces of her character, except that his heart beat wildly for his country's freedom. He was frank, bluff, companionable as a harvest. For the most part, Allen's manner while in England was scornful and ferocious in the last degree, although qualified at times by a heroic sort of levity. Aside from the inevitable egotism relatively pertaining to pine trees, spruces and giants, there were, perhaps, two special, incidental reasons for the Titanic Vermont's singular demeanor abroad. Taken captive while leading a forlorn hope before Montreal, he was treated with inexcusable cruelty and indignity. Immediately upon his capture he would have been deliberately suffered to have been butchered in cold blood by the Indian allies upon the spot, had he not with desperate intrepidity availed himself of his enormous physical strength by twitching a British officer and using him for a target, whirling him round and round against the murderous tomahawks of the savages. Shortly afterwards, led into the town fenced about with bayonets of the guard, the commander of the enemy, one Col. McClure, flourished his cane over his captive's head with brutal insults, promising him a rebel's halter at Tyburn. During his passage to England in the same ship wherein went passenger Col. Guy Johnson, the implacable tory, he was kept heavily ironed in the hold, and in all respects was treated like a mutineer; or it may be, rather as a lion of Asia, which, though caged, was too dreadful to behold without fear and trembling; and consequently cruelly. And, no wonder, at least, for on one occasion, when chained hand and foot he was insulted by an officer. With his teeth he twisted off the nail that went through the mortice of his handcuffs, and so having his arms at liberty, challenged his insulter to mortal combat. Often when at Pendennis Castle, when no other revenge was at hand, he would hurl on his foes such a torrent of anathemas as fairly shook them into retreat. Prompted by somewhat similar motives both on shipboard and in England, he would make the most vociferous allusions to Ticonderoga, and the part he played in its capture, well knowing that of all the American names Ticonderoga was, at that

period, by far the most famous and galling to Englishmen.  
Israel Potter, an exile American, while strolling around Pendennis Castle, where Allen was confined, chanced to hear him in one of his bursts of indignation and manness, of which the following is a specimen:  
"Brag no more, old England; consider that you are only an island! Order back your broken battalions, and repent in ashes? Long enough have you hired torries across the sea, forgotten the Lord their God, and bowed to Howe and Knyphausen—the Hessians! Hands off, red-skinned jackal! Wearing the King's mantle, as I see (meaning, probably, certain manacles) I have treasures of wrath against you British."  
Then came a clanking, as of chains; many yowling sounds, all confusedly together. Then again the voice:  
"Ye brought me out here from my dungeon, to this green, affronting you Sabbath sun, to see how a rebel looks. But I'll show you how a true gentleman and christian can conduct in adversity. Back, dogs! respect a gentleman and a christian, though he is in rags, and smells of bilgewater. Yes, shine on, glorious sun! 'Tis the same that warms the heart of my Green Mountain boys, and lights up with its rays the golden hills of Vermont."  
Filled with astonishment at these words, which came from over a massive wall, including what seemed an open parade space, Israel pressed forward, and soon came to a black arched way leading far within, underneath, to a grassy tract to a tower. Like two bear's tusks two sentries stood on guard at either side of the open jaws of the arch. Scrutinizing our adventurer a moment, they signed him to enter.  
Arriving at the end of the arched way—where the sun shone, Israel transfixed at the scene.  
Like some baited bull in the ring, crouched the gigantic captive, handcuffed as before; the grass of the green all gored and trampled all about him, both by his own movements and those of the people around. Except some soldiers and sailors, these seemed mostly town's people, collected here out of curiosity. The stranger was outlandishly arrayed in the sorry remains of a half-Indian, half-Canadian sort of dress, consisting of a fawn skin jacket—the fur outside, and hanging in ragged tufts—a half rotten bark like a belt of wampum; aged breeches of saguaty; darned worsted stockings reaching to the knees; old moccasins, riddled with holes, their metal tags yellow with salt water rust; faded red woolen bonnet, not unlike a Russian night-cap, or a portentious unguined full moon, all soiled and stunk about with half rotten straw; unshaven beard, matted and profuse as a cornfield beaten down by hail stones. His whole marred aspect was that of a wild beast, but a royal sort, and unsubdued by the cage.  
"Aye, stare! stare! thou but last night dragged me out of a ship's hold like a smutty tierce, and this morning out of your littered barracks there like a murderer—for all that you may well stare at Ethan Ticonderoga Allen, the conquered soldier, by—? You Turks never saw a christian before. Stare on! I am he who, when Lord Howe wanted to bribe a patriot to fall down and worship him by an offer of a major generalship, and five thousand acres of choice land in Vermont—ha! three times three for glorious Vermont and the Green Mountain boys! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!—I am he, I say, who answered your Lord Howe: "You, you offer our land? You are like the devil in scripture, offering all the kingdoms of the world, when the cursed soul had not a corner lot on earth!" Stare on!  
"Look, you rebel you, you had best heed how you talk against General Lord Howe, here," said a thin, wasp waisted, epauleted officer of the castle, coming near and flourishing his sword about him like a school-master's ferule.  
"General Lord Howe! Heed how I talk of that toad-headed king's lick-spittle of a poltroon! the vilest wriggler in God's worn home below. I tell you the hordes of red-haired devils are impatiently shouting to ladle Lord Howe with his gung—your included—into the seethingest syrups of Tophet's hottest flames."  
At this blast the wasp-waisted officer was blown backwards as from the suddenly burst head of a steam boiler. Staggering away with a snapped spine, he muttered something about its being beneath his dignity to bandy forth words with a low lived rebel.  
"Come, come, Colonel Allen," said a mild looking man, in a sort of clerical undress, "respect the day better than to talk thus of what lies beyond. Were you to die this hour, or what is more probable, be hung next week at Tower wharf, you know not what might become of yourself."  
"Reverend sir," said Allen, with a mocking bow, "when no better employed than braiding my beard, I have dabbled a little in your theologies. And let me tell you, reverend sir," lowering and intensifying his voice, "that as to the world of spirits of which you hint, though I know nothing of the mode or manner of that world, no more than you do, yet I expect, when I arrive there, to be treated as far better than you British know how to treat an honest man and a meek hearted christian, captured in honorable war, by—? Every one tells me, as yourself just told me, as crossing the sea every billow dinned in my ear—that I, Ethan Allen, am to be hung like a thief. If I am, the Great Jehovah and continental congress shall avenge me, while I, for my part, will show you, even on the tree, how a christian gentleman can die. Meantime, sir, if you are the clergyman you look, act your consolatory function by getting an unfortunate christian gentleman, about to die, a glass of punch."  
The good natured stranger, not to have his religious courtesy appealed to in vain, immediately dispatched his servant who stood by, to procure the beverage.

At this juncture, a faint rustling sound, as if the advancing of an army with banners, was heard. Silks, scarfs and ribbons fluttered in the background. Presently a bright squad of bright ladies drew nigh, escorted by certain outstanding gallants of Falmouth.  
"Ah," said a strange voice, "what a strange sash, and furred vest, and what leopard-like teeth, and what flaxen hair, but all muddled; is that he?"  
"Yes, it is, lovely charmer," said Allen, like an Ottoman, bowing over his broad bow and breathing the words like a lute; "it is he—Ethan Allen, the soldier; now, since ladies' eyes visit him, made trebly a captive."  
"Why, he talks like a bean in the parlor—this wild-mossed American from the wood," sighed another fair lady to her mate; "but can this be he we came to see? I must have a look of his hair."  
"It is he, adorable Delilah; and fear not, though excited by the foe, by clipping my locks to dwindle strength. Give me your sword, man," turning to an officer; "ah, I'm fettered. Clip it yourself, lady."  
"No, no—I am—"  
"Afraid, you would say? Afraid of the sword—friend and champion of all ladies, all around the world? Nay come either."  
The lady advanced; and soon overcoming her timidity, her white hand shone like whipped foam among the waves of flaxen hair.  
"Ah, this is clipping tangled tags of gold lace," she cried; "but see, it is half straw."  
"But the wearer is no man of straw, lady; were I free, and you had ten thousand fies, horse, foot and dragoons—how like a friend I could fight for you! Come—you have robbed me of my hair; let me rob the dainty hand of its price. What! afraid again?"  
"No, not that, but—"  
"I see, lady; I may do it by your leave, but not by your word—the wonted way of all the ladies. There, it is done. Sweeter that kiss than the bitter heart of the cherry."  
When at length this lady left, no small talk was had by her with her companions about some way of relieving the lot of so lightly and unfortunate a man, whereupon a worthy, judicious gentleman of middle age, in attendance, suggested a bottle of wine every day, and clean linen every week. And these, the English women—to polite and too good to be fastidious—did actually send to Ethan Allen, so long as he remained a captive in their land.  
The withdrawal of this company was followed by a different scene. A perspiring man in top boots, a riding whip in his hand, and having the air of a prosperous farmer, brushed in like a stray bullock, among the rest, for a peep at the giant—having just entered through the arch as the ladies passed out.  
"Hearing that the man who took Ticonderoga was here in Pendennis Castle, I've ridden twenty-five miles to see him, and to-morrow my brother will ride forty miles for the same purpose. So let us have the same look, Sir," he continued, addressing the captive, "will you let me ask you a few questions, and be free with you?"  
"Be free with me? With all my heart. I love freedom above all things. I'm ready to die for freedom; I expect to. So be as free as you please. What is it?"  
"Then, sir, permit me to ask what is your occupation in life? in time of peace, I mean."  
"You talk like a tax-gatherer," replied Allen spitting disaboliely at him. "What is my occupation in life? Why, in my young days, I studied divinity, but at present I am a conjurer by profession."  
Hereupon everybody laughed, as well as the manner as the words, and the nettled farmer retorted that time you were taken.  
"Not so wrong, though, as you British did that time I took Ticonderoga, my friend."  
At this juncture the servant came in with a bowl of punch, which his master bade him give to the captive.  
"No! give it to me, sir, with your own hands, and pledge me as a gentleman to a gentleman."  
"I cannot pledge a state prisoner, Colonel Allen, but I will hand you the punch with my own hand, since you insist upon it."  
"Spoke and done like a true gentleman; I am to you."  
Then receiving the punch into his manacled hands, the iron ringing against the chain, he put the bowl to his lips, saying: "I hereby give the British nation-credit for half a minute good usage," at one draught emptied it to the bottom.  
"The rebel gulps it down like a swilling hog at the trough," here scoffed a lusty private of the guard off duty.  
"Shame on you," cried the giver of the bowl.  
"Nay, sir, his red coat is a blush to him, as it is to the whole British army." Then looking derisively upon the private, "you object to my way of taking things, do you?—I fear I shall never be able to please you.—I objected to the way, too, in which I took Ticonderoga, and the way I now look at Montreal. Selah! but pray, now I look at the ground in his shirt, in the cattle pen inside the fort? It was the break of day remember."  
"Come, Yankee," here swore the indensed private, "cease this, or I'll tan your old fawn skin for ye with the flat of this sword, for a specimen of the break of day remember."  
"Laying it lach-wise, but not heavily, across the captive's back.  
Turning like a tiger, the giant, catching the steel between his teeth, wrenched it with his private's grasp, and striking it with his manacles, sent it spinning, like a juggler's dagger, into the air, saying:  
"Lay your dirty coward's iron on a God gentleman again, and these," lifting his hand cuffed fists, "shall be the beetle of mortality to you."  
The now furious soldier would have struck him with all his force, but several men of the town interposing, reminded him that it was outrageous to attack a chained captive.

"Ah, said Allen, "I am accustomed to that, and therefore I am beforehand with you; and the extremity of what I say against Britain is not meant for you, kind friends, but for my insulters present and to come."  
Then recognizing among the interposers the giver of the bowl, he turned with a courteous bow saying:  
"Thank you, again and again, my good sir; you need not be the worse of it; ours is an unstable world, so that one gentleman never knows when it may be his turn to be helped of another."  
But the soldiers still making a riot and the commotion growing general, a ship officer stepped up, who terminated the scene by removing the prisoner to the cell, dismissing the townspeople, with all strangers, Israel among the rest, and closing the castle after them.  
**A Singular Affair.**  
We have a bit of news from Holland, which coming at this time, excites a good deal of attention. A man at the Hague, becoming tired of his wife, attempted to poison her in the following manner: They had sat down to dinner, and while she left the room or her back was turned, he put the poison into her soup. Not daring to trust himself in her presence he feigned some excuse and left the room. By a wonderful Providence, when she came to the table, a spider had dropped from the ceiling of the room into the soup plate. She was especially afraid of spiders and her husband had often laughed at her for it. So she carefully took the spider out with a spoon, and finding she could not bring herself to eat it, she, in the absence of her husband, changed the plates and ate his soup. After a while he came back and devoured what he supposed to be the pure soup. He was immediately taken with convulsions and expired. Before death he confessed that he had poisoned the soup, and that it must have been put before him, unintentionally, by his wife. Now how narrow was the escape of his wife, not only from being poisoned, but from being hung.—If the man had died without confession, the woman must have been immediately arrested. Poison would have been found in the man and in the soup-plate. She gave him the soup. Here would have been circumstantial evidence strong enough to have hung her, and an innocent woman would have expired but for the confession.  
**Flowers.**  
In his joy and in his sorrow, man loves to surround himself with plants and flowers. He crowns the bride with sweet myrtle and the pure orange blossoms; the laurel speaks to him of glory and renown; the palm-branch of glorious hopes for the future. And when the loved one departs, he turns again to the flowers of the earth and the trees of the forest, to grieve with them and to give expression of his sorrow. From the South Sea to the icy North, from East to West, grief finds the same simple but touching expression. The mourning peasant of Normandy burns the lowly straw bed on which his friend expired before his hut, and the round black spot, as it contrasts with the green turf by its side, remains long an humble but eloquent epitaph of him who left no other record behind. In peaceful villages we see neither gorgeous monuments, nor lofty trees rising in honor of the dead—and, we fear, frequently in praise of the living—but, sweeter far, the graves are covered with green sod or humble flowers. "We adorn graves," says the gentle Evelyn, "with flowers and redolent plants, just emblems of the life of those fading beauties, whose roots being buried in dishonor, rise again in glory."  
The Japanese deck with flowers their "eternal mansion," and the Turks, ~~never~~ ~~do~~ ~~not~~ ~~see~~ ~~no~~ ~~more~~, in order that a natural growth of bloom shall spring up through the apertures, and that the bud to nourished by the grave, and set free to the winds of heaven shall shed their fragrance and strew their petals around the Moslem's city of silence.  
The western traveler gazed with deep sympathy upon the grave of the Chinese; it is a simple, conical mound of earth, but over it spread and twine wild roses, and cover it with a mass of pure white blossoms; or it is crowned in simple majesty, with a tall plant of waving grass. Our cities, also, now love to bury their dead where woods unfold their massive foliage and breathe an air of heaven—their better taste has made the green grove and the velvet lawn sacred to the memory of those that are gone to the realms of peace.  
**EXPLANATION OF ATTORNEYS.**—The following examination of a certain candidate for admission to the bar, taken from the Western Law Journal, is decidedly a good one. The examiner commences with the following:  
"Do you smoke?" "I do sir."  
"Have you a spare cigar?"  
"Yes, sir." (Extending a short six.)  
"Now, sir, what is the first duty of a lawyer?" "To collect fees."  
"What is the second?"  
"To increase the number of his clients."  
"When does your position towards your client change?"  
"When making a bill of costs."  
"Explain?"  
"When they occupy the antagonistic position, I assume the character of plaintiff and they defendant."  
"A suit decided, how do you stand with the lawyer conducting the other side?"  
"Check by jowl."  
"Enough, sir—you promise to become an ornament to your profession, and I wish you success. Now you are aware of the duty you owe me?" "I am, sir." Describe it?  
"It is to invite you to drink."  
"But, suppose I decline?"  
(Candidate scratching his head.) "There is no instance of this kind on record in the books! I can't answer the question."  
"You are right, and the confidence with which you make the assertion shows that you have read the law attentively. Let us have a drink, and I will sign your certificate."