emocrat

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 17, 1856.

THE DEMOCRAT & SENTINEL, is published every Wednesday morning, in Ebensburg, Cambria Co., Pa:, at \$1 50 per annum, if PAID IN ADVANCE, if not \$2 will be charged. ADVERTISEMENTS will be conspicuously in-

serted at the following rates, viz: 1 square 3 insertions, Every subsequent insertion, 1 square 3 months, a 1 year, 12 00 col'n 1 year, Business Cards, Twelve lines constitute a square.

EW GOODS, NEW 600 . .

THE subscriber takes pleasure in announcing to his numerous customers, and the public generally, that he is now opening one of the largest and most desirable stocks of FALL AND WINTER GOOD: ! ever presented to this community. L.s stock

consists chiefly of the following viz: LADIES DRESS GOODS! such as Talmas, Vizettes, Shawls, Silks, Merinos, Cashmeres, Woolen Plaids, De Laines, De Bages, Alapacas, Ginghams, Calico; BUNNETS

Ribbens, Collars, Trimmings, &c. GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING! anch as Over Coats, Dress Coats, Pants, Vests, Shirts, Drawers, &c. Also a large stock of

DOMESTIC GOODS! such as Brown and Bleached Muslins, Drills, Denims, Shirtings, Checks, Kentucky Jeans, Sati-nets, Cassimeres, Flannels Lindseys, Ticking, Blankets, &c. Also

Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps. Trunks, Hardware, Queensware, Glassware, Tinware, and a large stock of

GROCERIES! He would solicit Farmers who are in want of GOOD CORN SHELLERS & STRAW CUTTERS to call and examine his stock; he would wish also to inform them that he has made arrange ments to supply them with all kinds of FER-TILIZERS, such as Peruvian and Mexican Guanos, &c. He invites one and all to come and examine his large and well selected Stock, before purchasing elsewhere, as he is determined to sell at smaller profits than ever before known in this vicinity. The ONE PRICE SYSTEM will be continued as heretofore, so that parents may send their children to make purchases with as much advantage as if they went themselves,

DANIEL M'LAUGHLIN. Tunnel Hill, October 8, 1856.

GREAT EXCITEMENT!!

THE subcriber would respectfully inform the good citizens of Ebensburg and the adjoining vicinity that he has returned from Philadelment of GROCERIES ever offered. The stock

Groceries:-Molasses, Sugars, Teas, Rice, Candles, Soaps, Fish, Salt, Bacon & Hams, Flour, Oat Meal, Corn Meal, Tobacco, Peaches, Dried Apples, Saleratus, Baking Soda, Dried Herrings, Durkee's Baking Powder, Sardines, Mustard, Spi ces, Holloways Worm Confection, Vinegar. Confectionaries:

Raisins. Lemons, Citrons.

Wine. Old Rye Whiskey.

Brushes, &c., &c:-Horse, Sweeping, Dusting, Scrub and White Wash Brushes, Bed Cords, Twine, Corn brooms, Baskets of all kinds, Tuba Bowls, Nails, Lamp Globes, Curry Combs, Carpet Hammers and Tacks, Window Glass of all kinds Arnold's lnk, Hover's Ink, Steel Pens, Stationary of all kinds.

Together with a large assortment of other articles not enumerated, which will be sold as cheap if not cheaper than any establishment in the county. RICHARD TUDOR. Ebensburg, July 30, 1856 -40.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the estate of Milton Roberts, dec'd, for costs as Prothenotary and Clerk of the Quarter Sessions are hereby notified to make payment without delay, as it will be very unpleasant for me to have to resort to compulsory measures and thereby add costs, which will be imperative unless paid shortly.

Howard J. Roberts, of this borough is duly authorized by me to receive said fees and rece pt for | ingly. the same. He will attend for that purpose, a the Prothonotary's office, in Ebensburg, at the ensuing Court in December next.

JOHN WILLIAMS, Ex'r. Ebensburg, Oct. 25, 1856, -tf.

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I will sell at private sale that large and commodious BRICK HOUSE, situate on High street, in the Borough of Ebensburg, being the property occupied by Milton Roberts, dec'd., at the time of his death. Also, a valuable LOT of GROUND situate on the Clay Pike, about one half mile from said Borough, containing 21 acres enclosed and in a good state of cultivation.

For terms apply to the subscriber residing on the premises, or to John Williams, in Ebensburg. MRS. MALVINA ROBERTS. Sept. 17, 1856.-tf.

NEW ARRIVAL!

20,000 CIGARS which we will dispose of wholesale or retail. HART & BRO.

SONS OF TEMPRANCE. Highland Division, No. 84, Sons of Temperance meet at their Hall every SATUR. | window-s DAY evening, in the upper story of R, follows: Davis' building. "A pu

Choice Poetry.

CRANDFATHER'S WATCH.

Grandfather's watch is battered and old, Innocent quite of jewels or gold; Poor, and common, and worn, and crack'd-Much like Grandfather's self, in fact. Yet its wheezy voice has a cheerful sound, And the child, as she listens, in wonder bound, To its mystic tales of departed time, Is smiling as though at a pleasant rhyme.

What are the tales the old watch tells? Of seventy years it counts the knells; Years, whose every setting sun Was mark'd by labor faithfully done. With primitive form and clumsy skill, And clumsier help when the works went ill Yet serving their time as best they can-This is the story of the watch and man!

Many a fall has the old watch hush'd, Many a blow has the old man crush'd, Meddled with, tinker'd, and sorely tried, At last rejected and thrown aside For modern rivals, all science and gold, Useless, crippled, dispised, and old, Under a cloud and under a ban-This is the story of the watch and man!

But there's a reverse to the picture sad; Human hearts they can still make glad. The watch in its dinted silver case Can bring a smile to the fair child's face. The man all batter'd, and silvery too, With a moral can cheer both me and you-"Mark our time as well as we can "-This is the lesson of watch and man!

Miscellancons.

From the Flag of our Union.

In the little town of Cheti, on the castern a handsome, high spirited girl, the favorite of all the village. Especially was she beloved by Antonio Brindisi and Sterhano Foseari, the two handsomest youths in all the phia, with the largest and most varied assort-ment of GROCERIES ever effered. The stock had declared her preference for Antonio, and they were publicly betrothed. Stephano was of a fierce, jealous disposition, and threatening vengeance, he suddenly left the village All endeavors to discover his whereabouts proved of no avail; but that he had not gone far was evident from his occasionally appearing at his home, where his mother dwelt alone, with many comforts for her, for with all his faults, he had been a dutiful son. Bianca troubled herself very little about his place of tre was crowed to overflowing; many anxious retirement, and did not allow his threats to to see their playmate and friend in her new

One day, sometime after the disappearance af Stephano, as Bianca was walking in the garden, she was startled by a rustling among the vines, and upon turning to the spot she Liquors :- Cherry Brandy, Blackberry Bran- saw Stephano standing before her. She saludy, Raspberry Brandy, French Brandy, Port ted him very coldly and haughtily, and turned to enter the cottage, when Stephanosprang

before her and prevented her from moving. "Bianca, I have come to make you one more appeal, to give you one more chance to avert the misfortunes which shall surely over-

whelm you, if you continue to resist all my "Go, you are tiresome," caimly and coldly spoke Biance.

"Bianca, hear me! I love you far better than the coward to-

"You only are the coward, trying to win a love with threats," angrily retorted Bianca. "Beware! I tell you I love you, and you only spurn me I have pleaded enough .-Know then, proud girl, that I have joined the bandits, and your father's property shall be destroyed, himself taken captive, and only and partly raises herself, and the house comes your consent to become my wife, shall free down in another round of applause. Slowly him from a lingering, painful death. What do you say now, Bianea?" he asked, mock- she makes sudden bound forward, and reach-

will sooner," and maintaining the same calm, cold exterior, though her heart throbbed wildly, Bianci brushed hastily past he tormentor, and entered the cottage, and upon reaching your very midst " her chamber, she threw herself upon her sing, she by a violent effort controlled her feelings, and returned to the sitting room fields. She had not gone far, when she met exclaiming: a body of peasants bearing a litter. Antonio

not falter now ?" Brindisi her betrothed was missing, and no the back of the stage, exclaimed: clue could be obtained as to his place of con-ccalment, although every search was made.— lets for real ones. Advance one step, Steph-Another note lay upon the window-sill in Bi- ano, and I will fire."

anca's little room.

she repent?" together with the other, but so close did the and make them act. was continued night and day, no trace of their head chopped off: but not before he had dishiding places could be discovered. Binned closed the place of Antonio's confinement, and for a time seemed prostrated by her trouble, the place for the bandits' rendezvous, which cover, and a few months after the death of the village, the existence of which was never her father, her mother and herself left the suspected, and which was found filled with village and went to Rome, where through the booty. Antonio was released, and with un-influence of her friends, she was enabled to diminished affection was received by Bianca, study, and become an actress, and in short and but few days clapsed before their nuptials a very successful one. At the end of four were celebrated with great rejoicing. The years, when she was about twenty-three, she little village of Chief still is in existence; was seized with a longing to return to her | though it has increased in size and population native village, and she did so. When Bian- and changed many of its customs, still the ca arrived at Chieti, she found there had name of Bianca Bandettini and the Bandit been established a small theatre, at which she Chief, is unforgotten. agreed to act for a few nights. The villagers were in ecstacies. The day before her inten ded appearance, to her infinite horror, Stephano, grown older, and more wicked-looking intruded himself upon her. Bianca was alone in the house, and, her heart sank with-

in her when he began to plead his suit.

"You have come back to the village a lonely, sad woman, and may, perhaps, be willing to look with more favor upon the suit of one who has worn your image in his heart for years I am powerful and rich. What will be your answer now. when I again ask you to be mine ?"

"My answer," said Bianca, slowly, "is that I despise you, and it is with greater loathing and hate than ever, that I look upon you. You are powerless now to do me any more

" Fair lady," said Stephamo, with a sneer, "I am not as powerless as you think for; I can again make your proud heart quiver, and perhaps falter. Listen: Antonio Brindisi is not dead as you suppose him to be, but is imprisoned in a cave, which I alone can entercoast of Italy, dwelt Carlos Bandettini and and though kept from starving, he is ill-treahis wife and daughter Bianca. Bianca was | ted, and hardworked. Say that you will be mine, and he shall be set free, given gold enough to last him his whole life."

"Villain! robber!" exclaimed Bianca -"Life and freedom to Antonia, purchased at such a price would be only a curse, no boon, He can only die and I follow him. No I will I've to bring your head to its proper place, the block. Beware! for no matter how close you keep yourself, my eyes shall find out your hiding-place, and my voice seal your just

With a low, mocking laugh, Stephano sprang from the room, and Bianca sank almost senseless upon the floor The eventful evening arrived, and the thea-

life, and all eager to see the popular Bandettini. The play was far below any one of Bianca's accustomed pieces, being a simple comedy, suited to the capacity of the actors. The first scene was of scarcely any note, being merely an interview between Bianca and her lover. In scene second, the heroine is proceeding to the church to be married, accompanihonor, when they are surprised and seized by a band of robbers, the chief of whom is enamored of the young peasant girl. The curtain rose, and Bianca in bridal dress, followed by a dozen young girls in holiday attire, entered at the back of the stage' singing the bridal chant Suddedly a shrick is heard, and the bandits rush upon them. The bride rushes wildly across the stage, pale and shrieking-the bandit chief seizes her, and she swoons. The applause was tremendous, so well had Bianca acted her part, and many silly girls drew closer to each other and whispered- only think, if it was true?" A moment, and the bride slowly opens her eyes, es the foot-lights, where sinking on her kness, "Nothing. I will never marry you; I and stretching out her hands to the audience, she exclaims in low, thrilling tones .

" Dear friends, this is no acting, the bandits are upon us! Look around, they are in

The people turn, and behold! every door knees before her crucifix, praying with white and window is guarded by a couple of ferociand trembling lips the Virgin Mary to save ous-looking fellows, armed to the teeth .her family from the impending trouble, Ri- Black horror filled the minds of the simple villagers, who always held the robbers in abject fear, and now the horrible strangeness of where her mother was spinning. All the rest | their situation keeps them sitting motionless of the day a shadow hung over Bianca; every | with pale lips and cheeks. As Bianca gave noise made her start painfully, and when the the people the dreadful information, Stphano, hour for her father to return home came and the leader of the band, came forward from the past, and still he lingered, she snatched up back of the stage, and seizing Bianca rudely her hat and set out to meet him across the by the shoulder, dragged her upon her feet,

"By Jove! you shall go on! Myself and Brindisi was in front, and immediately upon companions are interested in the play and seeing Bianca, he sprang forward, and seizing wish to see the end. It is none of your busiher hand endeavored tenderly to lead her ness whether you play to real or actual rob-

"A push for Bianca, I said, and the old der, presenting arms they fired, and twelve line, and the result is again 1785.

man fell headlong over the rocks. Do you robbers fell dead. With an oath and shout of dismay, Stephano sprang forward, but Revolutionary Men and Events -- In-A week later, and Bianca again felt the quick as thought Bianca seized a carbine bevengeance of her tormentor, for Antonia longing to a dead robber, and retreating to

"Two gone, dear to Bianca's heart. Will on them to seize the robber, and he was soon bound, for the people needed only some fear-This note was shown to all in the village, less voice to arouse them from their stupor,

robbers keep themselves, that though search | Stephano was tried and convicted, and his but her youth and health enabled her to re- was in a large cave but a short distance from

. A "Blower."

There is no denying that there is a class of individuals who seem to think that there is nothing in life so desirable as being intimately acquainted with prominent public characters. We have read of many such. but Major Luckey as described in the following, is most decidedly just "whortleberry above the per-simmon" of any of them:

Few men have ever gone to Congress with more fun and popularity than Hon. Leslie Coombs, of Kentucky In the way of anecdote he is unequalled, while his mode of telling stories imparts a tone to them that no one can appreciate who has not heard them. Among the "characters" that Mr. Coombs knows like a book, is old Major Luckey. whose tastes for bragging amounts at times to the sublime. Whenever the Major has a stranger in the neighborhood, he opens wide and "spreads himself," and with a success that leaves us nothing to desire.

The following scene took place between the Major and Colonel Peters, a "late arrival" "Major, I understand from Gen. Coombs,

that shortly after the revolution you visited England. How did you like the jaunt?" "Capitally! I hadn't been in London five hours before Rex sent for me to play whist,

and a devil of a time we had of it ! "Rex !- what Rex ?" "Why, Rex the King-George the Third. The game came off at Windsor Castle; Rex

and I played against Bill Pitt and Ned Burke, and it resulted rather comically." "How so?" " As we were playing the last game, Rex

said, in rather a familiar manner: 'Major, I uppose you are acquainted with Charles Washington, are you not?"" "No, sir-ee," said I, "I am not-out I'll

tell you who I am acquainted with-George Washington, the Father of his Country." "Father be d-d," said he, " he was a cursed rebel, and had I served him right, I

would have bung him long ago." "This, of course, riled me to that degree hat I just drew back and gave him a blow between the eyes that felled him like a bullock. The next moment Burke and Pitt ed by the girls of the village, as a train of mounted me, and in less than ten minutes my shirt and breeches were so torn and tattered that I looked like Lazarus. This give me rather a distaste for English society, so the next morning I set sail for America. Six weeks after I landed at Washington. The first person I met after entering the city was

> Why, that d-dold Federalist Quincy Adams. He wonted me to play nine pins with him, and I did so. Won two hundred dollars at two shillings a game, and then had

> " About what?" "He wanted to pay me off in Continental money, worth a shilling a peck. I got angry and knocked him into a spittoon. While I still had him down Jim came and dragged me off to the White House.2

" What Jim?" "Why, Jim Madison. I went, played euchre for two hours, when Tom came in and insisted that I should go home with him."

"What Tom?" "Why, Tom Jefferson. Jim, however, vould not listen to it, and the consequence was that they went in to fight. In the midst of it they fell over the banister and dropped about fifty feet. When I left they were giving each other h-ll in the coal cellar. How it terminated I never could learn, as just then Martha ran in and said I must accompany her to Mount Vernon to see George."

"What Martha do you mean?" "Martha Washington, wife to George Washington, the old boy that gave Jessy to the Hessians."

About here Coombs said the stranger begins to discover that he was " swallowing things." The next stage that came along he took passage for an adjacent town The Major, we believe, is still living, and still believes that the walloping he gave George Rex is "the d—dst best thing on record"

excelled by any similar establishment west of the ered the body and saw the features of her father. One dreadful shriek, and she sank believes the lowest We have also on senseless in her lovers' arms. Slowly she re- the progress of the play now rendered too real there is no remainder, and when there is a re- independent of one who had enacted so splencovered, and the peasants bore their sad load into the little cottage. Bianca's father had and thrilling, rose Bianca's voice as she pleathe and thrilling, rose Bianca's voice as she pleathe answer. Multiply 464 by 5, and the answer. These three old houses are the visible refallen from a high rock, struck upon his head ded earnestly to have her companions if not swer will be 2320; divide the same number mains of three vigorous lives in them, to and died instantly, without a groan So said the kind peasants; but upon going to her room Bianca saw a folded paper upon the window-sill, which she opened, and read as pleading, the bridegroom and his train come dividing this by 2, there is 178 and a remain-

From the Petersburg Gazette. teresting Reminiscences. LEETOWN, Jefferson Co., Va.

In the immediate vicinity of the spot from which I address you these lines, are the delapidated and antique residences of three distinguished Major Generals of the American Revolution. Within a radius of one mile and a half lived long and weary years, Charles Lee,, the sinister hero of Monmouth; Horatio Gates, the looser of Camden and the Southern campaign; and Adam Stephen, the early friend of Washington. In this little villageon whose golden forests I am gazing-remote from camps and flashing world, these three warriors rusted out the remainder of their lives in inglorious repose, their swords in moth eaten scabbards, no more to be drawn. Here, if I mistake not, two of them died, and soon even these lingering memorials of them will

Lee's house is a hundred paces from the assemblage of houses called by his name and

is an oblong building of stone, with chimneys at each end and midway—low, with a rude porch, depending as it were above the rough door, and a few outhouses. Gates lived some what further from the town, in a plain, undecorated building; and Stephen lived in a Log House such as at that time was occupied by the earliest pioneers of the valley, in which everything is small and confined but the fireplace. But that is neither small or confined; it is grand, enormous. Around it, how many good companions must have gathered in the olden day, and what sounds of revelry shook the rafters overhead! You may read of Adam Stephen in Spark's edition of the writings of Wasnington, and there you will find that among the hardy gentlemen who stood shoulder to shoulder with the young chief at Winchester, when the Indians ravaged the valley a hundred years ago, was Lieut Stephen. A landed proprietor hereabouts, he doubtless resented the trespass of the Indians upon his grounds, stretching towards the foot of the great North Mountain-at least we know that he did good service. He was afterwards an effective officer of the revolutionof the battle of Princeton, disgusted at some-

thing or other-and so came hither and lived Of Gates and Lee more is known. The story of the weeful quarrel of the latter with Washington at Monmouth, you may read in the recently published third volum of Irving's great work. It is probable that history will show that Lee was not so much in the wrong as the world supposes. That he made a blunder in ordering his forces to retreat-and that this rereat nearly ruined all the plans of Washington, and lost us the battle-that is certain, but it was probably an error of judgment-not a want of courage. In Leutz' great picture, he sits his horse sullenly before the chief, whose hot anger flamed out. All that he did and said afterwards was sullen, unfortunately. High words indignant correspondence—Washington cold and haughty, Lee raging, then a court-martial—suspension for a year-and Lee, in utter disgust, threw up his commission, and came hither " to hoe to bacco-the best school for a general!" he said, with a sneer at Washington. And here, in this poor and obscure dwelling, as I have said, rusted out the sharp spirit of Lee, and it fell into dust and oblivion. With but few neighbors-no friends-surrounded by hounds and horses and making the chase neary his only occupation—thus lives the General, and died. One day, long afterwards, says a tradition of the neighborhood, Washington sent his old advesary a note, sayingthat he hoped all past contention had been forgotten-he was coming to see him as an old

comrade in arms-as a friend. On the day fixed for the visit, Lee sent away all his servants, placed upon the locked door a paper with " no meat cooked here today," written thereon, and then followed his servants, leaving Washington to knock in vain. He never returned; and with the passing year, the eccentric soldier grew more morose and repelling. The ground floor of his house was divided by chalk lines merely, forming thus four compartments. In the first he kept his books; in the second was his bed; his saddle and hunting gear in the third; the fourth was used for a kitchen He could thus sit in one spot, he said with grim humor, and overlook his entire household. Tired of his dogs and silent misanthrophy at last, he commenced his Queries, Political and Military. an attack on Washington; but the world declined listening to him and then, tired of life, the cynical spirit of Charles Lee fled to other realms. His last words were, "Stand by me, my brave grenadiers!" and so he en-

A word now of the third of my triad of house yonder after Camden. It was the Gates who had taken Burgoyne, and whose popularity at one time overshadowed Washington's. But now, alas! how fallen! The breath of an indignant public opinion had blasted him, and his laurels were all seared and withered. He had lost the battle of Camden-had been deposed from the command of the army of the South, to make way for Greene; over his that they have received a large quantity of Groteries, which for quality and cheapness cannot be
excelled by any similar establishment west of the
Allegheny mountains. We are determined to
sell lower than the lowest, We have also, on head lowered a heavy cloud of public execra-

the window-through whose lengthened vista of bread and meat is excessive

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appears the lone mansion of General Adam Stephen Here, within a gunshot almost of each other, these men of history reposedthough not haplily we must conclude after all their struggles. The current of the Ope-quon, resonant in old days with savage shouts and dyed with blood, murmured by them, and perhaps spoke to their minds of other daystypifying human things which ever bud and flow, and change like the skies of autumn yender—the georgeous leaves whose colors vary with each day.

Going Ashore in an Iron Pot.

Some seventy or eighty years since on board a small brig belonging to the East India company, among a number of impressed men, were a brace of as untamed wild sons of the "Emerald Isle as ever you saw," from the They were the butt of the whole crew, from the peculiar abtuseness of their intellects, and fading from the general mind. learn anything, and literally were "not worth their salt."

The brig was short of hands, and put into a small bay on the coast of Africa. Being anchored off some distance from shore, the officers and crew went ashore to collect wood and water, leaving our two heroes to watch ou the upper deck, with orders to fire one of the guns in case of an attack by the natives. The captain had no sooner landed, than Pat sang out to his comrade. "Arrah, Tim,

acushla, and did ye iver see them big cannon balls below ?" "Och! sure an' I did But sure what would ye be after doing with them same cannon balls ?"

"Be jabers, wouldn't it be fine foon if we could fire off one of them? What a devil of a racket it would be after making !" "Bedad, but so it would. But: Pat.

would the captain be missing it? This was a regular clincher to poor Pat, and he stood scratching the wiry furze that covered his bullet shaped head for some time. All of a sudden a thought seemed to strike him of a way to surmount the difficulty. On board of all vessees, as almost every ore is aware, is a large iron pot or kettle for melting ary struggle; but left the army about the time which would obviate the loss of the ball. It tar, &c. A plan was very shortly adopted was this . Gue of them was to place himself astraddle of the gun, holding the pot over the muzzie by the hundle, and eatch the ball as it assued from the gun; and as our hero Tim was the stoutest of the two, the duty of holding the pot was assigned to him. After some trouble they managed to get the gun loaded. Tim mounted, holding the pot. Just as Pat was about to touch off the cannon. Tim turned around and sang out, "Arrah, Pat, darlint, be after firing very aisy, will ye?" Pat applied the match, and off went Tim, pot and all " into the middle of next week."

The captain hearing the report, and thinkng it announced some attack, came on board in great haste. The first thing that greeted his eyes upon stepping on deck, was Pat, his face all begrimed with smoke and dirt.

"Well, Pat," said he "what's the matter with you? Where's Tim?" "Tim, sir? And didn't ye see him on

"No. How the devil could be get there? The boats are all here."

"Och! by my sowl, sir, he went ashore in the iron pot!"

In one of our courts lately, a man who was called on to appear as a witness could not be found. On the judge asking where he was a grave elderly gentleman rose up, and with much emphasis said: "Your honor, he's gone."

"Gone! gone!" said the Judge. "where is he gone?" "That I cannot inform you," replied the communicative gentleman, "but he is dead." This is considered the most guarded answer on record.

A wag in New York, seeing a man drive a tack into a card, through the letter t of the word "Boston." printed on it, seized the latter and exclaimed, "Why what are you about? Don't you know that laying tax on tea in Boston once raised a thundering muss there?

The Louisville Journal thus speaks of a gentleman of that city: "He is a notorious coward. He talks as as if his diet were lion steak, seasoned with gunpowder and broiled on burning lava; whereas his actual diet is rabbits' liver, sheeps plucks, and pigeons' giz-

LONG PRAYERS. - Speaking against long prayers, Elder Knapp says:

"When Peter was endeavoring to walk on the water to meet his Master, and was about sinking, had his supplication been as leng as the introduction to some of our modern praywarriors. Horatio Gates came to the old er, before he got half through, he would have been fifty feet under water."

No "Wiggins, what era in the world's history do you regard with the deepest horror?" "The chol-era!" gasped Wiggins, with a spasmadic shudder.

one of his flock, "do you always sleep in your pew when I am in the pulpit, while you

of the thumb or finger-sometimes on the end of a rope.

AT Happiness is a pig with a greasy ta which every one runs after, but nobody c. n

Never, perhaps, are children dearer to their to the rescue, and ranging themselves in or- der, you therefore place a 5 at the end of the ing "chase," which murmur yonder beneath parent's then when, as at present, the price