

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, JANUARY 7, 1857.

VOL. 4. NO. 11.

TERMS.

THE DEMOCRAT & SENTINEL, is published every Wednesday morning, in Ebenburg, Cambria Co., Pa., at \$1.50 per annum, IF PAID IN ADVANCE, if not \$2 will be charged. ADVERTISEMENTS will be conscientiously inserted at the following rates, viz:

1 square 3 insertions,	\$1 00
Every subsequent insertion,	25
1 square 3 months,	3 00
1 " 6 " "	5 00
1 " 1 year,	12 00
1 col'n 1 year,	30 00
1 " 3 " "	15 00
Business Cards,	5 00

Twelve lines constitute a square.

INCORPORATED.
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 GOODS!
ever presented to this community. His stock consists chiefly of the following, viz:

LADIES DRESS GOODS!
such as Talmas, Vizzetti, Shawls, Silks, Merinos, Cashmeres, Woolen Flannels, De Laines, De Bages, Alpaccas, Ginghams, Calico; BONNETS Ribbons, Collars, Trimmings, &c.

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING!
such as Over Coats, Dress Coats, Pants, Vests, Shirts, Drawers, &c. Also a large stock of
DOMESTIC GOODS!
such as Brown and Bleached Madras, Drills, Denims, Shirtings, Checks, Kentucky Jeans, Satinets, Cassimers, Flannels, Linseys, Tickings, Blankets, &c. Also
Bots, 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 SHILLERS & STRAW CUTTERS to call and examine his stock; he would wish also to inform them that he has made arrangements to supply them with all kinds of **FERTILIZERS**, such as Peruvian and Mexican Guano, &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 McLAUGHLIN.
Tunnel Hill, October 8, 1856.

GREAT EXCITEMENT!!
\$10000 DOLLARS REWARD!!!
THE subscriber would respectfully inform the good citizens of Ebenburg and the adjoining vicinity that he has returned from Philadelphia, with the largest and most varied assortment of **GROCERIES** ever offered. The stock consists as follows:

GROCERIES—M. Jasson, Sugars, Teas, Rice, Candles, Soap, Fish, Salt, Bacon & Hams, Flour, Oat Meal, Corn Meal, Tobacco, Peaches, Dried Apples, Salserrats, Baking Soda, Dried Herrings, Durkese's Baking Powder, Sardines, Mustard, Spices, Holloways Worm Confection, Vinegar.

Confectionaries:
Candies,
Raisins,
Oranges,
Lemons,
Citrons,
Prunes,
Sugars,
Fruits,
Figs,
Nuts of all kinds.

Liquors:—Cherry Brandy, Blackberry Brandy, Raspberry Brandy, French Brandy, Port Wine, Old Rye Whiskey.

Brushes, &c., &c.—Horse, Scurrying, Dusting, Scrub and White Wash Brushes, Bow Cords, Tawne, Cora brooms, Baskets of all kinds, Tubs and Buckets of all kinds, Wash Boards, Butter Bows, Nails, Lamp Globes, Curry Combs, Carpet Hammers and Tacks, Window Glass of all kinds, Arnold's Ink, Hooper's Ink, Steel Pens, Stationery 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.
Ebenburg, July 30, 1856 - 40.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.
ALL persons indebted to the estate of Milton A. Roberts, dec'd., for costs as Prothonotary 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 fees in full for the same. He will attend for that purpose, at the Prothonotary's office, in Ebenburg, at the ensuing Court in December next.
JOHN WILLIAMS, Esq.
Ebenburg, Oct. 25, 1856 - 41.

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.
I will sell at private sale that large and commodious **BLACK HOUSE**, situated on High street, in the Borough of Ebenburg, being the property occupied by Milton Roberts, dec'd., at the time of his death. Also, a valuable **LOT OF GROUND** situated on the Clay Pike, about one half mile from said Borough, containing 2 1/2 acres enclosed and in a good state of cultivation.

For terms apply to the subscriber residing on the premises, or to John Williams, in Ebenburg.
MRS. MALVINA ROBERTS.
Sept. 17, 1856 - 41.

NEW ARRIVAL!
GROCERIES! GROCERIES! GROCERIES!!
HART & BRO. would respectfully inform their old customers as well as many new ones that they have received a large quantity of Groceries, 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 hand
20,000 CIGARS
which we will dispose of wholesale or retail.
HART & BRO.
July 9, 1856.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.
Highland Division, No. 84, Sons of Temperance meet at their Hall every **SATURDAY** evening, in the upper story of R. Davis' building.

Carrier's Address,

OF THE DEMOCRAT & SENTINEL,

JANUARY 1, 1857.

THE Allegheny's fiercest blast,
Making our dreary homes more drear.
Has numbered with the silent past,
The now departed year.

Another year has passed—a year
Of bloodless battles, civic strife,—
And headlong passion's fierce career
Pursued it thro' its life.

When Congress met a year ago,
And Abolition ruled the ranks
They made, (what 'tis their wont to do,)
An awful run on *Banks*.

They bore him to the chair!—and why
Is he selected to preside?
Because, he joined the traitor's cry,
To "let the Union slide!"

And madly on the downward path,
With frenzied steps they loudly trod,
Raising a mighty nations wrath,—
The peoples' thundering rod.

And some disunion boldly vowed,
Made Black Republicanism their trade;
While other traitors meanly cowed,
In the dark lantern's shade!

And, in the Quaker City met,
With sign, and grip, and password, too,
Their Fillmore at their head they set,
Because he *Nothing* knew.

And thus the children of the night,
Friends of the reign of '98
First gave their principles to light
And named their candidate.

The self same city soon again,
Affords another rich display
Of all the varying shades of men,
Both "black spirits and gray."

From California's golden soil
From Minnesota's mountains gray—
From where the Yankees fish for oil,
From Massachusetts Bay.

Priests, patriots, politicians, all
From prairie ground and tossing oceans
Of grave and gay, and great and small,
All sorts of "Yankee Notions!"

The children of the men were here—
Who Quakers hung on highest benches;
Who pilloried the papists car;
And burnt the Salem witches.

The North and West in numbers grand;—
Mechanics, merchants, lawyers, teachers,
But most, those curses of the land,
The Abolition preachers.

But where's the South?—Lord Baltimore!
And Carroll, thy successors, where?
They are not seen upon this floor,
They have no business here.

And where's the State of Washington,
The statesman's home! Ah prond Virginian
Thy brilliant race is well-nigh run
Thou gallant "Old Dominion"

The Old North State no delegate,
Her Rip Van Winkle sleep to waken;
Nor from the proud Palmetto State—
Their counsels are forsaken!

No Statesman from the home of *Clay*
To represent the mighty sage;
Nor Tennessee to portray,
Him of the Hermitage.

No Southern voice was there to tell,
That of our Union they were part,—
That they had borne their share to swell
The mighty nation's heart.

And then they hoisted to the breeze
Their standard bearers,—and their claims,
To power and place were only these,—
That they were Northern names.

In the Queen City of the West,
A pure and patriotic band,
Determined to meet and breast
Disunions threatening brand.

All honor to that patriot host
For glorious was the work they done;—
Their candidates,—a THIRTY ONE!
Their Stars were THIRTY-ONE!

The good old Commonwealth of Penn.—
The Union loving Keystone State
Honored the greatest of her men—
The Nation's candidate.

And patriotism pure prevailed,
O'er factions rage, and treason's blight,
And freedom's sons with rapture hailed,
The triumph of the right!

But, true to politics! too long
Your "Carrier Boy" detains you here,
He fain would with a livelier song,
Awake the bright "New Year."

He fain would sing of Love's first kiss,
Of Hymens pure and sacred rites,
And speculate on wedded bliss,
With all its chaste delights.

Of Fashion, too, he longs to sing
But ah, too feeble is his strain
Too lofty for his muse's wing
Her flight would be in vain.

But, lady! see that bonnet small,
Which beads and bugles much bedeck,
Is like a hideous criminal,
Suspended by the neck.

Thy dress which sweeps each avenue
Thro' which you pass, with fearful swoop,
Reminds us of the Indian, who,
Prides in his warlike whoop.

Alas! that whalebone hoops and stays,
And Cotton cords and *crinoline*
Should hide from the admiring gaze
The human form divine

But such a fashion cannot last,
Unsightly as it is, and strange,
Even now I feel 'twill soon be past,
And hope for some SMALL CHANGE.

Miscellaneous.

Mammoth Cave in Kentucky.
The following highly interesting account of an exploration of this remarkable cave, is from J. P. K., a correspondent of the *National Intelligencer*:

Happening, in the course of a summer jaunt, to come within one hundred miles of the Mammoth Cave, I determined to cross the country to make a visit to an object of such remarkable interest.

The Mammoth Cave is situated in Edmonson county, Kentucky, within half a mile of Green river, one hundred and sixty-five miles above its confluence with the Ohio, nine miles west of "Bell's Tavern," a point on the Louisville and Nashville road, about ninety miles from each place, among a range of high hills, or knobs, as they are called, which stand singly, the road from "Bell's" passing up and over each with that bold defiance of obstacles so characteristic of an unimproved region. Their summits, however, from a level table land of several hundred acres in extent in each case.

Arriving at the Cave Hotel, we find it standing upon a plain of similar character, in the midst of a country of very ordinary appearance, with nothing in its aspect that is at all suggestive to the visitor of the subterranean wonders by whose fame he has been attracted. Commencing our exploration, we proceed for a few hundred yards down the hill along a wild ravine, when a cleft in the hill side attracts our notice, which we are informed is the mouth of the cave. Upon coming opposite to it we remark a strong blast of cold air rushing forth in so well defined a current that a person can stand with one half his body in the warm external air while the other half is chilled by the cold current. The uniform temperature is about 59 deg., and when in the cave it is most comfortable and bracing, precisely suited for enabling one to endure the fatigues of exploration; and emerging upon a warm day the sense of oppression is almost overcoming, the sensation being similar to that of inhaling the vapor from a tea-kettle. Of course, on a cold day the contrast is reversed.

Each of the party being furnished with a lantern, and carefully shielding its flame from the draught, we entered, and passed for a considerable distance along the gallery of an old saltpetre mine, by the extension of which the cave was originally discovered, and which has been abandoned on account of the demand being more cheaply supplied by importations from a broad. As we proceed, we begin to be accustomed to the darkness, which is most intense, and like that which fell over Egypt, can be felt; noticing the remains of the old works, which consist simply in large wooden hoppers, in which the nitrous earth was placed, and in a series of logs bored out to form pipes through which to conduct water, that performed the office of soaking through the earth, extracting and holding in solution the saltpetre, in a manner similar to that of making ley from ashes. Coming into the main cave, we enter the ball room, the grand-rotunda, and the church, as they are called.

The guide tells us of the size of the rooms—150 feet long, 60 broad, and 60 high.—He points to the ceiling, consisting of a single stone, unsupported by a single column, and unbroken by either a seam or joint; the structure of the sides, to the color of the stone; and to what ever he considers may elicit our admiration or astonishment. Nor, as we pass from one gallery to another, and their wonders are successively pointed out to us, is our admiration particularly excited.

As some one has said of the first view of the ocean, "Is this the mighty ocean? Is this all?" So this does not strike us as being very wonderful. After all, it does not seem to be so very grand. But as we see more, and not having previously had an object of comparison, what is presented to us begins to grow into our minds, and the proportions to become more recognizable. It is "vastness which grows, but grows to harmonize."

Proceeding through mazes of galleries, walks and avenues, with a variety of names, few of which, however, are in any way suggestive, and a repetition of them would only tend to confuse without conveying the least idea, we stop in the Star Chamber, where the ceiling presents the appearance of the starry sky upon a clear cloudless night, the effect of

white incrustations upon the surface of the black limestone. Here the guide takes away our lamps, and, going behind a projection, leaves us for a while in the darkness, which produces a sensation of most profound awe; and it is with joy that we begin to perceive in the distance the faint glimmer of the returning light, that as it advances dispels the gloom and restores our composure. How can any one endure the agony of being lost in such a place?

Going along wide, high arching galleries, through chambers where the sense of isolation is supreme; down rude stairways; thro' narrow passages, where a cleft in the solid rock barely admits the body, in some places compelling postures of extreme humility; stopping occasionally in some wild hall white the guide produces an illumination with a Bengal light, which, casting its brilliant bluish glare over broken masses of rock piled in wild confusion upward to the lofty roof, and into the distance along the extended galleries, and upon the faces of the party as they are upturned in mute admiration, produces a scene the reality of which we have cause to doubt, and that seems as though it could belong only to our dreams or the improbable visions of a diseased fancy. In fact, whenever for a moment my consciousness caused me to reflect, I could scarce believe my own identity.

Turning aside to visit Govan's Dome, we find ourselves in a circular and very high room, resembling the interior of a tower, with sides of smooth perpendicular rock. Looking through a loop-hole, as it were, in a wall of a few inches in thickness, we see into an awful chasm, the bottom of which is upwards of a hundred feet below our standing place, of a circular form, twenty feet in diameter, the sides perpendicular as a plummet string, and the roof apparently out of the reach of vision, forming an object of wonder that can scarcely have a parallel in Nature.

The Bottomless Pit is of another character. The path passes by a ledge along its very brink, and by a bridge from a ledge which divides it, we cross to the cave beyond. It is said to be extremely deep, and as to its being bottomless, when the guide throws over a Bengal light it descends lower, lower, and lower until it reaches the bottom, where it quietly consumes, and commences its repose among the ashes of its brilliant predecessors.

Beyond the Pit we come to the first water, called the Dead Sea, contained in a small basin above, whose precipitous sides the path winds. Thence coming upon the river Styx, which we cross by what they call the Natural Bridge, and being careful in passing along the ledges of the precipices, we descend to the placid waters of Lake Lethe, upon whose rocky shores I could find not even a pebble as a memento, where we are ferried for a few hundred feet.

Leaving the lake, which is situated in a grand gallery of immense height, we proceed for a little distance farther, where a boat waits to convey us along the Echo river; a distance of three-quarters of a mile. Entering the boat, we stoop for a few moments as we go under a low browed arch, and looking around find ourselves floating along the subterranean river through a cavern arching to about twelve feet above our heads, fifty or sixty in width, the arch commencing at the surface of the water. The sensations remind us of what we have read of Charon's boat, and when forgetting, as we do, that instead of spectres it is filled with substantial men and women who will shortly return to the light of day, and the ordinary round of what some consider this humdrum world, which the spirits cannot do, however strong may be their desire, together with the profound silence, as even the voices of the party are hushed and the boatman rests upon his oars; the intensity of the darkness beyond, which the partial illumination seems only to render more visible, we cannot be considered as drawing too much upon our imagination when we feel as though we were about to drift out upon the great ocean of time, and that the feeling of the infinite is beginning to stir in our contemplations. And then, coming back to ourselves, and realizing where we are, the distance beneath the surface and from our home, we are even yet far to believe that we are sported with by our own fancy. Becoming alive to what is around us, we are amazed at the size of the arch and the existence of the river. The conversation is repeated in distant echoes, and the occasional shout answers them as though they were the slumbering voices of the place. A pistol shot creates an effect that is almost stunning. The reverberations are reflected from side to side of the arch, and seem to roll away to so great a distance as to render their return inappreciable to the ear, as though their repetition proceeded even to infinity.

The rivers and the lakes exist in one connexion, being differently named as they re-appear in different places as is proven by floating articles from one to another. After heavy rains they rise sometimes even to the height of forty feet. I saw a boat lodged up the cliff quite that distance above the present surface of the water, and the galleries leading to the river show the effects of the floods. The rivers are the greatest wonders of the cave. Their sources are mysterious and their disappearance is sudden. Whence they come and whither they go no man knoweth.

Leaving the river we proceed for one mile and a half along Silliman's avenue, which, after what we have seen, appears somewhat monotonous; hence into the passage of El Ghor, one mile and a half further, which we find to be still more so.

We next ascend into Martha's Vineyard, a large hall piled with rocks, which the illumination shows to be covered with incrustations resembling large clusters of grapes in bunches of perfect form. This is the entrance into Cleveland's Cabinet, which extends for upwards of two miles through a succession of beauties without a parallel in nature, that no art can imitate, and which are of a merit that makes them worthy to form the realization of

a sculptor's dream of beauty. The roof is about twelve feet high, and the gallery is fifty feet broad. The ceiling which is the subject of our admiration, is covered with incrustations of gypsum, the result of crystallization. They exist in forms of the most profuse variety—resembling snowballs, roses, tulips, lilies, daisies, even long stalks of celery, flowers, however, predominate, and with a fidelity to nature that is truly astonishing.

In some places portions of rock have fallen out, and in the crevices thus left these beautiful formations are re-produced. It has been said that they exist not only in living, but in growing reality; for new formations are being continually made beneath, the old ones dropping off and lying in quantities under the feet. By searching among the collection, apparently of rubbish thus formed, I was so fortunate as to secure some beautiful specimens to bring home as mementoes of the place, and which I prize more highly than I would one of the white eyeless fish, for containing which the waters of the cave are so celebrated.

Leaving Cleveland's Cabinet and over the Rocky Mountains, as they are called, for another mile, the termination of the cave is reached. New passages have been explored during the last year; but being difficult of access, and containing nothing, as I was assured, more wonderful than what I had seen; with my appetite, moreover, for the marvelous in this case thoroughly satisfied, I was willing to return; and as I retraced my steps I strove to retain in my mind the succession of wonderful objects, and with regard to many of them to feel that my sense of appreciation for their true merit had been increased.

Being unaccustomed to such things, and not knowing their real magnitude, one falls at first to discover their importance; but upon the return and the second visit they seem to have been enlarged, or rather, our ideas having grown, were the more capable of comprehending the real proportion of the different objects. The first sense of disappointment originates doubtless from a misapprehension in the mind of the visitor as to the real character of the cave.

Being ushered through darkness and gloom into great, bare, deserted-looking places, with his imagination filled with fairy grotesques, stalagmites from the floor and stalactites from the ceiling, and with other beauties of which he has read or heard confounding his mind with most undefinable ideas, he receives a shock from what it takes him some time to recover. Stalactite and stalagmite formations exist but in one place, and are few in number; and except beyond the river, where they are most beautiful, the rocks are of black, unadorned limestone, with none of the accessories of fairy land. But when he begins to understand where he is—among the vast galleries, the wild, weird-like halls, the precipices, pits and chasms—and gets his mind wrought into the sublimity of the scene, he becomes willing to forego the beauties of the place, and is satisfied to be able to appreciate the vastness, grandeur and sublimity of the whole.

Upon reaching the entrance and emerging to the light the effect is most surprising. After having been in darkness for several hours, and our eyes, straining to discover objects in the gloom, have accommodated themselves to the necessity, the light seems to stream in at the opening, casting as strong and distinct a shadow upon the pathway as a direct sunbeam into a room. The mouth of the cavern is overarched with trees, and the light seems to be tinged from them with a greenish hue, which is cast like a veil over the rocks and other objects in the path.

The access to the cave is by stage to "Bell's;" thence by accommodation line across to the hotel. The quarters are most excellent, the tables as well supplied as in the City Hotel, and the servants are the best I ever saw. There are accommodations for about two hundred guest, and will be greatly enlarged to meet the increased facilities that will be rendered to travellers in reaching this place by the expected extension, during the next summer, of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad to "Bell's Tavern."

Humanity.
It is a comfortable reflection that, as we pass along the crowded streets of a great city, with a visible distress stamped upon our features, some eye, less careless than the many, will read our wants and remember us after we have passed out of sight. We observed a touching case in point yesterday.

A pale, emaciated, poverty stricken young man was crawling along the street, looking as if he was pretty well starved. The restless money-seeking crowd pressed on past him without pausing—he was alone, unnoticed.

Soon we saw a young man looking intensely into the face of the wanderer; he felt for his misery, and at the same time, felt in his pocket. He was a stranger in the city his pocket, and his last dollar lay lonely and disconsolate in his pocket. He paused and hesitated—made two or three starts after the retreated figure and stopped. It was his last dollar.

Finally, with a rich smile breaking over his frank, open face, he walked with a decided step after the now distant figure, caught up with him and made a loan to the Lord of his entire cash capital.

The incident was beautiful. That generous young man is still in the city of New Orleans. His good deed, has had, already its reward. The bread he cast upon the waters has returned to him without waiting "many days."—N. O. Picayune.

"Boy, can I lodge here to-night, say?"
"Guess not."
"Why not?"
"Case man's sick, dad's drunk, and Sal's gone for rum and I don't care a dern for anybody."
"Well, I'll go on."

"I say, Joe, where is the hoe?"
"With the handle!"
"Where is the handle?"
"With the hoe!"
"Where is the handle and hoe?"
"Both together! Darn ye, I believe you want to pick a fight you are asking so many questions!"

A boy named Burbank, only sixteen years old, was fatally wounded in one of Walker's fights in Nicaragua. He was the son of wealthy parents in Kentucky, and ran away from the military school in that state, for he had heard of battles, and longed, &c., like young Norval.

A sailor being asked how he liked his bride, is reported to have remarked—"Why, d'ye see, I took her to be only half of me, as the parson says, but dash me if she isn't twice as much as I. I'm only a tar—she's a tar—tar."

Frailty, belongs to the nature of man.

The Lost Lover—A Swedish Tale.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

In Falun, a mining town in Sweden, a hundred years and more ago, a young miner kissed his fair bride and said to her:

"On St. Lucia's day our love will be blessed by the priest's hand. Then we shall to husband and wife, and we will build us a little nest of our own."

"And peace and love shall dwell in it," said the beautiful bride, with a sweet smile, "for thou art my all in all, and without thee I would choose to be in my grave."

But when the priest, in proclaiming their bans in the church for the second time before St. Lucia's day, pronounced the words, "If now, any one can show reason why these persons should not be united in the bonds of matrimony," Death was at hand. The young man, as he passed her house next morning in his black mining garb already wore his shroud. He rapped upon her window, and said, good morning—but never returned to bid her good evening. He never came back from the mine, and all in vain she embowered for him that very morning, a black cravat with a red border, for the wedding day. This she laid carefully away, and never ceased to mourn or weep for him.

Meanwhile, time passed on; the Seven Year's war was fought; the partition of Poland took place; America became free; the French Revolution and the long war began; Napoleon subdued Prussia, and the English bombarded Copenhagen. The husbandman sowed and reaped, the miller ground and the smith hammered, and the miners dug after the veins of metal in their subterranean workshops. As the miners of Falun, in the year 1809, a little before or after St. John's Day, were excavating an opening between two shafts, full two hundred ells below the ground, they dug from the rubbish and vitriol water, the body of a young man, entirely saturated with iron-vitriol, but otherwise undecayed and unaltered—so that one could distinguish his features and age as well as if he had died only an hour before, or had fallen asleep for a little while at his work.

But when they had brought him to the light of day, father and mother, friends and acquaintances had been long dead; no one could identify the sleeping youth, or tell anything about his misfortune, till she came, who was once the betrothed of the miner who had one day gone to the mine and never returned. Gray and shriveled, she came to the place hobbling upon a crutch, when more in joyful ecstasy than pain, she sank down upon the beloved form. As soon as she had recovered her exposure, she exclaimed, "It is my betrothed, whom I have mourned for fifty years, and whom God now permits me to see once more before I die. A week before the wedding time, he went under the earth and never returned." All the bystanders were moved to tears as they beheld the former bride, a wasted and feeble old woman, and the bridegroom still in the beauty of youth; and how, after the lapse of fifty years her youthful love awoke again. But he never opened his mouth to smile, nor his eyes to recognize; and she, finally, as the only one belonging to him and having a right to him, had him carried to her own little room, till a grave could be prepared in the church-yard. The next day, when all was ready, and the miners came to take him away, she opened a little drawer, and taking out the black silk cravat, tied it around his neck, and then accompanied him in her Sunday garb, as if it were their wedding-day and not the day of his burial. As they laid him in a grave in the churchyard, she said:—"Sleep well now, for a few days in thy cold bridal bed, and let not the time seem long to thee. I have now but little more to do, and will come soon and then it will be a day again." As she was going away, she looked back once more and said, "What the earth has once restored, it will not a second time withhold."

A DOVE ALIGHTING ON A COFFIN.—In Edinburg, a few days ago, a respectable family in one of the quietest quarters of the city were thrown into mourning by the death of one of their number, an elderly lady. A night or two after the event a strange noise was heard at the window of the room where the coffin was lying. It seemed like the fluttering of the wings of a bird, some eye, less careless than the many, will read our wants and remember us after we have passed out of sight. We observed a touching case in point yesterday.

It offered no opposition when they attempted to secure it, and is now in the possession of the relatives of the deceased lady, who, from the singularity of the circumstances have resolved to preserve it carefully. Had the event happened in times past, when superstition held sway it would undoubtedly have given rise to some strange imaginations relative to the departed.—Edinburg Express.

"I say, Joe, where is the hoe?"
"With the handle!"
"Where is the handle?"
"With the hoe!"
"Where is the handle and hoe?"
"Both together! Darn ye, I believe you want to pick a fight you are asking so many questions!"

A boy named Burbank, only sixteen years old, was fatally wounded in one of Walker's fights in Nicaragua. He was the son of wealthy parents in Kentucky, and ran away from the military school in that state, for he had heard of battles, and longed, &c., like young Norval.

A sailor being asked how he liked his bride, is reported to have remarked—"Why, d'ye see, I took her to be only half of me, as the parson says, but dash me if she isn't twice as much as I. I'm only a tar—she's a tar—tar."

Frailty, belongs to the nature of man.