

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 21, 1857.

VOL. 4. NO. 13.

TERMS.

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 inserted at the following rates, viz:

1 square 3 insertions,	\$1 00
Every subsequent insertion,	25
1 square 3 months,	3 00
1 " 6 " "	6 00
1 " 1 year,	12 00
1 " 2 " "	20 00
1 " 3 " "	30 00
Business Cards,	5 00

One-twelve lines constitute a square.

NEW GOODS, NEW GOOS.

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, Vizeztes, Shawls, Silks, Merinos, Cashmeres, Woolen Plaids, De Laines, De Bages, Alpacas, Gingham, 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 Muslins, Drills, Deans, Shirtings, Checks, Kentucky Jeans, Satinets, Cassimeres, Flannels, Linseys, Tickings, 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 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 a smaller quantity 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!!

\$1000 DOLLARS REWARD!!
THE subscriber would respectfully inform the good citizens of Ebensburg 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:—Molasses, Sugars, Teas, Rice, Candles, Saps, Fish, Salt, Bacon & Hams, Flour, Oat Meal, Corn Meal, Tobacco, Peaches, Dried Apples, Salsanits, Baking Soda, Dried Herring, Butter, Baking Powder, Sausages, Mustard, Spices, Holloway's Worm Confection, Vinegar.

Confectionaries:
Candies,
Raisins,
Oranges,
Lemons,
Citrus,
Fruits,
Figs,
Nuts of all kinds.

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

Brushes, &c., &c.:—Horse Sweeping, Dusting, Scrub and White Wash Brushes, Red Corals, Twine, Corn brooms, Baskets of all kinds, Tubs and Buckets of all kinds, Wash Boards, Battering Blocks, Nails, Lamp Glasses, Curry Combs, Carpet Hammers and Tacks, Window Glass of all kinds, Arnold's Ink, Hoyer'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,
Ebensburg, July 30, 1856—40.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the estate of Milton 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 receive for the same. He will attend for that purpose, at the Prothonotary's office, in Ebensburg, at the ensuing Court in December next.

JOHN WILLIAMS, Ex'r.
Ebensburg, Oct. 25, 1856.—4f.

Valuable Real Estate FOR SALE.

I will sell at private sale that large and commodious **BLACK 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 24 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—4f.

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.

Pennsylvania Legislature SENATE.

Philadelphia City—Wm. A. Crabbe, Chas. B. Penrose.
Philadelphia County—N. B. Browne, Harlan Ingram, R. L. Wright.
Montgomery—Thomas P. Knox.
Chester and Delaware—James J. Lewis.
Berks—John C. Evans.
Bucks—Jonathan Ely.
Lancaster and Lebanon—John W. Killinger, Jacob G. Shuman.
Dauphin and Northumberland—David Taggart.
Northampton and Lehigh—Joseph Leubach.
Carbon—James H. Walton.
Adams and Franklin—George W. Brewer.
York—William H. Welsh.
Cumberland and Perry—Henry Fetter.
Centre—Andrew Gregg.
Cambria, Huntingdon and Blair—John Cresswell.
Luzerne—George P. Steele.
Bradford—E. Reed Myer.
Tioga—Henry Souther.
Mercer—Glenn W. Scofield.
Eric and Crawford—D. A. Finney.
Beaver—John R. Harris.
Allegheny—William Wilkins, Edward D. Guzman.
Washington and Greene—John C. Flenick.
Bedford, Fulton and Somerset—Francis Jordan.
Armstrong—Titian J. Coffey.
Juniata—James M. Sellers.
Westmoreland and Fayette—William E. Frazer.
Schuylkill—C. M. Straube.
Democrats, 15
Opposition, 18
Democrats in Roman.
Opposition in Italian.

House of Representatives.

Adams—John Musselwhite.
Allegheny—Wm. E. Stevenson, C. S. Egster, John T. Peters, J. B. Backhouse, N. Voghtly, Jr.
Armstrong, Clarion & Jefferson—J. K. Calhoun, W. M. Abrams, R. J. Nicholson.
Beaver, Butler & Lawrence—D. I. Imbrie, George P. Shaw, A. W. Crawford.
Cambria, Bedford, & Fulton—George N. Smith, W. C. Reamer.
Berks—J. Law Getz, Wm. Heins, B. N. Naeumacher, Michael Hoffman.
Blair and Huntingdon—John H. Winterole, John M. Gibbons.
Bradford—J. B. G. Babcock, Cullen F. Nichols.
Bucks—John Maugle, Alex. C. Johnston, John H. Lovett.
Carbon and Lehigh—Hermann Epp, Enos Tolan.
Centre—John Smith.
Chester—Dr. E. V. Dickey, James Penrose Paxton Vickers.
Clearfield, McKean and Elk—Seth A. Bachus.
Clinton, Lycoming and Potter—J. M. B. Petrick, Isaac Penson.
Columbia and Montour—Peter Ent.
Crawford—Joseph Brown, Leonard Reed.
Cumberland—James Anderson, Wm. Harcer.
Dauphin—David Mamma, John Wright.
Delaware—Hiram Clever.
Eric—Wareham Warner, Gideon J. Ball.
Franklin—George Jacobs, John Withersone, Fayette and Westmoreland—H. D. Foster, John Fausbold, Samuel A. Hill, Peter A. Johns.
Greene—R. K. Campbell.
Indiana—R. B. Morehead.
Lancaster—William Hamilton, John A. Heistand, P. W. Housekeeper, Christian S. Kuffman, Jos. D. Powell.
Lebanon—C. E. Hoffman.
Luzerne—Steuben Jenkins, Thomas Smith Mercer, Venango, and Warren—Samuel Kerr, S. P. McCubbin, Thomas Strubler.
Mifflin—John Purcell.
Monroe and Pike—L. Westbrook.
Montgomery Jos W Hilligas, A W Longaker, George Hamill.
Northampton—John A. Innis, Jesse Pearson.
Northumberland J H Zimmerman.
Perry Charles C Brandt.
Philadelphia city S S Bishop, George T Thorn, Jacob Dock, Geo R Smith.
Philadelphia county Chas M Leisingring, Townsend Bearsley, Franklin McIlvain, C. Carty, Abraham Arthur, John Roberts, John Hancock, Robert B Knight, John Wharton, Frederick J Walter, Henry A Gildea.
Schuylkill William B Lebo, G A Wagon seller.
Somerset Jonas Augustine.
Susquehanna, Sullivan & Wyoming—Simeon B Chase, Alfred Hine.
Tioga L P Williston.
Union and Juniata Thomas Bower.
Washington J S Vancoorick, John C Sloan.
Wayne N W Vall.
York James Ramsey, Samuel Meanear, Isaac Beck.
Democrats 53 Opposition 47.

Senate,	Dem.	Opp.
House of Representatives,	53	47
	68	65
	65	65
Dem. majority on joint ballot	3	

—The Crockett (Texas) Printer states that Gen. Sam Houston, while on a visit to that place a few days since, said in private conversation "that there was nothing now left for the American party but to join either the Democrats or Republicans." This announcement of the decline of the fortunes of Know Nothingism may be considered "official."

Choice Poetry.

(PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.)
PINCH AND COUGH O'LEARY.
BY JOHN KEEGAN.

One wintry day, long, long ago,
When I was a little fellow,
A piper wandered to our door,
Gray-headed, blind, and yellow;
And, oh! how glad was my young heart,
Though earth and sky looked dreary,
To see the piper and his dog—
Poor Pinch and Cough O'Leary.

And when he stowed away his bags,
Cross barred with green and yellow,
I thought and said—"In Ireland's ground
There's not so fine a fellow."
And Finian Burke, and Shane McGee,
With Aileen, Cath, and Mary,
Rushed in with panting haste to see
And welcome Cough O'Leary.

Ah! God be with those happy times,
Ah! God with my childhood,
When I bareheaded roamed all day,
Bird-nesting in the wild wood;
I'll not forget those happy scenes,
However years may vary;
I'll not forget my early friends,
Nor honest Cough O'Leary.

Poor Pinch and Cough slept well that night,
And in the morning early,
He called me up to hear him play
"The wind that shakes the barley,"
And then he stroked my flaxen hair,
And cried "God mark my deary,"
Ah! how I wept when he said "Farewell,
And think of Cough O'Leary."

Well, seasons went and came again,
And Cough was not forgotten,
Although we thought him dead and gone,
And in the cold day rotten,
And often as I walked or danced,
With Aileen, Cath, and Mary,
We spoke of childhood's rosy hours,
And prayed for Cough O'Leary.

Well, twenty summers had gone past,
And June's red sun was sinking,
As I a man stood by my door,
Of twenty sad things thinking,
A little dog came up the way,
His gait was slow and weary,
And at his tail a beocough limped—
'Twas Pinch and Cough O'Leary.

Poor Cough—but, ah! how woe-begone!
His form is bowed and bending,
His fleshless hands are stiff and wan—
Aye, time is even blending
The colors of his thread-bare bag,
And Pinch is twice as hoary,
And thin-spine as when first I saw
Himself and Cough O'Leary.

"God's blessing here," the wanderer cried;
Far, far be hell's black viper;
Does anybody hereabouts
Remember Cough, the piper?"
With swelling heart I grasped his hand
The old man murmured, "Dearie!
Are you the silken headed child
That loved poor Cough O'Leary?"

"Yes, yes!" I said. The wanderer wept
As if his heart was breaking,
"And where, Avicemachre," said he,
"Is all the merry-making
We had here twenty years ago,"
"My tale," I said "is might weary;
Enough to say, there's not but me
To welcome Cough O'Leary!"

"Oh! vo! vo!" the old man cried,
And wrung his hands in sorrow,
"Pray lead me in, an' ashore maccie,
And I'll go home to morrow,
My peace is made, I'll calmly leave
This world so cold and dreary,
And you shall keep my pipes and dog,
And pray for Cough O'Leary."

With Pinch, I watched his bed that night,
Next day his wish was granted—
He died—and Father James was brought,
And the requiem mass was chaunted,
The neighbors came—we dug his grave,
Near Aileen, Cath, and Mary;
And there he sleeps his last sweet sleep—
God rest you, Cough O'Leary.

The Tragedy at Monmouth.
A gentleman who was in Monmouth, Illinois, at the time the two young FLEMINGS (formerly of this county) were killed by Crozier, has communicated to the *Aurora Beacon* the following account of the lamentable affair:

Mr. William Crozier, a very respectable young man of Monmouth, a man of good character, good morals, and a member of one of the churches, became deeply attached to a daughter of Mr. William Fleming, of the same place, which attachment was as strongly reciprocated. But alas for the young man, although possessed of an excellent character, he was poor. This was sufficient to array the father, who was reputed to be wealthy, and the sons against him. They all bitterly opposed his aspirations to her hand, sought every opportunity to show their feelings and express their contempt for the poor young man. It is reported that he had been accosted by the old man Fleming even in the streets, and taunted with his want of wealth.

"Ah! young man, you are getting up in the world! you would like to marry old Fleming's daughter and get some of old Fleming's money, wouldn't you?"

The young man, although stung to the

very quick of his sensitive soul, would put up in silence, with the graceless insults, and not taunt back again, restrained by the deep affection for the daughter. To stifle, if possible, the love of the young lady, her father determined to send her away to Pennsylvania, so that by absence and distance, he might estrange her acknowledged affection for the young man. In accordance with this resolution she was sent, but on taking the cars, she was heard to express her intention yet to marry Mr. Crozier, in spite of the unkind efforts of her friends to prevent it. After the young lady had been gone some time, there were some movements on the part of Crozier, which led the Flemings to suspect that he intended to follow her to the seclusion they had provided for her. This led to the horrible tragedy.

On Thursday morning, Dec 11th, Mr. William Fleming, with his two sons Henry and John, and a lawyer, who was employed by them for the occasion, proceeded to the Baldwin House, in Monmouth, where young Crozier boarded, and between the hours of eight and nine in the forenoon, requested an interview with him at his room. He went with them as requested, and when he had entered the room, the elder Fleming locked the door. There they remained, our informant said, from about 9 o'clock, A. M., to 2, P. M., locked in. During the time they were thus locked in, every effort was made by the Flemings both father and sons and by the lawyer, to induce Crozier to sign such a writing as they should dictate, renouncing the young lady in question forever. This he resolutely refused to do in spite of threats and persuasions, which were freely used. A sort of compromise writing was finally agreed upon and signed, which was satisfactory to the father but not to the sons. They declared they would have revenge by lashing him with a whip they had brought for the purpose, which they accordingly proceeded to execute.

After they had struck six or seven blows Crozier determined to resist with all his might. A desperate scuffle ensued. One of the Flemings drew a pistol and fired at Crozier with intent to kill. Just as he fired, however, the lawyer struck the hand which held the pistol up, and the charge lodged in the ceiling instead of the head of the young man. Crozier then assailed the assassin with a jack knife, stabbed him and instantly killed him. Meantime the report of the pistol alarmed the husband and the brother of Crozier being there rushed to his rescue. Finding the door locked on the inside, he burst it open, and with one blow knocked down the elder Fleming who opposed his passage. As soon as the door was burst open the brother who was last wounded, passed down into the barroom, fell and expired. The blow which felled the elder Fleming left him for a time senseless.

Thus in attempting by force to compel young Crozier to accede to their tyrannical demands two brothers were slain by the person assailed, and the third party was roughly handled.

When the deed was done Crozier, voluntarily, surrendered himself to the proper officers for examination, and was, we understand, acquitted on the ground of a justifiable homicide in self defence.

When it was suspected that Crozier was going to follow Miss Fleming to Pennsylvania, another brother was dispatched post haste, to bring her home, and when the fatal tragedy occurred they had not returned.

THE PRINTER is thus referred to by Hon Ellis Lewis, of our Supreme Court, in a recent lecture:

No class of society deserves more public consideration than the Printers. They are the treasurers of the world; they are at the same time the magnificent almoners of the Almighty. They receive contributions in arts and science and in all useful knowledge, from every quarter of the globe, and from the most distant ages of antiquity. They distribute their treasure throughout the world and transmit it in a durable form to the remotest posterity. It is distributed at a rate so cheap as to bring it within the reach of the humblest day laborer in the land. Nothing has tended so much as the general and cheap diffusion of knowledge to improve the condition of the masses—to qualify the industrial class to take their proper position in society, and to fit them not only for the profitable pursuit of their own occupations, but for any other employment to which their country may call them. To the freedom and power of the Press we are indebted for our free institutions; and these institutions establish equal rights. By its power, the diadem of royalty is broken—the stars and garters of nobility are broken down—and men, as man, alone without ancestry or family connections to aid him, stands upon his own merits, equal to the proudest peer in England's realm. The humblest apprentice in the shop may become the President of the United States. The most gifted in common sense and well stored in practicable knowledge are found in self-taught men, who have raised themselves from the laborious occupations; Roger Sherman was a shoemaker; David Rittenhouse was a watchmaker, Benjamin Franklin was a printer. These, and a thousand other instances, prove that the industrial pursuits instead of throwing insurmountable obstacles in the road to preferment, strengthen the body and the mind, and lead to that useful, practical knowledge that fits the working man for the strongest struggles and the highest favors.

Many persons wear India rubber overshoes in cold weather, to keep their feet warm. This is an injurious and unhealthy practice. They may be worn during wet and sloppy weather, but should be worn as little as possible in the house, because they are airtight, and both retain and restrain the perspiration of the feet. Their sole use should be to keep out water; and in any other way they are positively injurious to health.

How Jim Donnellan Out-traded Uncle Bill Snow.

Old Uncle Bill Snow was, and is the keenest trader in the country. He was never known to make a bad bargain. Many a trap has been laid to catch him, but his operations always turned out so as to add something to his pile, and still more to his reputation.

Some time since a party of young men talking of Uncle Billy's great luck in this way, various instances were mentioned of his extraordinary trades, and his uniform success.— Jim Donnellan at length offered to bet that he would catch him before two days. Of course that was taken as soon as proposed, and soon after Jim left us to make his preparations to win.

The next day was court day, and Jim and Mr. Snow met at the Court House.

"Good morning, Uncle Billy," said Jim; "all well to-day?"

"Pretty well, I thank you Jeemes, my son."

"Any trading on hand this morning?" enquired Donnellan.

"Nothing in particular, Jeemes; times is rather dull just now; people don't trade as they used to do."

"That's a fact, Uncle Billy," responded Jim. "Well, since nothing better offers, expose you and I make a trade."

"No objection in the world, Jeemes. Go ahead and let's hear from you."

"Well, Uncle Billy, I have a mare yonder, that I want to trade for that mule of yours, how will you trade?"

"I don't know exactly," responded Mr. Snow, "but as mules are generally considered worth more than horses, and your mare is getting along in years, I suppose ten dollars wouldn't be too much, would it? Give me ten dollars and your mare, and you may take the mule."

"Done!" exclaimed Jim, perfectly delighted.

The money was paid over, and the critters were handed over, to their new masters.— Jim took the mule home, and that night the beast lay down and died. This was a sore loss to our hero, but he had one more day left, and determined to save himself. The next morning found him and Snow at the same place, and in conversation as follows:

"Uncle Billy," says Jim, "I think you come the strong game over me, yesterday, in that mule of yours, I don't like him so much this morning as I did yesterday—I don't think he improves on acquaintance—what'll you take for me?" (swap back.)

"Now, Jeemes, my son," answered Uncle Billy, "I don't want to be lashed on you, but you took me up on the first hop, and you know a trade's a trade. But if you are anxious to rue, I don't care much. Give me ten dollars more and you may have your mare back."

"Uncle Billy, I'll do it!" exclaimed Jim in great delight. "But only on one condition—each man must come after and take away his own beast. I didn't bring my mule along to-day, and I see you didn't ride the mare, so it is as long as it is broad. I'll give ten dollars now, and I'll go home with you first and get the mare, and afterwards you can send, or can come for the mule at any time."

"Any way, Jeemes," replied Mr. Snow. The money was paid, and Jim and the old man started. The next day when the crowd had met to decide the bet, Jim was there giving his experience as follows:

"The old man and I went along very easily together, talking about everything in the world except our trade. This question I dodged. I was afraid to open my lips until I got my mare safe. At last we reached the old fellow's house. He said to me, as we entered the yard—

"Jeemes my son, there is your mare—you can take her away with you."

"And, boys, if there wasn't the old mare layin' in the yard, as dead as a door nail.— The infernal cuss died the same night with the mule!"—N. Y. Spirit of the Times.

The Barber's Ghost.

The following story is old, but a precious good one. We laughed over it "long time ago," and presuming many of our readers never heard it, we give it up for their edification:—

A gentleman travelling some years since in the upper part of this State, called at a tavern and requested entertainment for the night. The landlord informed him that it was out of his power to accommodate him, as his house was already full. He persisted in stopping, as he, and his horse, were almost exhausted with travelling.

After much solicitation the landlord consented to his stopping, provided he would sleep in a certain room that had not been occupied for a long time, in consequence of a belief that it had been haunted by the ghost of a barber, who was reported to have been murdered in that room some years before.

"Very well," says the man, "I'm not afraid of ghosts."

After having refreshed himself, he enquired of the landlord how and in what matter the room in which he was to lodge was haunted. The landlord replied that "shortly after they retired to rest, an unknown voice was heard in a trembling and protracted accent, saying, "Do you w-a-n-t to be sh-a-v-ed."

"Well," replied the man, "if he comes he may shave me."

He then requested to be shown to the apartment; in going to which he was conducted through a large room, where were seated a great number of persons at a gambling table. Feeling a curiosity which almost every one possesses after having heard ghost stories, he carefully searched every corner of his room, but could discover nothing but the usual furniture of the apartment. He laid down but did not close his eyes to sleep immediately, and in a few minutes he imagined he heard a voice saying: "Do you w-a-n-t to be shaved?" He arose from his bed, but could discover

nothing. He again went to bed, but no sooner had he begun to compose himself to sleep, than the question was again repeated. He again arose and went to the window, the sound appeared to proceed from that quarter, and stood awhile silent—after a few moments of anxious suspense, he again heard the sound distinctly, and convinced that it was from without, he opened the window, when the question was repeated full in his ear, which startled him not a little. Upon a minute examination, however, he observed that the limb of a large oak tree, which stood upon the window, projected so near the house, that every breath of wind, to a lively imagination, made a noise resembling the interrogation, "Do you w-a-n-t to be sh-a-v-ed?"

Having satisfied himself that the ghost was nothing more or less than the limb of a tree coming in contact with the house, again went to bed and attempted to sleep; but he was now interrupted by peals of laughter and an occasional volley of oaths and curses from the room where the gamblers were assembled.— Thinking that he could turn the late discovery to his own advantage, he took a sheet from his bed, and wrapped it around him, and taking the wash basin in his hand, and throwing the towel over his arm, proceeded to the room of the gamblers, and suddenly opening the door, stalked in, exclaiming in a tremulous voice, "Do you w-a-n-t to be sh-a-v-ed?"

Terrified at the sudden appearance of the ghost, the gamblers were thrown into the utmost confusion, in attempting to escape it; some jumped through the windows, and others tumbled head over heels down stairs.— Our ghost taking advantage of a clear room deliberately swept a large amount of money from the table into the basin, and retired unseen to his own room.

The next morning he found the house in the utmost confusion. He was immediately asked if he rested well; to which he replied in the affirmative.

"Well, no wonder," said the landlord, "for the ghost instead of going to his own room, made a mistake and came to ours, frightened us all out of the room, and took every dollar of our money."

The guest, without being the least suspected, quietly ate his breakfast, and departed many hundred dollars richer by the adventure.

The manner in which a shrewd attorney entraps a lying witness is well illustrated in the following sketch of the trial of a forged will case before Lord Denman, in England, in which Samuel Warren, Esq., author of the "Diary of a Physician," "Ten Thousand a Year," &c., was the associate prosecuting attorney. Carelessly placing his thumb over the seal, Mr. Warren held up the will, and demanded of the Witness if he had seen the testator sign that instrument, to which he promptly answered he had

"And did you sign it at his request as subscribing witness?"

"I did."

"Was it sealed with red or black wax?"

"With red wax."

"Did you see him seal it with red wax?"

"I did."

"Where was the testator when he signed and sealed this will?"

"In his bed."

"Pray, how long a piece of wax did he use?"

"About three or four inches long."

"Who gave the testator this piece of wax?"

"I did."

"Where did you get it?"

"From the drawer of his desk."

"How did he light that piece of wax?"

"With a candle."

"Where did that piece of candle come from?"

"I got it out of a cupboard in his room."

"How long was that piece of candle?"

"Perhaps four or five inches long."

"Who lit that piece of candle?"

"I did."

"With what?"

"With a match."

"Where did you get that match?"

"On the mantle-shelf in the room."

Here Warren paused, and fixing his large deep blue eyes upon the prisoner, he held the will up above his head, his thumb still resting upon the seal, and said in a solemn, measured tone:

"Now, sir, upon your solemn oath, you saw the testator sign that will—he signed it in his bed—at his request you signed it, as a subscribing witness—you saw him seal it—it was with red wax he sealed it—piece of wax, two, three or four inches long—he lit that wax with a piece of candle which you procured for him from a cupboard—you lit that candle by a match which you found on the mantle-shelf."

"I did."

"Once more, sir—upon your solemn oath, you did it?"

"I did it!"

"My Lord—it's a WAFFER!"

A SINGULAR FACINATION.—An English paper relates the following unaccountable occurrence:

"One of the most singular instances in connection with material things, exists in the case of a young man who, not very long ago, visited a large iron manufactory. He stood opposite a large hammer and watched with great interest its perfectly regular strokes. At first it was beating immense lumps into thin black sheets; but the supply becoming exhausted, at length it only descended on the polished anvil. Still the young man gazed intently on its motion; then he followed its strokes with a corresponding motion of his head; then his left arm moved to the same tune; and, finally, he deliberately placed his fist upon the anvil, and in a second it was smitten to a jelly. The only explanation he could afford was, that he felt an impulse to do it, that he knew he should be disabled, that he saw all the consequences in a misty kind of a manner, but that he still felt the power within above sense and reason—a morbid impulse in fact, to which he succumbed, and by which he lost a good right hand."