TERMS: SEMOCRAT & SENTINEL' IS PUBlished every Wednesday Morning at OSS DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS Per annum, payable in advance; ONE DOLLAR AND SEVENTY Five Cests if not paid within six months, and Two DOLLARS if not paid until the termination

No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months, and no subscriber will be at liberty to discontinue his paper until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the . Any person subscribing for six months will be

charged one Dollag, unless the money is paid

Advertising Rates. One insert'n. Two do. Three do. 2 squares, 24 lines 1 00 1 00 & squares, [36 lines] 3 months. 6 do. 12 do \$1 50 \$3 00 \$5 00 & lines or less. square, [12 lines 4 50

2 squares, [24 lines] 9 00 14 00 3 squares, [26 lines] Half a column, 10 00 12 00 20 00 15 00 22 00 35 00 13- All advertisements must be marked with the number of insertions desired, or they will be entinged until forbid, and charged accordingly.

### NEW GOODS.

MHE UNDERSIGNED has just received and is now opening, a full supply of Goods suit-

#### GOODS. MADE UP CLOTHING. BOOTS, SHOEF, HATS, AND CAPS, RIES &c. &c.

the VERY LOWEST Market prices for Cash or Country Produce. E. HUGHES.

June 29, 1859. tf.

# THE RAIL ROAD IS COMING.

THE Subscriber has just received at his New

THE PART OF THE BUILDING GOVERNING EULE LINE SEUE One door East of Thesapsons Mountain House A new lot of ALL KINDS of

### SPRING AND SUMMER HATS.

which he offers very low for CASH. CLINTON R. JONES. April, 13,-1859.-21-3m.

### NEW ARRIVAL.

THE UNDERSIGNED, has added to his Stock of Boots and Shoes &c. A very arge and well selected assortment of MENS READY made SHIRTS, MENS MARSEILLES and Linen Collars,

Mens do

Ladies Gloves, and Ladies Mitts, and Gents. do. Mens and Boys Suspenders, Black Neck Ties, Fancy Neck Ties, Ladies and Gent. Linen Handkerelilefs, White and Colored Linen Floss. Stationary, Carpet Sacks, Trunks and every other article necessary kept in his line. Give him a call and examine for yourselves.

TERMS CASH. CLINTON R. JONES. June 29, 1859 tf.

#### DRUGS DRUGS DRUGS!! UST OPENED AND FOR SALE BY R. S .-BUNN, M. D., A general assortment of

#### DRUGS, MEDICINES, E Spices, Oils, Paints. Dye-Stuffs, GRANDIES, WINES, GINS, FLUID

Pocket Cutlery, Razors, Brushes, Combs, Station ery, Blank Books, Perfumery, Soaps, Tobacco, Segars, Snuffs and other articles usually kept in Drug Stores.

R. S. BUNN, M. D. Ebensburg, May, 4, 1859.-24-1y.

### JACKSON & CLARK,

SURGEON DENTISTS, JOHNSTOWN, PA. NE of the firm will be in Ebensburg during O the first ten days of each mouth, during which time all persons deiring his professional services can find him at the office of Dr. Lewis, nearly oppo-site Blair's Hotel. [may25,1859tf.

REMOVAL!—PAUL GRAFF, MANUFAC turer and Wholesale Dealer in Boots, Shoes, Straw Goods, Hats and Caps, No. 682 North Third Street, between Arch and Cherry, Phila-[March 6, 1856.]

JOHN SHARBATGH. Justice of the Pence, Summittville, Pa. A LL BUSINESS INTRUSTED TO HIS care will be promptly attended to. He will also act as Auctionecr at Public Sales whenever pursuing some wretched traveller. his services in that capacity are required.

April 28, 1858:24

Oct. 7, 1857.

P.S. NOON, Ebensburg.

FOSTER & NOON. AVING associated themselves for the practice of the Law in Cam -ria county, will attend to all business intrusted to them. Office on Cololonade Row;" Ebensburg

# THIS WAY.

JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE A large and slpended Assortment of American Pocket Knives. (Every knife warranted.) by GEORGE HUNTLEY.

August, 10, 1859, 3t.

GEO M. REED. T. L. HEYER Ebensburg. Johnstown REED & HEYER, Afterneys at Law Cansel given in the English and German

Offica on High Street Ebensburg, Penn's. Teb. 5,1856. ly

## Miscellancons.

From the Century. THE LEGEND OF

#### CARL TODSCHALK.

Many are the arrows which Father Julius shoots at the follies and vain wishes of ordipary mortals. From his bursting quiver I have chosen a shaft; and he has not only gracefully yielded the bow, but has even shown me how, in spite of its length, it may be drawn without hurt to living creature.

It was just as the most vigilant cock in the \$ 50 \$ 75 \$1 00 village was flapping his wings, preparatory to waking the milkmaids and other early risers. that Merlin, the wizard, rose to go. He had been entertained like a prince. All night he had drunk the rosiest of wine, and had sung the roaringest of catches; and faithfully, bumper for bumper, and catch for catch, had Carl Todschalk responded. But Merlin must now go, though Carl assured him that a flask of wine yet remained, the like of which the Kaiser himself could not boast. Some other time, Merlin said, but not now. One little favor, however, his guest would ask of him before he went: If there were any three things in this world that Carl Todschalk desired, Merlin requested he would name them instantly. Carl shook his head; here was a chance. But what should be choose?-he who was the happy man of the village, with nothing to desire.

"Come now," urged the wizard, "three wishes -- wealth. power, fame--"

"Nay, pay," broke in Carl, "none of these for me. I'll tell you though," he added, MARDWARE, CUTLERY, GROCE- brightening up, "sometimes my old friend Bierhals calls to see me-to talk of days gone Which will be sold Wholesale or Retail at | by, to taste my wine, and to sing some of the rare songs which only he knows. But no matter how good the wine is, nor how much I entreat, he will go when the clock strikes ten. Now, if you could only bewitch the chair in the corner, in which he always sits, so that nobody can rise from it without my permission, happy and grateful will I be."

"It is granted," said Merlin. "Two wishes yet remain. Choose quickly, and

"For the last two summers my pear tree has been robbed by thieving gipsies. Can you give to its branches the power of seizing the thieves and squeezing them till they roar

"It shall be as you desire, and woe to him who shall venture within the grasp of the branches And now for the last wish.' "I would like to live fifty years more," said

The wizard nodded, and, with a great clap of thunder, disappeared through the floor, to attend to some little business in China. There are many quaint and entertaining

legends current in the village of Friedenschiaf (where the events happened precisely as they are related here) about the wonderful TREE and the marvellous CHAIR, the choicest LADIES WHITE AND COL'D HOSE of which would fill many of these stately columns. But, leaving these stories for the amusement of the good villagers, we, by the power in as vested, take a grand leap of fifty years, and accompany the present history in its majestic course The Fifty Years rolled around, and found

our Carl as hale and hearty an old man as you would encounter in a day's journey. The last day of the last year had come. It was winter. Never was seen before such a comfortable room, such a roaring fire, such a juz of punch singing mellow glees on the hob, or such a fine old gentleman, enjoying all these good things, as were within the walls of Carl Todschalk's house on that bitter December day. As Carl lifted the jug from the fire, and poured some of the rich, bubbling liquid into a glass, a knock at the door caused him to pause for an instant.

Dear me," he said, pouring the punch from one glass to another to cool it, "who on earth pays me a visit on such a day as this?" A tall form, enveloped in a long black mantle, stood in the doorway. In his right hand he held a keen, glittering sword In his left was an hour-glass, in the top of which Carl noticed, but a few sands remained

"My name," said the gloomy stranger, "is -Death." "You-vou-come very suddenly," stammered Carl.

"Many men have told me that; doubtless many more will repeat it," his visitor answered, seating himself in the Chair. "Yes," said Carl, into whose mind a pecu-

liar thought had suddenly flashed. "I will be ready in a moment," he added, and then began heaping wood on the fire. "Why do you do that?" asked the stranger.

"It is already too hot." "It will be botter presently, I promise you," replied Carl, pitching on log after log, till the fire spapped and snarled, and roared, as though it were a pack of hungry wolves

"The fire is scorching me! Let me up. Ha! what is this!" Death was a prisoner in the enchanted

"I'll serve you out for this." cried Death, after a fruitless attempt to release himself. "Will you?" quoth Carl. We'll see. Here

Aeanchen, bring up everp stick of wood from the cellar, and let Wilhelm help you. Quick!" chair. "would you roast me like a goose?"

still hotter. I have a small request, and if pation was by him continued, with intervals

tle. Oh! how hot "

the fire, or do him other bodily harm.

it wouldn't make any sort of difference to you his body. were you to let me off for-well, say ten

demand I ever heard of, and before I will

submit"-"Master," said Aenneben, outside, "here is some of the wood."

"Pest," said he in the chair, "I suppose I must accede. Ten years you may have-and then-and then-we shall see. Well, Carl set him free, not without some

kept their promises much better than people do now, and Carl was unharmed. One exhibition of temper did not make No sooner was he free, than, taking his sword, he hacked the chair to pieces, and threw them into the fire. This done, he departed, and left Carl once more alone.

"When he comes again," thought Carl to himself, as he sipped his punch, "I shall have my affairs in order, and will follow him con-

The ten years granted to Carl under the foregoing circumstances, do not seem to have been very eventful ones, for the legend passes them over in a single paragraph, to the effect that during this period Carl grew very

On a certain autumn day, Carl was sitting in his garden taking his ease. The TREE was in full bearing; and such pears! Large, ripe, golden hued-there were dezens of them, not one of which need be ashamed to stand before a king. Carl looked at them, and his heart was glad within him. They were his-to give away, to sell, to eat, to keep if he chose; and then his eyes wandered from the Tree, over the garden, to his suug cottage--yes, all his own, he fell into a reverie, a reverie pleasently broken at intervals by the hum of bees, the sighing of the wind on the tree tops, and the sweet child-song which Nina, Aenachen Techterhen, sang at ting his eyes."

"Carl !" said a voice behind him. Though it was long since Carl had heard that voice, he had not forgotten it. His heart sank; no escape this time, he

'Has the time really come?" he asked. "The ten years agreed upon expired some months ago; but, being very busy, I granted you a little respite," said Death, for it was no less a personage.

Here was a return for Carl's shabby treatment of him on his former visit! Carl was quite overcome by this kindness 'Indeed-indeed, you are too good --Would that it lay in my power to do any-

thing to show you that I am not ungrate-As fate would 'tave it, at this moment, a large pear dropped at Carl's feet. Taking it | lucky fifteenth." up, he offered it to his companion. The latter waved him off at first; but the rich, sprey odor of the fruit, reached his olfactories, and,

hesitatingly, he took the pear and bit it to "Ah !" he exclaimed, ""what a delicious

"Say you so?" cried Carl. There are loads of them to be bad for the picking .-Wait but a moment, and you shall have a score. With this ladder I will ascend the tree; only hold the ladder so that it can not

During this speech, the person addressed, having finished the pear, stood looking hungrily at the fruit above him. Carl now placed the ladder, and commenced assending -But the cracking of the rounds warned him to desist, his weight was more than the ladder

"Alas! were my little Fritz here, he would run up like any squirrel; but the ladder is so frail, I fear we must leave the fruit untouched.' "Leave the fruit," cried Death, with

watering teeth. "Stuff !" I myself will "But," cried Carl, in great alarm, "did

you not hear how the ladder creaked with me. Consider, sir, you may fall." "Nay, my weight is not half so great as

yours Let go my arm; I will go. Hold the ladder." Carl did hold the ladder very carefully he warned the climber against the broken round near the top, but no sooner was the ladder unimcumbered than he threw it on

rolled around in a perfect paroxysm of laugh-Does any reader require to be told that, for the second time, Death was in the power

of Carl Todschalk? The history, as if ashamed of the whole transaction, gives but a few particulars of the scene. Briefly; Carl demanded and received a six months' longer leave of life -The prisoner, when released, descending and departing without saying a single

"I know that I have acted ungenerously," Carl said, "But then my affairs are in sad disorder, and my farm would go to ruin were I to leave it now. I will set about putting things to rights this very day."

I am compelled to state that things were not put to rights by Carl, nor was the smallest attempt thereat made by him. When if you threaten any more, I will make the fire still further his allotted time; and this occu- per acre. you grant it, you shall instartly be set at for sleep and food, till he had devised one of the most cunning plans that ever entered the "Yes, yes-but draw the chair back a lit- mind of man. Nothing equal to it for ingenuity and far-sightedness has ever been read Carl approached, and drew the chair back in books or heard from the lips of travellers few inches. This very cautiously, lest I am given to understand there was not a

I have lived a long while, I still wish to by? On the next visit of death, without fers the obligation.

spend a few more years in this cottage. Now saying a word, severed poor Carl's head from

"My children," (it is the custom of the sage Father Julius to say,) "The story which 'I do declare." cried his listener, in a I have just told might be a better one, and great rage, "that this is the most audacious might be parrated in a better manner; but there are few in which the moral are more palpable Know, and profit by the knowledge, that, however often we may escape, however circumstances may favor us however cunningly we may scheme and plot, the debt which each one of us owes a certain grim creditor, must one day or another, be paid; and he who, on that day, is found ready, inward trembling. But people in old times will be wiser than was poor Carl Todecalk. C. A.

Abox the close of the Texas war, : steamboat was running between New Orleans and Galveston, the captain of which, in a truly patriotic way, let it be known that he steambout man was not without calls One asked.

"Were you in the war ?" "Yes, sir-r-r-r-r," responded the six-

"What were you?" said the captain. "A high private," answered the appli-

"Go right on board, stranger," said the captain. "I've been running this boat two years, and carried up more than two thousand men that fit; but you're the fust private I've met so far."

An Irish gentleman, remarkable for bis devotion to the fair sex, once remarked : Never be critical on the ladies. Take it for granted that they are all handsome and good. A true gentleman will never look on the faults of a preity women without shut-

A thief being brought to Tyburn to be executed, the ordinary of Newgate, in taking his last confession, asked him if he was not sorry for having committed the robbery for which he was going to suffer! The criminal answered, "yes, but that he was sorry not for having stole enough to bribe the jury.'

65 Somebody speaking of the harrying propensities of the Yankees says: '.If a big mortar could be constructed, which would throw an immence bomb shell, containing fif teen passengers, from St. Louis to Boston in five minutes, with an absolute certainty that fourteen would be killed by the explosion. tickets for seats by the "Express Bomb-shell Line" would at once be at a premium, each passenger being anxious to prove himself the

Dear Charles always gives me a new dress or takes me to the opera when I ask him," said a smiling wife, "and on my latch key '

"Humph!" growled her cynical uncle Horace, "throwing out a chub to catch a sal-

An Apt Scholar .- "John, what is the past of see ?"

'No, John, it is saw.' 'Yes, sir, and if a sea-fish swims by me it become a saw-fish, when it is past and can't

John, go home. Ask your mother to soak your feet in hot water, to prevent a rush of brains to the head."

At a late celebration the following 'dry' toast was given, (the author of which got buttered when he got home :) . The pres-the pulpit-the petticoats-the three ruling powers of the day. The first spreads knowledge, the second spreads morals and the last spreads considerably.'

That was a terrible affair-the murder of Dean, and the sealing up of his remains in a tin box !' 'What Dean?' asked a half dozen voices at one. . Why, Sar Dean !"

the ground and himself alongside of it, and

A terrible accident occured on the the punishment! Indiana Central Railroad on Friday, the 18th, near Cambridge city. It appears that a rail on the tract running over a bridge had been taken up for repairs, and before it could be

\*Folks say, Mr. Barkeeper, that I can't be trusted out of sight, but I'm in sight no-can't I have a cock tail?" No, but you'l get a smash, if you don't vanish instantly."

19. The Free Lovers have emigrated from "Stop, stop!" roared the prisoner in the exactly five minutes of the six months extort- California, and purchased, from the San Sal ed by Carl had expired, he commenced cast- vador Government, a tract of some fifty thous-"Not if you talk in a reasonable way But ing about him for some means of extending and acres of good arable land at 161 cents

> According to the opinion of a distinguished author, Good-Sence is the father of Good Humor his chosen companions.

Deat's might eateh him and throw him into doubt of its success in the minds of its au- memory of the giver were transferred to the

#### A Revolutionary Relic.

The following eloquent Revolutionary Seron, preached on the 10th of September, 1777, on the era of the battle of Brandywine, by the Rev. Jacob Prout, to a large portion of the American soldiers in the presence of General Washington, General Wayne, and others of the Continental army, was recently discovered among the old papers of Major John Jacob Schoefinyer, an officer of the Revolution. It should be perused by every lover of pariotism -Mt. Vernon Record.

REVOLUTIONARY SERMON.

Soldiers and Fellow-Countrymen :-

"They who take the Sword, shall peri h by the Sword."

We have met this evening, perhaps for the last time. We have shared the toil of the march, the dismay of the retreat-alive we have endured cold and hunger, the cont umewould transport the discharged Texan soldiers by of the eternal foe, and the outrage of the to New Orleans without fee or reward. It foreign oppressor. We have sat night after may be made a sure thing that the worthy night beside the same camp fire, shared the same rough soldier's fare; we have together day a stalwart fellow came down and demand- heard the roll of reville, which called us to ed passage on the aforesaid promise. The duty, or the beat of the tattoo, which gave captain looked at him for a moment, and then signal for the hardy sleep of the soldier, with the earth for his bed, and the knapsack for

> And now, soldiers and brethern, we have met in the peaceful vailey on the era of battle, while the sunlight is dying away beyond yonder heights; the sunlight, that to-morrow will glimmer on scenes of blood. We have mot amid the whitening tents of our encampment; in times of terror and gloom have we gathered together-God grant it may not be for the last time.

> It is a solemn moment. Brethern, does not the solemn voice of nature seem to echo the sympathies of the hour? The flag of our country droops heavily from youder staff; the breeze has died along the green plain of Chadd's Ford-the plain that spreads before us, glistening in sunlight; the heights of the Brandywine arise gloomy and grand beyond the waters of yonder stream, and all nature holds a panse of solemn silence on the eve of the uproar of the bloodshed and strive of to-

"They who take the Sword, shall perish by the Sword."

And have they not taken the sword? Let the desolate plain-the blood-soddened valley-the burned farm house, blackening o thd sun-the sacked village, and ravaged butchered farmer strewn along the fields of is homestead, answer-let the starving mothr with the babe clinging to her withered breast, that can afford no purishment, let fler answer, with the death-rattle mingling with he murmuring tones, that mark the last struggle for life-let the dying mother and her babe answer?

It was but a day past and our land slept in the light of peace. War was not herewrong was not here. Fraud and wee, and misery, and want, dwelt not among us .-From the eternal solitude of the green woods. part I make no objection to his having a grose the blue smoke of the settler's cabin, and golden fields of corn looked forth from amid the waste of the wilderness, and the in the hour of triumph be Thou our guide. glad music of human voices awoke the silence

of the forest. Now : God of mercy behold the change ! Under the sanctity of the name of God, invoking the Redeemer to their aid, do these foreign hirelings slay our people! They throng our towns, they darken our plains, and now they encompass our posts on the

beautiful plain of Chadd's Ford. "They who take the Sword, shall perish

by the Sword." Brethern think me not unworthy of belief, when I tell you the doom of the British is near. Think me not vain when I tell you that beyond the cloud which now enshrouds as, I see gethering thick and fast, the dar-

geance will come ! to avenge and sure to punish, then will the man George of Brunswick, called king, feel Why are young ladies at the break- in his brain and in his heart, the vengeance

while the laborer starves; want striding among the people in all the forms of terrors ; replaced a train of eighteen cars, filled with an ignorant and God-defying priesthood fail so long as the dear objects of that familhogs, came along at high speed The engine chuckling over the miseries of millions; a jar scene retain a place in memory, connectinto the river. The conductor, brakeman, to wrong, and heaping insult upon robbery of a father's counsel, a mother's tenderness, and a drover were killed, and several firemen | and fraud; royalty corrupt to the very heart; a sister's purity, and a brother's love. were injured. Over five bundred hogs aristocracy rotten to the very core; crime and were killed. The cars were literally smashed | went linked hand-in-hand and tempting men to deeds of woe and death; these are a part ism of Woman : Not to thunder in senates. of the doom and retribution that shall come or to usurp dominion, or to seek the clarion upon the English throne and the English blast of fame; but faithfully teach by precept

Soldiers! I look around upon your familiar faces with a strange interest! To-mor, the wisdom of Providence, has she been prerow morning we will all go forth to battle- pared by the charm of life's fairest season for for need I tell you your unworthy Minister the happiness of love; incited to rise above will march with you, invoking God's aid in the trifling amusements and the selfish pleasthe fight? We will all march forth to bat- ures which once engrossed her, that she tle! Need I exhort you to fight-to fight might be elevated to the maternal dignity, for your homesteads, and for your wives and cheered under its sleepless cares by a new children.

My friends, I might urge you to fight by Wit, Truth his grandfather and Mirth and the galling memories of British wrong! Wal- its most sacred duties by the voice of God ton, I might tell you of your father, butchered in the silence of midnight, on the plains of It would be better for society if the Trenton-I might picture his gray hairs says that 'Old Nick' was the first individual daubed in blood-I might ring his death that ever spoke German. When he called receiver, and the forgetfulness of the obliged shrick in your ears. Shelmire. I might tell up his battalions to fight the heavently bost "You must know," said Carl, "that, though But who is it that has escaped his desti-

roof in flames, the shouts of the troopers, as they dispatched their victims, the cries for mercy, the pleading of innocence for pity. I might paint this all again in the terrible colors of the vivid reality, if I thought your courage needed such wild excitement.

But I know you are strong in the might of the Lord. You will go forth to battle on the morrow with light hearts and determined spirits, though the solemn duty-the duty of avenging the dead-may rest heavy on your And in the hour of battle, when all around

is darkness, lit by the lurid cannon's glare, and the piercing musket's flash, when the wounded strew the ground, and the dead litter your path, then remember. Soldiers, that God is with you.

The eternal God fights for you-He rides on the battle cloud-He sweeps onward with the march of the hurricane charge-God, the Awful and the Infinite, fights for you, and you will triumph.

"They who take the sword, shall perish by the sword."

You have taken the sword, but not in the spirit of wrong and ravage. You have taken the sword for your homes, for your wives, for your little ones You have taken the sword for truth, for justice and right, and to you the promise is, "Be of good cheer," for your foes have taken the sword in defiance of all that man holds dear, in blasphemy of Godthey shall perish by the sword.

And now, brethren and soldiers, I bid you all farewell. Many of us may fall in the fight of to-morrow-God rest the souls of the fallen! Many of us may live to tell the story of the fight of to morrow; and in the memory of all will ever rest and linger, the quiet scene of this autumnal night.

Solemn twilight advances over the valley -the woods on the opposite heights fling their long shalows over the green of the meadow-around us are the tents of the Continental host, the suppressed bustle of the camp, the hurried tramp of the soldiers to and fro among the tents, the stillness and silence that

marks the era of battle When we meet again, the long shadows of twilight will be flung over a peaceful land. God in Heaven grant it! Let us pray.

PRAYER OF THE REVOLUTION. Great Father, we bow before thee .- We invoke thy blessing, we deprecate thy wrath; we return thee thanks for the past, we ask thy aid for the future. For we are in time own, answer-let the whitening bones of the of trouble, oh, Lord! and sore beset by foes, merciless and unpitying; the sword gleams over our land, and the dust of the soil is dampened with the blood of our neighbors and friends. Oh! God of Mercy, we pray thy blessing on the American arms. Make the man of our hearts strong in thy wisdom; bless, we beseech, with renewed life and strength, our hope, and Thy instrument, even George Washington .- Shower Thy counsels on the honorable, the Continental Congress, visit the tents of our bosts; comfort the soldier for his wounds and afflictions; nerve him for the fight; prepare him for the hour of death. And in the hour of defeat, oh! God of hosts, do Thou be our stay, and

> Teach us to be merciful. Though the memory of galling wrongs be at our hearts, knocking for admittance, that they may fill as with desires of revenge, yet, let us, oh! Lord, spare the vanquished, though they never spared us. in their hour of butchery and bloodshed And in the hour of death, do Thou guide us in the abode prepared for the blest; so shall we return thanks unto Thee, through Christ our Redeemer God prosper our cause. Amen

# A Permanent Home.

To have a hom e which a man has himself reared or purchased-a home which he has improved or beautified-a home, indeed, ker cloud and the blacker storm of a Divine | which, with honest pride and | natural love, he calls his own-is an additional security They may conquer us to-morrow. Might for any man's virtue. Such a home he leaves and wrong may prevail, and we may be driv-en from the field—but the hour of God's ven-he finds innocent and satisfying pleasures,— There his wife and little ones are happy and Av. if in the vast solitudes of eternal space | safe, and there all his best affections take -if in the heart of the boundless universe. root and grow. To such a pair, as time adthere throbs the being of an awful God, quick | vances, the abode of their early and middle life, whence they have perhaps, all departed. become constantly more dear ; for it is now a scene of precious memories-the undisturbing up of a party like arrows? Because of the eternal Jehova! A blight will be up- ed, declining years! And say-what lanse of they can't go off without a beau, and are in on his life—a withered brain, an accurel in-a univer till they get one. on his life—a withered brain, an accurel in-time, what varied experience of presperity and upon his people. Great God! how great | made by such a home on the tender heart of childhood? To the tempted youth, to the A crouded populace, peopling the dense wanderer from virtue, to the sad victim of towns, where the man of money thrives, misfortune, such rememberance has often proved a strengthening monitor, or a healing balm. Nor can this kindly influence wholly and thirteen cars plunged through the bridge proud and merciless nobility adding wrong ed, as they inseparably are, with thoughts

Woman's I a riolism .- This is the patriotand example that wisdom, integrity and peace which are the glory of a nation. Thus, in affection; girded for its labors by the examples of past ages, and abjured to fidelity in

The well known Sir Thomas Deely