

NEW SERIES.

TERMS:

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HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS.

It is a fact that, at some period, every member of the human family is subject to disease r disturbance of the bodily functions; but, with the hid of a good tonic and the exercise of plain common sense, they may be able so to regulate the system as to secure permanent with In order to accomplish this desired ject, the true course to pursue is certainly that which will produce a natural state of things at the least hazard of vital strength and life. For this purpose, Dr. Hostetter has inreduced to this country a preparation bearing his name, which is not a new medicine, but one that has been tried for years, giving satisfaction to all who have used it. The Bitters perate powerfully upon the stomach, bowels, and liver, restoring them to a healthy and vigorous action, and thus, by the simple process of strengthening nature, enable the sys-

Select Poetry.

THE SUSSET ISLE. Thou I seek, with hurried footsteps, Once again the river's side, Gazing with an eager longing, Far across its glassy tide, Where its waters, like a crescent.

Curving far into the land, Seem to meet the blue upon them, Hiding all the further strand.

Rising slowly from its bosom, Gleaming rosy through the mist, Lies a tree embowered island, Which the parting sun has kissed Graceful forms are flitting lightly; 'Neath the ever waving trees, Liquid tones of sweetest music Flutter to me on the breeze. And they call to me in accents I have heard in days of yore, Ere they sought the spirit mansions, Ere they pressed the spirit shore; And I still my pu'se's throbbing, Lest I loose some precious word; And I chide the muria'ring waters,

By a passing zephyr stirred. And they beckon to me fondly, Beckon each with shining hand;

But the foot of living mortal May not press that mystic strand. When the crimson deepens purple, And the purple turns to gray. Then the white mist gathers thickly. And the island fades away.

Never eyes but mine have seen it, Never ears but mine have heard Those soft tones whose liquid music Living memories have stirred And my heart has been kept tender, Softened by the holy smile Of the angel ones at evening

EBENSBURG, PA. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1859.

John Brown was profuse in bows and smiles, and grateful thanks to "the Castle lor. people," for having sent him so amiable a customer, who must, he conceived, hold some high office in the vice-regal establishment, he even ventured to throw out a bint to that effeet.

"Ah!-oh!-yes!" said the stranger, in a tone of happy indifference. "The Castle Staff,-Comptroller-General of Private Disbursements."

John Brown had never heard of this title before, but the daily creation of new places was then so notorious in Ireland, that the circumstance occasioned no surprise in his un suspecting mind. "Quite a new office, sir!" observed John Brown, smirking and rubbing his hands, with

a smile intensely obsequious. "Just so, Mr .- aw-Brown!" coldly responded the stranger. "Made expressly for me; in fact, by my friend, the Home Secre-

tary!" Fervently did John Brown bless his stars for having sent him a customer of so exalted a station as to be intrusted with the control of those private disbursements, a fair portion of which he himself might hencefor ward look upon as his own. He therefore exerted himself so effectually to gratify the wishes of the distinguished stranger, that he finally succeeded in selling him a very handsome service of plate, sufficient to dine a dozen or so. and precisely of his excellency's pattern.

The bill having been made out, and a liberal discount deducted for prompt payment such being the declared intention of the purchaser-the latter desired his footman to put his hand into his side pocket, and draw from thence his pocket book, which contained, the said notes for considerable more than the amount required. The footman accordingly searched his mas

ter's side pocket; but the book was not to be found. "Try my other pockets Richard!" said the stranger, "It must, of course, be in one of

them!" "No, sir John replied," the footman, after

Yours ever, J. B. "Just so," said the silversmith, as he finished writing: those are my initials, also .--John Brown is my name, sir, as you will

perceive by the brass window-plates "And mine," responded the stranger. drawing himself up with aristocratical hanter, "is De Beauvoir-Sir John De Beauvoir of the Life Guards.".

This announcement finally completed the elegant new coach ,' rapture of the silversmith, whose sauguine inagination now floated visionary orders, ad infinitum, vice-regal services, and mess-plate for Life Guards and Lancers, through the kind intervention of his new triend, the Comptroll r-General of Private Disburse-ments. With a joyfully agitated hand he folded the letter, and, in the confusion of the moment, sealed it with his own seal, as he begged to know how he should address it.

"You need not give yourself that trouble!" said Sir John; "it is quite unnecessary, as it goes by hand! Richard, take that note to your mistress at the Castle, and bring me the money box with as little delay as possible!"

The footman accordingl; departed with the note, and Sir John catered into friendly chat with Mr. Brown in the interim, on all the ordinary topies of the day; the recent war, the last Curragh Meeting, the forthcomming vice-regal ball, the approaching general electtou, the state of parties, &c , until, all these tantaful subjects being exhausted, Sir John began to yawn, and wonder what could detate his servant. Then he began to 'pish,' and higet, and grow testy

"Lady Cecilia mu-t certainly have gone out with the vice-regal party to the Phenix Park." observed Sir John; "but Richard! duce take the booby! He should have come back and told me so, particularly as he knows I have an appointment with the Lord Lieutruant, which I cannot conveniently break!" John Brown sud and did all he could to

smoothe the impatience of his new patron; and in this he succeeded for some time, by

money box from the cabinet in the back par- ed sponse ; "do you really think it ever will

M. M. O.Null

"Why not ?" cried John. "didn't his grace, the Duke of Rutland, knight that fellow Baxter, merely for administering - hem ahem-

"And lady Baxter is such a vulgar woman, too," observed Cecilia.

"Ah !" said John, "you'll take the shine out of her, when you drive up to the Lady Lieutenant's drawing room in your handsome,

Not the buggy. John," said Cecilia, with look of determination.

"Fiddlestick buggy!" exclaimed John .-You shall have the bandsomest coach in Long Acre; for I am determined to have

everything from London. 'Irish carriages are low, vulgar things," said Mrs. Brown "I hate jingles and jaunting cars, both inside and out

"And then." continued John in the pride of his heart, "when the Castle porters shout out, 'Sir John Brown's carriage, stops the way ! ?

"Won't it be delightful," eried the happy wife, clapping her hands.

"And you my dear," continued John, are announced by a long file of footmen. with swords and bag-wigs, as Lady Brown

"Dear Jol n," interrupted his wife, couldwe make it Lady 'O'Driscoll Brown or Lady Brown O'Driscoll ? 'Twould sound so nuch better, you know."

"Well, my dear," replied John, who was all compliance at this climax of imaginary happiness. "I'll consult the herald at-arms on the subject ; and if it can be done for love or

money, you shall be gratified." Here the anxious silversmith gallantly kissed his wife's han !, when she threw herself into his arms in the exuberane of her joy.

"And when you are introduced to her lady ship," resumee Mr Brown, working out his picture of vice regal felicity, "with all your jewels sparkling about you-

"But no Irish diamonds, if you please,"

Wouldn't Own Up. Joe Stetson was a wild, rolicking fellow who spent most of his time in drinking and spreeing, while his wife Polly, was left at home to do the chores. Upon a certain ocea-sion Joe left home, to be back, as he said, that night Night came. but Joe did not -The next day passed but, about sunset, Joe came up in the worst condition imaginablehis cloths dirty and torn, one eye in deep mourning 'and his face presented more the

appearance of a piece of raw beef than anything else. Polly met him at the door, and, noticing his appearance, exclaimed :

"Why, Jee, what in the world is the matter 1

"Polly," said Joe, "do you remember long Jim Andrews? Well, him and me had an awful fight ?"

"Who whipped, Joe?" asked Polly. "Polly, we had the bardest fight you ever

did see. I hit him and he hit me, and then we elinched. Poliy, ain't supper most ready? I ain't had nothin' to eat since yesterday morning."

"But tell me who whipped, Joe," continued Polly.

'Polly,' replied Joe, 'I tell you, you nev-er did see such a fight as me and him had -When he clinched me I jerked loose from him, and then gin three or four the most sufficientest liks you ever heard of. Polly, ain't supper ready ? I'm nearly stary-

'Do tell me who whipped, will you?' continued Polly.

'Polly.' said Joe, 'you don't know nothin' bout fightin'. I tell you we fought like tigers; we rolled and we tumbled-first him on top, then me on top-then the boys would pat me on the shoulder, and hollow, Oh, my ! Stetson " We gouged, and bit and tore up the dirt in Seth Ruonell's grocery yard worse nor two bulls. Polly, ain't supper nearly ready ? I'm monstrous hungry

'Joe Stetson !' said Polly, in a tone briefling with anger, 'will you tell me who whipped ?'

'Polly.' said Joe, drawing a long sigh, 'I

mmph over disease. For the cure of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Nau-

sea, Flainlency, Loss of Appetite, or any Bilious Complaints, arising from a morbid inaction of the Stomsch or Bowels, producing Cramps, Dysentery, Colic, Cholera Morbus, &c., these Bitters have no equal.

Diarrhoan, dysentery or flux, so generally contracted by new settlers, and caused principally by the change of water and diet, will be speedily regulated by a brief use of this proparation. Dyspepsia, a disease which is probably more prevalent, in all its various forms, than any ther, and the cause of which may always be attributed to derangements of the digestive organs, can be cured without fail by using HOSTETTER'S GTOMACH BITTERS, as per directions on the bottle. For this disease every physician will recommend Bitters of some kind; then why not use an article known to be infallible? All nations have their Bitters, as a preventive of disease and strengthener of the system in general; and among them all there is not to be found a more healthy people than the Germans, from whom this preparation emanated, based upon scientific experiments which have tended to prove the value of this great

preparation in the scale of medical science. FEVER AND AGUE.-This trying and provok-ing disease, which fixes its relentless grasp on the body of man, reducing him to a more sha-dow in a short time, and rendering him physically and mentally useless, can be driven from the body by the use of HOSTETTER'S RENOWNED BITTERS. Further, none of the shove-stated diseases can be contracted, even in exposed situations, if the Bitters are used as per directions. And as they neither create hausea nor offend the palate, and render unnecessary any change of diet or interruption of ordinary pursuits, but promote sound sleep and healthy digestion, the complaint is removed as speedily as is consistent with the production of a thorough and permanent cure.

For Persons in Advanced Years, who are uffering from an enfeebled constitution and infirm body, these Bitters are invaluable as a restorative of strength and vigor, and need only be tried to be appreciated. And to a mother while nursing these Bitters are indispensable, especially where the mother's nourshment is inadequate to the demands of the child, consequently her strength must yield, and here it is where a good tonic, such as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, is needed to impart temporary strength and vigor to the system. Ladies should by all means try this remedy for all cases of debility, and, before so doing, chould ask their physician, who, if he is acquainted with the virtue of the Bitters, will recommend their use in all cases of weakness.

CAUTION .- We caution the public against using sny of the many imitations or counterfeits, but ask for HOSTEFIER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS, and see that each bottle has the words "Dr. J. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters" blown on the side of the bottle, and stamped on the metallic cap covering the cork, and observe that our autograph signature is on the label.

* Prepared and sold by HOSTETTER & SMITH, Pittsburgh, Pa, and sold by all druggiats, grocers, and dealers generally throughout the United States, Canada, South America, and Germany,

AGENTS .- Davis & Jones, Ebonsburg; J. A; arrish, Summitville; Wm. Litzinger, Loretto. Peter Kinney, Munster. August 31, 1853 .- Iv.

DRUGS DRUGS DRUGS!! UST OPENED AND FOR SALE BY R. S.- tern, if you please-aw Mr Brown." BUNN, M. D., A general assortment of PDRUGS. MEDICINES. E Spices, Oils, Paints. Dye-Stuffs, BRANDIES, WINES, GINS, FLUID, Pocket Cutlery, Razors, Brushes, Combs, Station elegant form to his admiring customer. ery, Blank Books, Perfumery, Soaps, Tobacco,

G: thered on the Sunset Isle

Miscellaucons.

DONE BROWN. Soon after peace had begun to shed her be ign influence over the Eur p an world, and the B itish Lion reposed in glorious case afer the toil of a thousand buttles, the principal cities of the empire-especially London Dublin and Edinburg-swarmed with militaw men of all rank, either retired from the service, or taking their piacere or leave of ibseuce. Great numbers of these exhibited incontestable proofs of hard service, in the

oss of legs, arms or eyes, left on the differut battle fields which have crowned our antals with such imperishable glory; but it must be confessed that here and there these honorable souvenirs were counterfeited by persons inconnected with the army, to gratify some ionest purpose.

Dublin was at that time, comparatively speaking, a flurishing city; for the Union was only fifteen years old, and its peculiar alvantages had not fully developed themselves Sackville Street was then a brilliant and a fashionable promenade; and there, in a particularly handsome shop, Mr John Brown ger, I am necessarily ignorant." had recently established himself as jeweller and silversmith; a smart little talkative man. very auxious to pick up customers amongst the aristocracy, and to scrape an acquaintance even for acquaintance sake, with everything distinune, especially in the military world.

One fine summer morning a very elegant looking person entered Mr. Brown's shop, at tended by a footman in splendid livery, who displayed all that graceful tact and self possession peculiar to the domestics of very great people. The master was a very martial looking figure, attired in the very acquaintance of miletary mufte; his deep blue sourtout brat ded and frogged with exquisite taste, while his snow-white trousers, highly polished boots and eavalry spors, gave a finish to the tout en semble which was altogether irresistible.

So at least, thought John Brown, for he danced up to the stranger in one of those graceful steps which he had studied under M Petipas, when qualifying himself to pop the question to the accomplished young lady who afterwards became Mrs. Brown. With his most elaborate bow, the little jeweller offered a chair to his anticipated customer-who, he then first perceived had lost both his arms, you lost-hem-ahem" apparently on service, his coat sleeves being empty. and looped up in front to one of his buttons; a circumstance that made him infiaitely more interesting than be otherwise would have been in the opinion of John Brown.

"Mr .- aw-Brown," said the stranger, sinking with graceful lassitude into the proffered chair, "I am desirous of looking at some plate -a small service, sufficient to dine a dozen or so-but of the most recherche pat-

"Certainly, sir-with a great deal of pleas ure, sir?" said the delighted silversmith, as he directed two of his smartest shopmen to display the required articles on his highlypolished mahogany counter; descanting cloquently on the taste, fashion, and workmanship of each, as he gracefully held forth its

"This, sir," said John Brown, holding up

trying all the pockets; '.I can't find it anywhere."

"Ducce take it." exclaimed Sir John, with an air of annable insouciance; "I must then have left it on his excellency's library table for I came here direct from the Castle.'

"Pray, Sir John," briskly interposed the silversmith, with his most insinuating smile --"Pray don't trouble yourself any further on the subject. I shall do myself the honor of sending the plate to the Castle, and you can pay the little amount to the messenger; or indeed to-morrow, or some other day as it may suit your conveniance."

"No. no. Mr .- aw- Brown!" said the stranger, with a look of intense dignity; "I cannot think of commencing with you in that manner. Let me see! Oh!-ah!-Richard. you shall go home for the money, and I'll wait here till your return."

"I beg a thousand pardons, sir John!" cried Brown, in a bustle, shocked at being childish vanity, or to serve some base and dis the innocent cause of so much inconveni-

"Make no apolagy, my dear sir," returned the stranger, with a winning smile "My time is not very valuable to day. Besides, Mr Brown, I dare say you can give me some useful hints on a variety of subjects connected with this country, and of which, as a stran

The delighted John Browa expressed his readiness to serve his new customer in any way; was highly honored with the confidence thus reposed in him; would do his best possib! & .

"Now, Mr. Brown," said the stranger, graciously acknowledging these proffered services, "in the first place, will you be good enough to write a note for me?" adding, with a melancholly smile, "unfortunately, as you see, I cannot do it for myself."

"Certainly, sir-with a great deal of pleas ure, Sir John." returned the loquacious sil versmith. "I am sorry to perceive, sir, as you say; but you have been in some bot work sir, I'll engage you have seen some wigs on the green.

"Wigs on the green," exclaimed the elegant stranger, with a very cold, aristocratical

became conscious of his vulgarity. "Tis our of a row, or a skrimmage. I dare say you have been in many skrimmages. Sir John --May I make so bold as to ask-ahem - where beset his path in this taoublesome world.

" One at Salamanica," replied the stranger with military nonchalance; the other at Waterloo; and now for business. Do me the favor, Mr. Brown, to write a note to lady Cecelia-that is, my wife."

"Certainly, Sir John," said the complaisant silversmith; "with a great deal of pleasure. Charming name, sir, Cecelia; 'tis my troller-General of Private Disbursements." wife's name also, sir.

"Very possible, sir," said the stranger, in a tone of frigid indifference. "Fact, sir, I assure you," continued the

communicative John Brown "Cecilia O Driscoll, sir-a distant relative of the O'Dris colls of Fermanah, sir-a very ancient family, sir, descended from the old Kings of Ulster."

smile "You Irish gentlemen are so fou ! of quoting your pedigrees."

those great conversitional talents on which he particularly prided himself, descanting, with

great taste and delicacy, on the private hisories of the Castle, the Four Courts, and the giories of the O'Driscolls, in a strain of eloquener that raised hum fifty per cent, at least in his own estimation.

At length, however the Comptroller-General of Private Distursements declared he could not in common decency keep his excelickey waiting any lorger. He therefore wished Mr. Brown a good morning; assuring hun, with a sweetly-patronising smile, that he would not only send him the money for the plate as soon as he got to the Castle, but he would also recommend him warmly to his

numerous triends, civil and military, both in Euglated and Ireland. From Cape Clear to the Giant's Causeway.

Ireland did not contain a happier man than John Brown, after his morning's work --- which be augratefully ascribed less to good fortune than to his own excellent fact and sucoir faire. For an hour or two he strutted backwards and forwards in his shop, rubbing his hands in high glee, and cracking jokes with his shopmen; but, unable any longer to confine his happiness within his own breast he ordered his buggy; and drove to the residences of several of his friends, to whom, in the fulness of his joy, he related the transaction of the

morning, and all his glowing anticipations therefrom.

Nane of John Brown's friends had ever before heard of such an office as that of Comp troller-General of Private Disbursements. But this only confirmed Mr. Brown more strongly in the idea that he alone, of all the Dubita tradesmen, was selected for especial patrouage by that high functionary. Some, it is true, advised hun to be cautious in the cock proper, with your motto, "Celer et matter, and to make sure of payment, at least for this first installment; while one, who aspired to peculiar sagacity, sneered so provo-Kingly at the whole affair, that John Brown dropped a hint of trotting him out some fine moruing to the "Fifteen Acres."

Having made his round of visits, and created, as he plainly perceived, a great deal of envy at his superior good fortune, our happy "Beg pardon sir." Mr. Brown, when he silversmith drove home to his snug little box on the Circular Road, where his fair help-Irish mode of expression, sir, when we speak | mate received him with those dimpling smiles -the husband's most delightful reward for

> A: the fair hand of Mrs. Brown poured out for her earo sposo that "eup which cheers, but not incbriates," and loaded his plate with some delicious muffins-toasted and buttered by her own delicate lingers-he gladdened her heart with a relation of his morning's advenuor she of echoing, the praises of the "Comp-

what the friendship of the great man may dying day he went by the nickname oflead?

"Yes, indeed, John," added his wife, "you may get some government place yourself----"Fiddle-de-dec." interrupted Mr. Brown snapping his finger. "That for your government place! I look for much higher things, I can assure you! What think you "Oh, true," observed the stranger, with a now,",--here he smiled and winked very mysteriously-"what think you of being jeweller to the crown?"

said the lady, with a warning shake of her hollered ! fore-finger ; mind that, Sir John."

"I'hey shall be all of the purest water and finest caret !" said the embryo knight --Filteen Acres, and luxunating on the ancient "Indeed, I have already made a large purchase---

"Ob, then," said the lidy, smiling sweetly on her considerate spouse, "that is why you sent to me in such a hurry to-day for the money box."

"What do you say," cried John Brown, up from his chair as if the tea urn had been upset in his lap.

Good heavens, my dear," exclaimed Mrs Brown, in a fright, "what's the matter ? ---Are you scalded ?

"Scalded be -----," said Brown. "What is that you say about money?"

"The money you wrote for, my dear," replied Mrs. Brown, trembling ; for she had never seen her husband in such a taking before, and began to think that. as the weather was intensely hot, he might have had a stroke of the sun, or been bitten by a mad

"Money that I wrote for ?" screamed John Brown.

"Certainly, my dear," replied his agitated "Here is your note, begining as usual, 'My deer Cecy.' "

"Oh !" groaned the distracted silversmith, who now began to see the abyss into which he had so heedlessly plunged.

"Your own handwriting and initials," continued Mrs. Brown.

"Ob ! oh !" sobbed her unhappy busband.

"And though you forgot in your hurry to address the note," said Mrs. Brown, "it is sealed with your own crest-a bantum auda.c ?

"Oh ! oh ! oh !" groaned the frantic silversmith ; "Audax with a vengeauce, but celer now no more !'

"And you direct me," continued Mrs. "to send you the money box from the cabinet in the back parlor,"

"And did you do so ?" shouted John Browa

"Certainly !" replied the terrified wife.

"Then I'm dished, by heavens !" exclaimed Mr. Brown, flinging himself at full length upon the carpet. "Three hundred and fifty all the cares and dangers that so incessantly guineas goue. slap dash, as I'm a miserable sinner !"

It was some time b fore Mrs Brown could be made to comprehend the nature of this dreadful business ; and many weeks before her poor husband could leave his chamber, so seriously was his health affected by this heavy loss, and his still heavier mortification tore: in which he was never tired of singing. He did, however, in time regain something like his former equainimity, but not before he had been squizzed by his "good natured" "Who knows, my dear," said John, "to friends to the verge of insanity; and to his 'The Comptroller-General."

New Music.

"Do the ladies play music at the west sir?" asked a young lady of a western green-looking customer.

Oh, very universally, Miss," was the reply.

Inded, I was not aware of that; do they

KT A good lady who had two children sick with the measles, wrote to a friend for t e lest remedy. The friend had just received a note from another lady, inquiring the way to make pickles. In confusion the lady who inquired aboat the pickles received the remedy for the measles, 1 d e nxious mother of the sick children read with iborror the following : 'Scald them three or four times with a yeil like a war-whoop, and jumping in very hot vinegar, and sprinkle them well with salt; in a few days they will be cur-

> 13 A gracious soul may look through the darkest cloud, and see his God's smiling on him as by a rainbow we see the beautiful images of the sun's light, in the midst of a dark and waterish cloud. We must look through the anger of his correction to the sweetness in his countenance.

Good -The editor of the Eldorado (Texas) Times has a child named Kansas.

The e litor of the Wedowce (Ala.) Mercury s sy he would be afraid to call a child Kausas, for fear it would never have any Constitution. But the Vicksburg Sun replies that Kansas has not lacked such a thing as a Constitution. If any thing she had too much of the article. Topeka, Lecompton and Wyandotte all prove this assertion.

LT A boy got his father's gun and loaded it ; but was straid to fire ; he however, liked the fun of loading and so put in another charge, but still afraid to fire. He kept charging, but without firing. until he got six charges in the old piece. His grandmother, learning his temerity, smartly reproved him. and grasping the old continental, discharged it. The result was tremendous, throwing the old lady on her back She promtly struggled to regain her feet. but the child cried out-Lay still granny, there are fire more charges in yet.'

A Chinese Dinner .- During the visit of Mr. Ward, the American minister, to Pekin, China, he was honored with a sumptous dinner. Though only the three Chinese commissioners and Mr. Ward, his secretary, and two interpreters, were present, and sat down to it' the supply pas enough for at least one hundred, and the expense was estimated at m 1 m s.c.'s, &c., &c., the whole amounting to no less than thirty courses.

Never Vield to Ridicule.

Never let your honest convictions be laughed down. You can no more exercise your reason if you live in constant dread if ridicule, than you can enjoy your life if you are in constant terror of death If you thick it right to differ from the time, and to make a point of morals, do it; however pedantic it may appear do it-not for insolence, but seriously and gradually, as if a man wore a big soul of his own in his bosom, and did not wait till it was breathed into him by the breath of fashion. Be true to your manhood's conviction, and in the end you will be respected by theworld, but 'tave that approval of your own conscience.

Cement for Broken China .- Take a very thick solution of gum arabic dissolved in wa-

