# 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.

EV SERIES.

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ts have also repeatedly decided that awho neglects to perform his duty ofnable notice as required by the regu the Pest Office Department, of the person to take from the office newsessed to him, renders the Postmaster be publisher for the subscription.

### LINES

IE RUINS OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON. BY J K PAULDING

terses appended below it is believed have heretofore appeared in print. They were en, no doubt, in the year 1814. Little did er imagine that, in forty-seven years from ime, the threat of a similar barbarism wo'd from an intestine foe, and that that intesbe would be at the same time soliciting the foreign nation for aid. It would almost as if the noem had been left in a species of poleteness, in order that additional stanzas record the second and more mournful in-

But, were it otherwise proper to ape cannot write them. Rather we could w that it has failed of accomplishment, infamous menace should pass away form the memory of man. ]-Home Journal, | can give."

through you noble pile, at evening's fall, is the pale moon beams mingled with the stain ack'ning fires upon the mouldering wall. ive strayed, and mourned the ruined fame

one stalked athwart my wayward path, stopped my musing, meditative way! m was its look, as if in secret wrath sucht revenge, and shunned the tell tale day,

ad a I gazed with wonder at the shade. ism of moonlight flickered on its head, whitened honors hoary age betrayed, drisage pale seemed borrowed from the dead.

aw an hour glass tremble in its hand, alon a scythe reclined its aged form; patie though in ruin, sadly grand, semel t'have weathered many a pelting storm.

Time-and indignation checked my fear;-'satiate fiend," I cried, in angry voice, as come to view thy ruthless triumph here, blo'er thy work of rain to rejoice?"

by he answered, with a bitter smile, voice that seemed to come from some old

was not I that blasted this fair pile : and to mourn the wreck I could not save.

know'st, as I know, how a splendid ban far-famed Albion's gentle bosom came; know'st that they appli'd the reckless brand; the behold-I shall record-the shame,"

aid-and vanished like a thing of dream ! and his wings slide through the air; w his scythe emit a parting gleam, Eke a meteor, stream his snowy hair.

HUMORS OF THE CENSUS .- A widow having children, was called upon to give the names agos of her children as well as her own, and waswering, the following scene occurred :sus taker-'Now, ma'am I have your name. tell me your age.' Lady-'I am thirtyyears old.' 'What is the age of your oldest "shter?" 'She is twenty-eight years old.'w old were you when she was born?' I was twenty-two years old sir.' 'Then madam. will make you fifty years of age.' Ladyon't care! I don't care! I am only thirty-five.' to this she did stick, at the same time telling tensus taker that he had no right to ask impertinent questions.

wag called out in the pit of Drury Lane atre, " Mr. Smith, your house is on fire!" bereupon, a hundred and twenty-five Smith's "It is Mr. John Smith's house," said and thirty sat down, showing but ninetygenuine John Smiths present.

tetty nearly all men are benevolent when on't cost them anything. Tom never sees of John suffer but he thinks Sam ought to

# MORE DREAMS.

FROM THE DUBLIN NATION.

I have no joy but in thy smile-Save in thy frown, no pain; Come to my side a little while-I'll never ask again.

To see thee, and thy looks to bless-To hear thee, and thy words adore; I never dreamed of more than this-I'll dream of this no more.

I know the idle tale I tell Will wake no echo in thy breast; In thy heart's charmed circle well I know mine cannot rest; But thou wert dear from earliest years, And dearer every day; And love that's nursed in tho't aud tears

If I could bid my heart be still, Of what avail were this? 'Twill never cost thine own a thrill Of anguish or of bliss;

Cannot be wiled away.

"Twill follow thee thro' life and death, True guardian by thy side. Yet never ask a single breath Of fon lness for its guide.

Come to my side a little while-

I'll never ask again ; My heart is sick for one sweet smile-Hearts chould not plead in vain. Ah! but thine eyes are filled with tears-They do not turn away; Thy hand-thy hand-the love of years

## THE HUSBAND'S SECRET.

Has not been all astray.

One day, a good many years ago, a young woman knocked at the door of a little cottage, in | into fits of abstraction, not unlike those which the suburbs of a little town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The knock was immediately responded to by the opening of the door within. An aged woman, neatly dressed, and who had evidently risen from her wheel, was the sole immate of the ject trusting that the cloud might be a temporary

" Bless your heart, girl," said the dame, as she entered with her visitor, and sat down to the wheel again. " there must surely be something particular about you to-day, for you did not use

mother," said the girl, who had taken a seat. Even when she became for the first-time a-mother-

"And though a neighbor had been here," refrightened you away. But the truth is, you ted on Catharine's brow. have something to say to me, Catharine," con-

The young woman blushed deeply, and did not

his wife, Catharine?" said the dame, who easily and rightly anticipated the matter that was in the thoughts of her youthful visitor.

" He has, mother," was the reply. "Well, my dear," said she, after a short pause, "is not this what you have long expected, aye, and wished? He has your heart, and, I suppose, it needs no witch to tell what will be the

This might all be very true, but there was something on Catharine's mind which struggled to be out, and out it came.

" Dear Hannah," said she, seating herself close by the dame, and taking hold of her hand, "you have been a kind friend-a parent-to me since my poor mother died, and I have no one to look to for advice but yourself. I have not given William an answer, and I would not until I had spoken to you; more especially as something-

"What did I say, Catharine?" interrupted the old woman; "nothing against the man you love, surely. He is, from all I have seen and heard, kind-hearted, industrious, and every way

"Yes, Hannah," replied the woman : "but you once said, after I had brought him once or twice to see you, that you did not like those-those sort of low fits that sometimes fall upon him, even while in your company. I have often noticed them since, Hannah," cortinued Catharine, with

"Plague on my thoughtless tongue for saying such a thing to vex you, my dear child! He was a soldier, you know, a good many years ago, before he was twenty-and fought for his country. Perhaps he may have seen sights then that made him grieve to think upon, without blaming himself. But, whatever it may be, I meant not. Catharine, that you should take such a passing word to heart. If he has some little cares, you will easily soothe him and make him

As the worthy dame spoke, her visitor's brow gradually cleared, and, after some further conversation she left the cottage, lightened at heart with the thought that her old friend approved of her following the course to which her inclination

pay respect to the counsels of Hannah. The lat- Catharine wept in silence a moment, and then ter had never married, and had spent the greater part of her life in the service of a wealthy family at Morpeth. When she was there, the widowed mother of Catharine had died at Newcastle: and, on learning of the circumstances, Hannah. though a friend merely, and no relation, had sent for the orphan girl, then ten years of age, and had this, she shuddered and buried her face in taken care of her until she grew fit to maintain that of her babe, which she carried in her arms. herself by service. On finding herself unable to continue a working life longer, Hannah retired good sense led her to suggest for the poor wife, had been formed between them .- Chambers Jourto Newcastle, and Catharine immediately entered | that it was possible for her husband to consider | nal.

whose name had been stated as being William rine and her husband visited the dame's dwell- | present ?"

ing. Many a future visit was paid by the same parties to Hannah, and on each successive occasion the old woman looked narrowly, though as unobtrustively as possible, into the state of the wife's feelings, with a motherly anxiety to know if she was happy. For though Hannah, seeing Catharine's affections deeply engaged, had made light of her own early remark upon the strange and unpleasing gloom occasionally, if not frequently, observable in the look and manner of William Hutton, the old woman was never able to rid her own mind altogether of misgivings on the subject. For many months after Catharine's marriage however, Hannah could never discover anything but open, unalloyed happiness in the air and conversation of the youthful wife. But at length Hannah's anxious eye did perceive something like a change. Catharine seemed sometimes to fall, when visiting the cottage, had been observed in her husband. The aged dame had felt greatly distressed at the thought of of her dear Catharine being unhappy, but for a long time she had held her peace upon the subone, and would disappear,

It was not so unfortunately. Though in their manner to each other, when together, nothing but the most cordial affection was observable. Catharine, when she come along to see Hannah, seemed a prey to some uneasiness, which all her "I was afraid some one might be with you, efforts could not conceal from her old friend. and, with all the beautiful pride of a young mother's love, presented her babe to Hannah. plied the dame, "this, surely, would not have the latter could see signs of a secret grief imprin-

Hoping by her counsel to bring relief, Hannah tinued the speaker, kindly; "out with it, my took an opportunity to tell the young wife what dear, and depend on the best counsel old Hannah | she had observed, and carnestly besought her

At this, Catharine stammered forth a hurried assurance that sne was perfectly happy, and in "Has William Hutton asked you to become a few seconds belied her words by bursting into tears, and owning that she was very unhappy. "But I cannot, Hannah," she exclaimed, "I cannot tell the cause-even to you."

> "Don't say so, my poor Catharine," replied Hannah; "it is not curiosity that promps me

"Oh no, Hannah," replied the young wife: 'I know you speak from love to me."

"Well, then," continued the dame, "open your heart to me. Age is a good adviser." Catharine was silent.

"Is your husband harsh to you?" asked Han-

" No." cried the wife: " man could not be kinder to woman than he is to me."

"Perhaps he indulges in drink ; in"-"Hannah, you mistake altogether," was Catharine's reply; " my husband is free from all such

faults as ever man was."

not suspicious-not jealous?" answered Catharine. "No, my griefs are not of

Old Hannah was puzzled at these replies, as she was distressed by the open avowel of Catharine's having some cause of sorrow: but, seeing that her young friend could not make up her mind to a disclosure at this time, the aged dame gave up her inquiries, and told Catharine to

Hannah conceived that, on mature consideration, Catharine would come to the resolution of seeking counsel at the cottage. And she was not wrong. In a few days after their late conversation the young wife came to visit Hannah again, and, after a little embarrassed talk, entered upon the subject which was uppermost in the minds

doomy fits, which you, as well as I, have no- this blessed explanation !' Catharine Smith was indeed well entitled to ticed in him, are not, I fear, without cause." continued: " All that I know of this cause arises from his expressions-his dreadful expressionswhile he is asleep at my side. Hannah, he speaks in broken language of murder-of having committed murder, Hannah! Perhaps a woman deceived and killed by him." As Catharine said

Hannah was shocked to hear of this, but ber

into service there. Hannah and Catharine had himself a murderer in his sleep, and speak of it been two years in these respective situations, without the slightest reality in the whole affair. when the dialogue which has just been recorded | "Ah, Hannah," said Catharine, sadly, " these

dreadful sayings are not the result of one night-On the succeeding expiration of her term of mare slumber. They occur often-too often. service. Catharine was married to the young man Besides when I first heard him mutter in his sleep, those horrible things, I mentioned the Hutton. He was a joiner by trade, and bore, as | matter to him in the morning, at our break-Hannah had said, an excellent character. The fast, and he laughed at it; but he grew agitated, first visit paid by the new married pair was to and telling me to pay no attention to such things, the cottage of the old woman, who gazed on them | as he sometimes talked nonsense, he knew, in with a truly maternal pride, thinking she had his sleep, and I have never mentioned the subject never seen so handsome a couple. The few years again, though my rest is destroyed by it. And spent by Hutton in the army had given to his then his fits of cadness at ordinary moments! naturally good figure an erect manlicess, which Hannah, Hannah, there is some mystery-some looked as well in one of his sex as the light grace | terrible mystery under it. Yes." continued the ful figure, and fair ingenious countenance of young wife, "the is so good, so kind, so dutiful Catharine was calculated to adorn one of wo- to God and to man. He has too much tender- piano.' mankind. Something of this kind, ar least, ness and feeling to harm a fly. Hannah, what was in the thoughts of Hannah, when Catha- am I to think or do, for I am wretched at

> It was long ere the old dame replied to this question. She mused greatly on what had been told her and in the end said to Catharine :

" My poor child, I cannot believe that William is guilty of what these circumstances lay seemingly at his door. But if the worst be true, it is better for you to know it, than to be in this killing suspense for ever. Go, and gain his confidence, Catharine; tell him all that has come to your ear, and say that you did so by my advice."

Hannah continued to use persuasion of the same kind for some time longer, and at length sent Catharine home, firmly resolved to follow the counsel given her.

On the following day, Catharine once more presented herself at the abode of Hannah, and as she entered, exclaimed :

be here soon to explain everything to us both." hour in the twenty-four.' The old woman did not exactly comprehend

"Has he not," she said, "given any explana-

not guilty. When I had spoken as you desired me, he was silent a long time, and he then took me in his arms, Hannah, and kissed me, saying, "My darling Catharine, I ought to have confided in you long before. I have been unfortunate, not guilty. Go to kind Hannah's, and I will soon follow you, and set your mind at ease, as sleep?" far as it can be done. Had I known how much you have been suffering. I would have done this long before,' These are his words, Hannah. O he may be unfortunate, but not guilty."

other until William came to the cottage. He sat down gravely by the side of his wife, and after kindly inquiring for the old woman, at once commenced to tell his story.

"The reason of my unhappy exclamations in my sleep, which have weighed so much upon my mind, dear Catharine, may be very soon told. They arose from a circumstance which has embittered my own peace, but which I hope is to be regarded as a sad calamity rather than a crime. When I entered the army, which I did at the age of nineteen, the recruting party to which I attached myself was sent to Scotland, where we remained but a few days, being ordered again to the continent. One unhappy morning as we were passing out of town where we had rested on our march southward, my companions and I chanced to see a girl, apparently about fifteen years of age, washing aclothes in a tub. Being the most light-hearted among the lighthearted, I took up a large stone, with the intention of splashing the water against the girl. She stooped hastily and shocking to tell, when I threw the stone it struck her on the head, and she fell to the ground, with, I fear, her skull fractured. Stupified at what I had done, I stood gazing on the stream of blood gushing from my poor victim's head, when my companions, observing that no one had seen us, for it was then "My dear child," said the old woman, almost early in the morning, hurried me off. We were smiling as the idea entered her head, "you are not pursued, and we were in a few weeks on the continent. But the image of that bleeding "I never had a moment's cause, Hannah," girl followed me everywhere; and since I came home, I have never dared to inquire the result. that nature. He is one of the best and dearest lest I should be bung for murder. For I fear from the deadly nature of the blow, that the

death of that poor creature lies at my door !" While Hutton was relaling his story, he had turned his face to the window: but what was his astonishment, as he was concluding, to hear old Hannah cry alond, "Thank God!" while his wife broke out into a hysterical passion of

think seriously of the propriety of confiding all tears and smiles, threw herself into his arms. 'My dear husband,' cried she, as soon as her voice found utterance, 'that town was Morpeth?

'It was,' said he 'Dea William,' the wife then cried, 'I am that gurl!' 'You Catherine?' cried the amazed and earap-

tured husband as he pressed her to his breast. 'Yes,' said old Hannah, from whose eves tears were fast dropping, 'the girl whom you unfortu-"Hannah," sail Catharine, "I fear you can nately struck, was she who is now the wife of serve me nothing; I fear no living being can your bosom. But your fears had magnified the serve me. O. Hannah, good as my husband blow. Catherine was found by myself soon after appears to be-good as he is-there is some the accident; and though she lost a little blood dreadful weight pressing upon his mind, which and was stunned for a while, she soon roused adestroys his peace-and mine too, Alas! the gain. Praised be heaven for bringing about

·Amen,' cried Catherine and her husband.

Peace and happiness as much as usually falls to the lot of mortals, were the lot of Catherine and her husband, from this time forward, their great source of disquietude being thus taken away. The wife even loved the husband more, from the discovery that the circumstances which had caused her distress were but a proof of his extreme tenderness of heart and conscience; and William was attached the more strongly to Cath arine, after fiinding her to be the person whom he unwittingly injured. A new tie, as it were,

## | From the Home Journal.] MATRIMONIAL INFELICITIES.

BY AN IRRITABLE MAN.

In the Twilight. 'What a confounded noise you make, my dear, with that piano,' I said to my amiable spouse. 'For the last half hour I have been endeavoring to get a wink of sleep; but no sooner do I lose myself than you come down with a crescendo or other kind of movement, which startles me as if a cannon had been fired by my side. Why you can't practice in the morning, when I am absent, instead of waiting until evening, when I come home, is a matter I don't understand, You know well enough that if there be one thing I dislike more than another, it is the thrumming on a

'I really thought,' my wife replied, 'that the air I was playing would soothe and please you. It used to be a favorite of yours before we were married, and I like it because it revives happy

'Well, I don't object to your 'reviving happy memories;' but you will greatly oblige me by letting the keys of the piano rest for awhile. I like to take a nap just after dinner; but for several days past I have been unable to do so because you would practice your abominable marches and quicksteps. I hear enough martial music when I am down town, and I don't care to listen to it after I get home."

'I fear,' my wife answered, 'that you are not as patriotic as I wish you were.'

'Oh! I am patriotic enough, my dear,' I replied, ' and go for the Union with all my heart, but then I don't want to be disturbed with hav-"Dear Mother, I have told him all! He will ing Yankee Doodle dinned into my cars every

> . But I was not playing that air, my dear, it was 'Love Not,' which I am sure you used to

· Perhaps I did,' I answered, 'and I can but wish now, especially that you keep me awake for what more can a man ask?' with it, that I had followed the advice it gives. I knew it was a march, too, you were playing, for all the military bands employ it as a stock piece. But why will you keep drumming on that piano when I have just told you I want to

' I had no idea,' my wife said, 'that you could sleep when you were talking; but, if you desire how many times have I been obliged to listen to it, I will play no more.'

'Well, I do desire it,' I said; 'and, what i Hannah and Catharine said little to march more, I wish you would play only in the morning, and not in the evening."

. In the morning, my dear,' my wife replied, 'I have other things to attend to. It is only in the evening, when the little ones are in their beds, that I have an opportunity of touching the entirely, lock the instrument, and give you the key, rather than you should go without your through indulgence, that I often wonder you pasnap. I wish, though, you would converse more | sed as scathless through such a trying ordeal as writing, or reading the newspapers, or sleeping, butwhen you are in the house.'

· Well, you certainiy are a most unreasonable entertain you, Don't I talk to you at the ta- treatment. You know, I am certain-or else you

subject of your conversation? Simply finding voking words I often say, but that, even at the fault with what you are eating, and scolding the moment I am uttering them, my heart actually children because they, taking their cue from you, grieves for the pain I know I am causing you, refuse to eat what you give them. You never and yearns to clasp you to my breast, as once I relate to me what is going on in the world, nor | did, and now again I do, and, with the twilight say pleasant things to me, nor tell me you love deepening in the west, whisper, 'I love you, love

'Good gracious!' I exclaimed, 'bow can I tell you I love you when my mouth is filled with bread and butter. Besides, I told you so once, and I don't see the object in continually reitera. had almost pulled Mr. Jardine off his horse; but

'A wife,' she replied, 'never wearies of hearing her husband say he loves her. Why, even you, for him. I had never seen such a virage as Lady before we were married, used to want me to say Bridekirk, not even among the oyster women of over and over again, that I loved you. You certainly have not forgotten it.'

'I'm sure I den't remember,' I said; 'but please, don't say anything more about it, for I want to go to sleep.

. Well, I have not forgotten it, if you have,' my wife answered, with a sigh, 'and it is well tor you, perhaps, that I do remember it.'

' Now, my love,' I cried, ' of course we both remember it; but won't you stop your talking so that I can take my nap-for, if there be one thing I dislike more than another, it is to be deprived of my after-dinner nap,'

My wife said nothing : but, closing the piano, she left it, and, taking a seat near the window, opened a volume of engravings. Rustle, rustle went the leaves. I endured it for five minutes,

. My dear,' I said, 'if you expect I can sleep while you are rattling the pages of that book, you are greatly mistaken. You might as well play

'You can't be very sleepy,' she replied, 'if this keeps you awake. You are too nervous to · But I will go to sleep,' I said, 'and I am not

to provoke me, by saying I am nervous, and seeking to keep me awake.' 'Such an object.' she answered, 'is very far

from being my intention; indeed, I wish you 'retire.' They don't eat and drink, but 'partake were asleep." 'Of course,' I said, 'you want me to go to

you can find nothing in my actions with which to find fault.' 'Why, then,' said the provoking woman,

'don't you go to sleep. 'Now!' I exclaimed, 'I will not go to sleep.' and a half long."

' Come, then,' said my wife, 'sit beside me, and watch the twilight deepening in the west,' -. Good gracious!' I exclaimed, 'if there be one

thing I dislike more than another, it is to see the twilight deepening in the west." . Very well,' my wife answered, ' if you do not care for it, I have nothing more to say. There was a time, however, when it gave you pleasure to sit by me in the twilight. You were more

gentle to me then than you now are, and never spoke a harsh or unkind word." · Why will you forever be talking to me,' I asked, 'about things that happened years ago, when you know very well that I have forgotten all about them. Enjoy the present is my motto, and let the past and the future take care of

My wife made no reply to my last remark, so we both remained silent for some minutes. At length she said:

'As you do not wish to watch the twilight, I will have the gas lighted; and, rising from her chair, she went toward the bell. As she passed me I seized her hand, and drew her to a place on the lounge beside me.

. Never mind about lighting the gas at present,' I said; 'the bill for it is high enough every month, without burning it before it is dark. I want to ask you a question.'

My wife, folding her hands resignedly on her lap, looked off through the window, at the deep-

'Look at me, my dear,' I said, 'and not out of

She turned her eyes toward mine. There were 'I thought I should find it so,' I continued: 'you are always weeping. Why can't you be

happy and contented, as I am? 'Are you happy and contented?' she asked, in

'Certainly I am,' I answered; 'have I not a wife who loves-to provoke me, and children who

'It is cruel in you-as cruel as the grave-to speak so,' my wife said.

'Pooh!' I exclaimed, 'your heart is as soft as 'Yes, and as heavy as lead,' she added. 'You can't bear for me to speak a word,' I

said, 'that is not complimentary to you. But words from you which have vexed me more than you can imagine?' 'I am sure,' said my wife, 'I never have said aught to you which has caused you half the anguish which your words have caused me. If, in spite of all you have said to me, I did not believe

that you loved me, I should, indeed, be broken-

hearted. I make many allowances for you which keys of my piano. Still I will give up my music I would not for another, as I know you were a petted boy, spoiled to such a degree, indeed, with me than you do, and not be all the time you have. Naturally, you possess a good heart, 'Say no more, my dear,' I interrupted, taking her hand, 'you speak like an oracle. I was spoilt, woman, if you think I have nothing to do but | and I fear my wife is not changing the early would not endure it as patiently as you do-that 'Yes you do,' she replied; 'but what is the I am far from meaning any of the cruel and pro-

> you, darling one !? ? LADY BRIDEKIRK .- The laird had gone to Dumfries, much to our disappointment; but the lady came out, and, in her excess of kindness, they were obstinate, and said they were obliged to go to Keilhead; but they delivered up Mess John Allen to her, as they had no farther use Prestonpans. She was like a sergeant of foot in woman-clothes; or rather like an overgrown coachman of the Quaker persuasion. On our peremptory refusal to alight, she darted into the nonse like a hogshead down a slope, and returned instantly with a pint bottle of brandy-a Scots pint, I mean-and a stray beer glass, into which filled almost a bumper. After a long grace said by Mr. Jardine-for it was his turn now, being the third brandy bottle we had seen since we left Lochmaben-she emptied to our healths. and made the gentlemen follow her example; she said she would soare me as I was so young. but ordered the maid to bring a gingerbread cake from the cupboard, a luncheon of which she put in my pocket. This lady was famous, even in the Annandale border, both at the bowl and in battle; she could drink a Scotch pint of brandy with ease; and when the men grew obstreporous in their cups, she could either put them out of doors, or to bed, as she found most convenient .- Autibiography of the Rev. Dr. Alex-

Big words are great favorites with people of small ideas and weak conceptions. They are often employed by men of mind when they wish to use language that may best conceal their thoughts. With few exceptions, however, illiterate and half-educated persons use more "big words" than people of thorough education. It is a very common but very egregious mistake to suppose the long words are more genteel than yous, either. I don't see why you should wish short ones—just as the same sort of people imagine high colors and flashy figures improve the style of dress. They are the kin of folks who don't begin but always "commence" They don't live but "reside." They don't go to bed, but of refreshments.' They are never sick, but 'extremely indisposed' And instead of dying, at last, they "decease." The strength of the sleep. You never seem to be at all satisfied with English language is in the short words-chiefly me unless when I am asleep. Then, fortunately, the monosyllable of Saxon derivation-and people who are in earnest seldom use any other. -Love, hate, anger, grief, joy, express themselves in short words and direct sentence ; while . un ning, fulsehood, and affectation delight in what Horace calls verba resquipe labor - word a "fact