Cambria Freeman.

A. L. JOHNSTON, Editor. HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE. H. A. M'PIKE, Publisher.

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Cambria Freeman

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One copy, three months,	50

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Twelve numbers constitute a quarter; twenty five, six months; and fifty numbers, one year.

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Each subsequent insertion,	25
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JOB PRINTING.

We have made arrangements by which we can do or have done all kinds of plain and fancy Job Printing, such as Books, Pamphlets, Show Cards, Bill and Letter Heads, Handbills, Circulars, &c., in the best style of the art and at the most moderate prices. Also, all kinds of Ruling, Blank Books, Book Binding, &c., executed to order as good as the best and as cheap as the cheapest.

GEIS & REUTH,
Johnstown, Pa.,
BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS
AND BOOK BINDERS.
MANUFACTURERS OF BLANK BOOKS, PORTE-MONAIS, PAPER BOXES AND LOOKING GLASSES.

Looking Glass and Picture Frames always on hand, and made to order. A large and most complete assortment of Drawing Room and Miscellaneous Pictures, consisting of Chromos, Paintings in Oil, Steel Plate Engravings, Plain and Colored Lithographs, Oil Prints, Photographs and Wood Cuts.—This collection embraces a selection of large sized match pictures of Landscape and Domestic Scenes and Portraits, and 5,000 different varieties of Card Photographs of prominent men, comic and sentimental scenes and copies of subjects by celebrated artists. We have also a varied assortment of BIBLES, PRAYER, HYMN and SCHOOL BOOKS, HISTORIES, BIOGRAPHIES, NOVELS, &c. Religious Prints and Emblems in great variety, and the largest and most complete stock of STATIONERY ever brought to this county. 500 new and beautiful styles of WALL PAPER, including an assortment of Potter's celebrated English make, for which we are sole agents in this locality. These Wall Papers are handsomer in design, superior in finish, and 2½ inches wider than any other make.

The citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity are respectfully notified that we make BOOK BINDING and the manufacture of BLANK BOOKS a speciality. All work promptly executed at moderate rates.

☞Store on corner of Clinton and Locust streets, immediately opposite Foster House.

Johnstown, Oct 24, 1867.-tf.

ANOTHER NEW WRINKLE!

BOOTS AND SHOES
FOR ALL AGES AND BOTH SEXES.

In addition to his large stock of the best Eastern made

SHOES, BUSKINS, GAITERS, &c.,
For Ladies' and Children's Wear,

the subscriber has just added to his assortment a full and complete invoice of

Boots and Shoes for Men and Youths,

which he will not only warrant to be superior to any goods of like character now being offered in this market, but vastly better in every respect than the slop-shop work with which the country is flooded. Remember that I offer no article for sale which I do not guarantee to be regular custom made, of the best material and superior finish, and while I do not pretend to compete in prices with the dealers in auction goods, I know that I can furnish BOOTS, SHOES, &c., that will give *more service for less money* than any other dealer in this community, and I pledge myself to repair, free of charge, any article that may give way after a reasonable time and reasonable usage. Everybody is respectfully invited to call and examine my stock and learn my prices.

The subscriber is also prepared to manufacture to order any and all work in his line, of the very best material and workmanship, and at prices as reasonable as like work can be obtained anywhere. French Calf, Common Calf, Morocco and all other kinds of Leather constantly on hand.

☞ Store on Main street, next door to Crawford's Hotel.

JOHN D. THOMAS.

Ebensburg, Sept. 26, 1867.

R. J. LLOYD, successor to R. S. BUNN, Dealer in *Drugs, Medicines, Paints, &c.* Store on Main street, opposite the "Mansion House," Ebensburg, Pa.

October 17, 1867.-6m.*

BARGAINS can be had by buying your goods for cash at

GIFTS FOR CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR.

A SUPERB STOCK OF FINE GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, ALL WARRANTED TO RUN, AND THOROUGHLY REGULATED, AT THE LOW PRICE OF $10 EACH, AND SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

100 Solid Gold Ht'g Watches,	$250 to	$1000
100 Magic Cased Gold "	250 to	500
100 Ladies Watches, enamel'd,	100 to	300
200 Gold Hunting Chronometer Watches,	250 to	300
200 Gold Hunt'g Eng. Levers,	200 to	250
300 Gold H'g Duplex Watches	150 to	200
500 Gold Ht'g American "	100 to	250
500 Silver Hunting Levers,	50 to	150
500 Silver Hunting Duplexes,	75 to	250
500 Gold Ladies' Watches,	50 to	250
1000 Gold Hnuting Lepines,	50 to	75
1000 Miscell'us Silver Watches	50 to	100
2500 Hunting Silver Watches,	25 to	50
5000 Assort'd Watches, all kinds	10 to	75

The above stock will be disposed of on the POPULAR ONE-PRICE PLAN, giving every patron a fine Gold or solid Silver Watch for $10, without regard to value!

WRIGHT BRO. & Co., 161 Broadway, New York, wish to immediately dispose of the above magnificent stock. Certificates, naming the articles, are placed in sealed envelopes, and well mixed. Holders are entitled to the articles named in their certificate, upon payment of Ten Dollars, whether it be a watch worth $1,000 or one worth less. The return of any of our certificates entitles you to the articles named thereon, upon payment, irrespective of its worth, and as no article valued less than $10 is named on any certificate, it will at once be seen that this is no lottery, but a straight forward legitimate transaction, which may be participated in even by the most fastidious.

A single certificate will be sent by mail, post paid, upon recipe of 25 cents, five for $1, eleven for $2, thirty-three and elegant premium for $5, sixty-six and more valuable premium for $10, one hundred and most superb Watch for $15. To agents or those wishing employment, this is a rare opportunity. It is a legitimately conducted business, duly authorized by the Government, and open to the most careful scrutiny. Watches sent by Express, with bill for collection on delivery, so that no dissatisfaction can possibly occur. Try us. Address

WRIGHT, BRO. & CO., Importers,
Oct 31-3m. 161 Broadway, New York.

A WANT SUPPLIED AT LAST!

THE ONLY CLOTHING STORE
IN EBENSBURG.

FALL & WINTER STOCK

There is no need now of going to any place distant from home to purchase

Ready-Made Clothing,

as the subscribers have not only in store on Main street, three doors east of Crawford's Hotel, a full line of

OVERCOATS, FROCK & DRESS COATS,
BUSINESS AND OTHER COATS,

Cassimere and Doeskin Pantaloons, Pantaloons for every day wear, Vests of all styles and textures, and Gentlemen's FURNISHING GOODS, to suit all purchasers, as well as Trunks, Valises, Carpet-Sacks, Ladies' and Gent's Traveling Bags, &c., but we are prepared to sell goods at as

Reasonable Prices

as like articles can be purchased from any dealer in this section of the State. Our

STOCK IS UP AND PRICES DOWN

to the times, as any person can satisfy himself who visits our establishment.

☞Remember that this is the only regular, first-class Clothing Store in Ebensburg, and in variety, extent and cheapness of stock it will be found unrivalled. Everybody is invited to give us a call.

oct.17,'67. J. A. MAGUIRE & CO.

HOLLIDAYSBURG!

JACOB M. PIRCHER,
FASHIONABLE
CLOTHIER & TAILOR,

Has just opened a full assortment of well selected and most desirable

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

Gents and Boys furnished with CLOTHING, HATS, SHOES, &c., of the latest styles and best material, at the *LOWEST CASH PRICES.*

A VARIETY OF PIECE GOODS, which will be sold by the yard or made to order in the most approved manner.

Having given full satisfaction to his customers for more than TWENTY FIVE YEARS, he guarantees the same to all who may favor him with their patronage in the future.

☞Store on the west side of Montgomery street, below Blair, next door to Masonic Hall, Hollidaysburg, Pa. [my23.1y.]

PUBLIC SALE.—The subscriber will offer at Public Sale, on the premises, on *Thursday, Dec. 19th*, inst., a VALUABLE FARM, situated in Cambria township, 1½ miles south-east of Ebensburg, containing 120 Acres, one hundred of which are cleared and in a good state of cultivation.—There are upon the premises an excellent FRAME HOUSE, BANK BARN, WAGON SHED, CORN CRIB and Stone SPRING HOUSE, besides two good Apple Orchards, a never-failing running pump of water, and all other conveniences.

Also, at the same time, will be offered for sale, COWS, YOUNG CATTLE, SPRING CALVES, SHEEP, THRESHING AND MOWING MACHINES, Two Horse Spring WAGON, Two Horse SLED, and many other farming utensils. Sale to commence at 10 o'clock A. M., when terms will be made known by ISAAC CRAWFORD.

Ebensburg, Dec. 5, 1867.

ANY PERSON intending to build a House or Barn, can buy Nails and Hardware cheap by paying cash at

SOMETHING TO WEAR.

BY WM. HUBBARD, OF THE BUCYRUS FORUM.

Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, of Vanity Fair,
Has a superabundance of something to wear:
A gorgeous assortment of beautiful things!
Camel's hair, and point laces, and diamond rings,
And trinkets, and gauds—till the catalogue seems
Like the fabulous tale of Arabian dreams.

Did the wife of a rail-splitter ever before shine
In silks from far India and gems from the mine?
Did ever a flat-boatman's widow possess
In such lavish profusion the glories of dress?
More than all, did a "rosy queen" ever before
Take off her nice clothes in a pawnbroker's store?
Till the Georgian costume (shirt-collar and spurs),
With but slight—very slight—variation was her's!
And imagine, while piling the pawnbroker's shelf,
She her friends was exposing much more than herself;
For of gimcracks, and gewgaws, and laces bereft,
What, I pray, save her chignon and gaiters, were left?

"Did you ever?" "Oh, shocking!" "Such awful disgrace!"
"How immodest!" "How shameless!"—"How brazen her face!"
Were the wild exclamations of wonder and hate
Showered now on a woman—ah! how flattered of late!

Mrs. Shoulderstraps frowned—Mrs. Oilwell o'erflowed—
Mrs. Shoddy "sich brazelessness never had knowed!"
Mrs. Fyshe, (of Cape Cod)—Mrs. Smythe, (famous these
For "attainments in letters"—the y's and the e's)—
And Mrs. DeShragge, Mrs. Tubbs, Miss Jenones,
And the twins, Misses Eppy and Dermis De Bones,
(All of whom were "stuck up" in the Lincoln *regime*),
Raised their dainty red hands with a parvenue scream.

Every preacher found text and pretext for a lie
In his Sunday remarks to his friend—the Most High!
Mr. Stormheaven's sermon made brimstone advance.
(Or "look up," to employ the reporter's parlance),
Mr. Maworm "exhorted the people" again,
Till they said: "The good man has a call, it is plain."
Mr. Poundtext implored the Almighty to curse
Mrs. L. as disloyal, at least, if not worse.

Republican editors, swift to defame,
Voided venom and spume on the poor woman's name;
By old Weed, my Lord Thurlow—that cutpurse expert;
By Theodore Tilton—that sanctified squirt;
By Sleek, of the *Tribune*, and (none to forget)
By the venal *Commercial* and villain *Gazette*,
Double-leaded, sensational missiles were thrown
At the poor widowed woman, defenceless and lone!

Now, why all this bother? Sure never before
Did plain Mrs. Clark, at pawnbroker's store,
Selling second-hand clothing, such a rumpus create,
As was seen far and near, in some circles of late.

We will tell you: these dresses, and laces, and rings,
And gewgaws, and gimcracks, and trinkets, and things,
Were the prices, the bribes, by which office was gained,
When the sainted martyr, sweet Abraham, reigned!
And 'twas feared that while laid on the pawnbroker's shelf,
Each might give to the clerk some account of itself.
And the clerk to some friend indiscreetly might blurt
The "Tale of a Night-gown," or "Song of a Shirt,"
And no secret can safely be kept in New York,
Where Bennett and Bonner (busy B's) are at work.

So Weed—my Lord Thurlow—made haste to explain
These bad-looking facts in good Abraham's reign:
"Once Washington (second) declared with a frown,
"'On this dicker of her'n I shall hev to shet down!'
"He was sitting meanwhile with one hand at his nose,
"Employing the other to toy with his toes.
"'Shet down!' said his spouse; 'will you shet down on me?
"'You had better shet up, you old skeesix!' said she.
"So the martyr 'shet up' and the 'dicker' went on,
"And the gifts that brought office now are in pawn!"

Oh, Snobbery! Jobbery! Robbery—list!
From this tempest of scorn and derision desist!
She's woe-worn and sad—she is desolate now,
With the anguish of widowhood stamped on her brow—
A woman—and old—with no arm to defend!
Let this last phase of infamous loyalty end!

Bribes she took!—*but who gave them?*—the world ought to know,
And the scoundrels outlawed wherever they go!
Bribes she took!—but P. M.'s and small hunters of place
Don't have camel's hair shawls, diamond rings and point lace!
What Cabinet member (now hide in the dark)
Bought his seat by his gifts to you, fair Mrs. Clarke?
What opulent presents were made in advance
By seekers of missions to Russia and France?
Oh, "Republican queen!" all the scoundrels proclaim,
And force them to help bear your burden of

STRANGE CAPTURE.

Some years ago I commanded one of her Britanic Majesty's dispatch gun vessels, stationed on the slave trade. In the course of two years thus engaged we had as usual done very little good and lost a great number of men by coast fever and sickness generally. A few vessels had been captured, but many more had slipped through our fingers, by reason of the treachery of the informer on shore, most of whom eventually proved to be in the pay and interests of the slave dealers. The slave captains, too, had become very knowing; they were mostly old hands at the business, and contrived to give the slip in many different ways.

For instance in chasing them on a dark night, they would show a bright light over the stern, and after we had followed this for some hours, they would drop a large cask with a lighted lantern fitted to it, at the same time putting out their own light. It was easy for them to alter their course and double back and sail away in the darkness, leaving us intent on watching the false light. This stratagem generally succeeded when the nights were very dark.

Or, when hotly pursued in the daytime, they frequently practiced a most inhuman trick to increase their distance. When we were close upon them they used to throw a slave overboard with a plank for him to cling to, or very often without that. They well knew that a British man-of-war, would not pass a poor wretch struggling in the water and leave him to drown. Thus while sail was being shortened, the ship hove to, boats lowered, the man picked up, and, the vessel got on her course again, they contrived to get a fine start ahead, for these manœuvers, even in the smartest ship, will take considerable time; in this way as much ground was lost as would take many hours to recover, for a stern chase is a long one.

The luck had been against us for a long time, and after many false informations and fruitless chases, we succeeded in capturing a slaver in a most singular manner without any chase at all.

It happened in this way. One fine morning, when cruising off the coasts of Loango Congo, the officer of the watch reported a sail in sight. I went on deck, took my glass, and there, surely enough, was a very suspicious looking craft right ahead. It was a dead calm, and we soon steamed up to her.

She was a clipper barque of about four hundred tons. From her taut spars great clouds of snowy canvass flapped heavily against the rigging as her long low hull rolled slowly from side to side on the glassy surface of the heaving ground swell. Judging by her rakish appearance and her being a great deal out of the usual track of homeward or outward bound vessels—in fact being in a very suspicious locality—one very naturally came to the conclusion that she must be a slaver. I hoped very soon to have the pleasure of lifting her hatches to ascertain whether this assumption was correct or no. As a preliminary step, the demand to shew her colors was made. To my great annoyance she hoisted the stars and stripes of America. This precluded the right of search. However, I resolved to board her and try to detect some signs of her having a black cargo. With that object in view I had the gig manned, and in a few minutes was alongside the doubtful craft.

The captain, a tall, gaunt Yankee, received me at the gangway, and without waiting to be asked, produced his papers which seemed to be all regular enough. The barque was the Independence, of Boston, Massachusetts, Robert Stormont, master, from New York to the Cape of Good Hope, and back on a trading voyage. She was now homeward bound and was twenty-seven days out from the Cape, so the captain informed me.

Having taxed him with being out of the usual route he explained that this was a new notion of his—he kept well over to the eastward so as to make a fair wind of the northeast trades, when he should meet them.

Whilst pointing out to him the fallacy of this idea, I took a few turns up and down the deck with him and succeeded in drawing him into a long argument. While thus engaged, I noticed that all the hatches were indeed fastened tightly down; but that there was no things stowed on the top of them, as is usually the case in merchant vessels, whose hatches are never required to be open during the voyage. This strengthened my suspicions, and with the captain's extreme eagerness in satisfying all my inquiries, I had very little doubt as to the nature of his cargo.

It was certain that if he had slaves on board, those hatchways could not remain closed for an hour without suffocating them. If they were opened during that time, the presence of the slaves would be easily perceptible, and in that case the vessel would be a lawful prize.

Considering these things, I sat on the taffrail, and taking out a bundle of choice Havanas, proposed to smoke. This the Yankee agreed to, and we smoked away and got tolerably social, although at the same time it was amusing to see how fidgety he was getting.

In the course of conversation it turned out that he had been in China, and as that was the last station on which I had served, we were enabled to compare notes on that subject. He interested me very much by giving an account of the clever way in which he engineered a mutiny that broke out in his ship, on her last voyage. It appeared that he was chartered to take three hundred Chinese coolies, the very dregs of the population, from Hong Kong to California.

It occurred to these celestial vagabonds, some time after the vessel had put to sea, to murder the officers and crew and run away with the ship. In order to effect their purposes they adopted a highly ingenious expedient. Several large bonfires were made on the lower deck, and a cry of "Fire, Fire!" was raised; the Chinamen thinking that the officers and crew would all rush down below to put the fire out, and then they would be easily able to fall upon them with knives, and murder them all simultaneously. But our friend, the captain, far too wide awake for that, simply had all the hatches battened down, and smothered the Chinamen in their smoke. When they were sufficiently choked and thus reduced to subjection, he demanded that they should deliver up the ring-leaders of the mutiny. This they did, and without any trial he hung them, six in number, at the foreyard arm the same day.

We continued thus spinning yarns and smoking some time longer, when a breeze sprung up; and the Yankee thinking to shake me off said:

"Wa'al, stranger, guess we've got the wind at last I'm sorry you must say good-bye, but I reckon I must fill away and go on my course, for I can't afford to stay here all day talking."

"Don't mention it, my dear friend," I replied. "You see, there is no necessity for that. I may just as well go your way as any other; for I'm only cruising. Here, take another cigar, and settle down again."

I then shouted to the first lieutenant to keep within hail, on the same course as the barque. Upon this the Yankee's long sallow face darkened and grew longer; he was evidently much put out.

He certainly did not appear to appreciate this act of courtesy on my part. I kept on talking, and tried to involve him in another argument, anything for an excuse to pass away the time. But he was trying equally hard to put an end to the conversation by sullenly replying "yes" and "no" to everything, and never volunteering a remark or comment of his own. But, in nowise put out by his broad hints, I commenced a series of long winded stories, keeping him at the same time well supplied with cigars.

It was delightful to see how excessively nervous and fidgety he was. He well knew that if this lasted much longer his cargo would not be worth much; so he kept on giving me the strongest hints to go, all of which I pretended not to understand. At length he appeared to be losing his temper and the more cross he got the more obtusely good natured and urbane I became.

I now very quickly brought matters to an issue by hailing the gig that was towing astern.

"Gig there!"

"Go on board and get your dinners, and tell the first lieutenant to send the boat back with some more cigars in an hour's time and say that I have found the captain such a remarkably agreeable man that I intend to spend the afternoon with him. D'ye understand!"

"Ay, ay, sir."

When our friend the Yankee heard this he let fly a volley of oaths, and then said resignedly:

"Guess it's no use, captain. I'm fairly smoked out this time; the ships' yours, I reckon," and then turning to the mate, "Here Nathan, haul down that flag and git them hatches up, and let them unfortunate casses git some air, for I reckon they're smothered pretty considerable. This is a dodge as I never heard tell on afore."

She had nearly six hundred slaves on board. I am glad to say none died of suffocation through my ruse. She was the best prize that we took during that commission.

COULDN'T BEAR PROSPERITY.—There is a class of men of whom it is truthfully said, they cannot bear prosperity. When fortune goes against them they conduct themselves with correctness; but let the fickle dame smile on them, and they rush at once into all sorts of folly. Prosperity has ruined people who, so long as they had to struggle with the world, were excellent and exemplary members of society. There was a singular illustration of this in the police court the other day. A good-for nothing looking wretch was brought up, charged with drunkenness. It was a clear case. The testimony showed he had been on a spree for a week. He was asked what he had to say for himself. "Well, yer honor," said he, "me and my old woman never did live easy together."

"That's no excuse for getting drunk," said the court.

"You're right, yer honor, and so it aint. We used to fight like cats and dogs together."

"Drinking only made it worse," put in the court.

"That's true; she discouraged the life out of me and kept me poor, until last week, when—"

"Well, what did she do last week?"

"She died, yer honor."

"And you have been drunk ever since?"

"Yes, yer honor; I never could bear prosperity."

Curious Phenomenon on Lake Erie--Wizard Lights.

I notice in the *Dispatch*, of the 11th inst., the following paragraph:

"The statement that a steamer was seen burning off Erie on Tuesday night, is corroborated by several persons living on the high lands, who say they saw it."

On the Tuesday evening mentioned, Oct. 29th, at about 7 o'clock my attention was called by one of the family to a bright light on the lake, having very much the appearance of a vessel on fire. Bringing several objects into range, I watched the light for some time to ascertain whether there was any perceptible motion.

The wind was blowing hard at the time down the lake, and a vessel would naturally drift rapidly to leeward, at all events as soon as the propelling power should be interfered with by the fire. No motion, however, in any direction was to be discovered, and I at once concluded that it was nothing more than the "mysterious light" which for many years past, at longer or shorter intervals, has been seen by the inhabitants at this point on the lake shore. The light has made its appearance generally, if not always in the fall of the year, and usually in the month of November, and almost always during, or immediately after a heavy blow from the southwest. The most brilliant exhibition of the light I have ever seen was during the night of the 24th or 25th, as nearly as I recollect, of November, 1859. It had been my fortune to witness the burning of the steamer Erie, near Silver Creek, several years before, and the resemblance which this light bore to that of the burning steamer was so strong, that I confidently expected the arrival of the boats from the wreck during the night. Others with myself watched the light for perhaps two hours, and with the aid of a good night-glass obtained what seemed to be a very distinct view of the burning vessel. The object appeared to be some two hundred or more feet in length upon the water, and about as high above the water as an upper cabin steamer, such as was in use upon the lake twenty years ago. At times the flames would start up in spires or sheets of light, then sway from side to side, and then die away, precisely as would be the cause with a large fire exposed to a strong wind; and two or three times there was the appearance of a cloud of sparks, as if some portion of the upper works had fallen into the burning mass below. The sky and water was beautifully irradiated by the light during its greatest brilliancy. The light gradually subsided, with occasional flashes, until it disappeared altogether. The light of Tuesday evening, although very brilliant for a time, was not nearly so brilliant nor of so long duration as that of 1859.

I am told that the light was seen by mariners on the lake as long as fifty years ago; but I am not aware that it has ever been made the subject of philosophical speculation or investigation, or, in fact, has ever obtained the notoriety of a newspaper paragraph before. The only theory approaching plausibility I have heard is that the shifting of the sands caused by the continued and heavy winds of autumn has opened some crevices or seams in the rock of the lake bottom, through which a gas escapes, and that this gas, owing to some peculiar condition of the atmosphere with which it comes in contact, becomes luminous, or perhaps ignited, and burning with a positive flame. That there are what are called "gas springs" in the water along this portion of the lake shore is a well known fact, and that a highly inflammable gas in large quantities exists at a comparatively shallow depth on the shore has been sufficiently proved by the boring of wells at different points, as at Erie, Walnut Creek and Lock Haven, and by the natural springs at Westfield and Fredonia.

But whatever the cause, the light is a curious fact, and well worthy the attention of those interested in the investigation of the phenomenon of nature.—*Correspondence of the Erie Dispatch.*

BEAUTIFUL ALLEGORY.—Mr. Crittenden was engaged in defending a man who had been indicted for a capital offense. After an elaborate and powerful defense, he closed his effort by the following striking and beautiful allegory:

When God in his eternal council conceived the thought of man's creation, he called to him the three Ministers who wait constantly upon his Throne—Justice, Truth and Mercy—and thus addressed them:

"Shall we make man?" Then said Justice, "O, God, make him not, for he will trample upon the laws." Truth made answer, also, "O, God, make him not, for he will pollute Thy sanctuaries." But Mercy, dropping upon her knees and looking up through her tears, exclaimed: "O, God, make him—I will watch over him with my care through all the dark paths which he may have to tread." Then God made man, and said to him: "O, man, thou art the child of Mercy—go deal with thy brother."

The Jury, when he had finished, were in tears, and against evidence, and what must have been their own convictions, brought in a verdict of "not guilty."

A FIRM FAITH is the best theology; a good life the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best law; honesty the best policy, and temperance the best physician.

A VERY LUCKY MINER.—The St. Paul *Press* of the 21st tells the following story of extraordinary luck on the part of a miner, named Yetchell, who had been patiently hunting for gold in Montana for about two years. The *Press* says: In efforts to find the precious metal he only met with disappointment, and up to last September he had not made a dollar. He had even failed to get the "color" which is found in the bottoms of the wash pans, and which has lured so many on from month to month. Last June he commenced to work in a gulch lead, where he hoped to be rewarded with better success. Here he dug day after day, alone in the mountains, without the ordinary comforts of life, and with no near neighbor to dispute his squatter sovereignty. For nearly four months he pursued this laborious and unremunerative task. He was about to abandon it in disgust and return home, having barely enough money to carry him to the States. He decided to spend one more day in the gulch, and if he met with no further encouragement to leave the next day. In the afternoon he struck what miners term a "pocket," which is a small cavity in the rock where the melted gold finds a solid base to check its downward flow. Here, to his utter astonishment, he found a large quantity of the pure metal deposited in "chunks." There was scarcely five dollars worth of dust in the whole "pocket," but the quantity of the pure metal was very large. He immediately removed all the gold to safe quarters, and continued the examination. Seeing no further evidence of gold, he pulled up stakes and started for home, coming by way of the Missouri river. He expressed the main bulk of his gold to the mint at Philadelphia, to have it assayed and coined. They have notified him that it will yield him sixty thousand dollars in gold. He has some handsome specimens with him. One of them weighs thirteen ounces, and is almost pure gold. This chunk alone is worth two hundred and forty dollars. It is a rough, irregular formed fragment, and looks as though it had been in a molten state and had run into a fissure of rock and then cooled.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.—The four unfortunate Misses Morgan, who were burned to death by the dreadful accident on the railroad, near Cincinnati, on Thursday morning last, were ladies of education, refinement, goodness and respectability, and, as we have already stated, daughters of the late Mr. Benjamin Morgan, formerly of the firm of Price & Morgan, merchants of Philadelphia, and afterwards President of the Bank of Louisiana, at New Orleans, and interested in large sugar estates. At the time Messrs. Price & Morgan dissolved partnership they each possessed a handsome fortune, and they mutually agreed that, in case of pecuniary misfortune or loss befalling either of them the other, if still in good circumstances, was to share his property with the unfortunate one. Many years afterwards Mr. Chandler Price failed in Philadelphia, and Mr. Benjamin Morgan transferred to him a fine row of buildings on Tchoupitoulas street, New Orleans. Some years after, and about the time of Mr. Morgan's death, the latter became much embarrassed by endorsements for his acquaintances. Mr. Price, having in the meantime accumulated another fortune, after the death of his old partner, reconveyed the same valuable property on Tchoupitoulas street, to Morgan's children. This is one of the rare instances, in this life, of faithful, honorable and undying friendship, and quite as extraordinary as that all four of the daughters should be killed at one fell swoop, a thousand miles from home.—*Louisville Courier.*

LOOKING FORWARD.—An editor of an exchange is indulging in some fond anticipation of the freezing weather of the holidays. We participate "most hugely" in his feelings. Here is what he says:

"With what joy do we look forward to Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, and those jolly sleigh rides which rend the soul with happiness supreme, and so forth—for what can come up to a heart so light on a frosty night, as a sleigh jammed full of girls! The last time we went on such a mission, it was one of the coldest nights in the memory of the most fastidious; so freezingly cold that the girls were compelled to ask us to hug up to 'em to prevent them from congealing. Did we? Why of *course* we did. We froze to 'em like a hungry dog to three cents worth of liver. After that all was harmony and good feeling, and when we returned to the gal's house, there was a nice, hot mince pie, and a jug of cider. 'You bet' we pitched in."

PITHY SAYINGS.—It has been well said by Professor Miller, of Edinburg, that "alcohol cures nothing; it covers up a great deal." Dr. Guthrie, in the same strain, says: "If you want to keep a dead man put him in whisky; if you want to kill a living man put the whiskey in him." Wine is a capital medicine when taken in the "original package." If you must take wine for a medicine take it in the original shape. Wine in grapes "wine in pills" will never hurt anybody. George III. writing to his favorite Minister, Lord North, says: "I am sorry to find your cold is increased, and I strongly recommend *abstinence* and *water* as the safest and safest physicians."

PAPER-CUT-