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TRUTH, JUSTICE AND THE CONSTITUTION.

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DEMOCRATIC PIONEER.

J. B. GODWIN, Editor.

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Office on Main Street, next door to the
High School.

J. B. GODWIN,

DENTAL SURGEON.
Continues the practice of his profession
erected by James W. Hinton, Esq., one
of the best of the city.

CHARLES E. LUTHER,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
COLUMBIA, S. C.

WILL attend all the courts of Gates, Hert-
ford, Chowan, Perquimans and Pasquotank
counties.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JAMES E. WRIGHT,
HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER,
ELIZABETH CITY, N. C.

WORLD respectfully inform my friends that
I am now ready to do any work that they
may call for, such as

PLAIN PAINTING, GRADING, MARBLING,
&c., &c.

Persons wishing to see me can leave their or-
ders at Dr. J. N. Bell's Drug Store, and I will
call and see them.

NEW SADDLERY AND HARNESS
ESTABLISHMENT IN E. CITY.

THE SUBSCRIBERS WOULD take
this method of informing the citizens
of Elizabeth City, and surrounding coun-
ties, that they are prepared to manufacture Saddles,
trunks, Mattresses and Sofas. They keep con-
stantly on hand an assortment of ready-made
saddles and fine harness.

Repairing of Harness, Saddles, Trunks, Sofas
and Mattresses, done at the shortest notice, cheap
cash and notes with approved security, pay-
able six months from date.

Shop at the Stables of Mr. Charles Bro-
oks.

MARTIN BURK & BRO.
April 5, 1857-ly

CO-PARTNERSHIP.—The undersigned
have this day formed a Co-partnership,
under the style and firm of BELK & LINDSEY,
for the purpose of conducting a GENERAL COM-
MISSION BUSINESS. We most respectfully solicit
our patrons to inform us of any goods or mer-
chandise they may have for sale, and to prompt
and faithful attention to all business confided to
our care.

The experience of Mr. Delk, in the business
of the past thirteen years, gives him firm and
thorough knowledge of the Commission business.
We are prepared to grant the usual facilities
to our friends.

EDWIN H. DELK,
Late of Hardy & Delk.
EDMUND C. LINDSEY,
Late of Curran & Co. N. C.

Norfolk, Va., Aug. 19th, 1856.

GEORGE W. BELL,
Like the shadow on the dial
Lingers still our parting kiss
Life has no severer trial
Death no pang to equal this.
All the world is now before thee,
Every clime to roam at will,
But within the land that bore thee,
One fond heart will love thee still,
Yet farewell—we part forever!
All regrets are now in vain!
Fate decrees that we must sever,
Ne'er to meet on earth again.
Fare thee well!

DEALER IN
RIFLES, PISTOLS, SPORTING APPARATUS
AND FINE CUTLERY,
Road Street, Elizabeth City, N. C.

NEW CARRIAGE AND HARNESS
ESTABLISHMENT.
THE SUBSCRIBER WOULD
respectfully inform the citizens of
Elizabeth City and the surround-
ing country, that he has opened a REPOSITORY
of the sale of CARRIAGES, and a good assort-
ment will be constantly kept on hand, at the
residence of Mr. A. L. Jones—consisting of
Saddles, Rockaways, Sulkeys, &c., &c., &c., &c.
which will be sold at prices to suit the times.
Also, a fine assortment of HARNESS, at low
prices.

The business will be under the control of Mr.
C. Whitburn. The public are respectfully
solicited to call before buying elsewhere.

J. C. WHITBURN, Ag't.
No. 4, Wren, of the late firm of Jenkins &
Wren, Norfolk, Va. [mh 23-6m]

J. H. WHITEHURST'S
ELECTRO-DUPLICATION
207 Baltimore Street, Baltimore,
Md.
27 Main Street, Richmond, Va.
171 Main Street, Norfolk, Va.
Sycamore Street, Petersburg, Va.
Sycamore Street, Lynchburg, Va.
Lithography taken equally well in all
languages.

D. B. SIMMONS & BRO.
GENERAL COMMISSION & FOR-
WARDING MERCHANTS,
NORFOLK, VA.

JUST OPENED at the "Ice House," two
cases of one yard wide Brown Cotton, at
100 cents, per yd. very heavy goods, worth 10 cts.
Norfolk, June 8, 1858.

HERRINGS! HERRINGS!
B.B.S. OF HERRINGS FOR
sale by
J. J. GRANDY.

VALENTINES!
A BEAUTIFUL ASSORTMENT, BOTH
Comic and Sentimental, just received, and
for sale by
J. M. MATHEWS,
Sign of the Big Watch.

POETRY.

AUTUMN IN SCOTLAND.
A beautiful descriptive passage in the
Hon. Mrs. Norton's poem, 'The Child of
the Island.'

Brown autumn cometh, with her liberal hand,
Binding the harvest in a thousand sheaves;
A yellow glory brightens o'er the land,
Shines on thatch'd eorners and low cottage-
eaves,
And guilds with cheerful light and fading
leaves;
Beautiful, even here, on hill and dale;
More lovely yet, where Scotland's soil receives
The varied rays her wooded mountains hail,
With hues to which our faint and sober tints
are pale.

For there the scarlet rowan seems to mock
The red sea coral-berries, leaves and all;
Light swinging from the moist green shining
rock
Which beds the foaming torrent's turbid fall;
And there the purple cedar, grandly tall,
Lifts its crown'd head and sun-illumined stem;
And larch (soft drooping like a maiden's
pall)
Dends o'er the lake, that seems a sapphire gem
Dropt from the hoary hill's gigantic diadem.

And far and wide the glorious heather blooms,
Its regal mantle o'er the mountains spread,
Woofing the bee with honey-sweet perfumes,
By many a viewless wild flower tichly shed,
Up-springing 'neath glad heart-look back tread
Of eager climbers, light of heart and limb;
Or yielding, soft, a fresh elastic bed,
When evening shadows gather, faint and dim,
And sun-forsaken crags grow old, and gaunt,
and grim.

Oh, land! I first seen when life lay unknown,
Like an unvisited country o'er the wave,
Which now my traveled heart-looks back upon,
Making each sunny path, each gloomy cave,
With here a memory and there a grave—
Land of romance and beauty; nobleland
Of Bruce and Wallace; land where vainly
brave,
Ill-fated Stuart made his final stand,
Ere yet the shiver'd sword fell hopeless from
his hand.

I love you! I remember you! though years
Have fleeted o'er the hills my spirit knew,
Whose wild-uncultured heights the plough for-
ears,
Whose broomy hollows glisten in the dew,
Still shines the calm light with as rich a hue
Along the wooded valleys stretch'd below?
Still gleams my lone lake's unforgotten
blue?

Oh, land! although unseen, how well I know
The glory of your face in this autumn glow!
I know your deep glens, where the eagles cry;
I know the freshness of your mountain breeze,
Your brooklets gurgling downward ceaselessly,
The singing of your birds among the trees,
Mingling sweetly a thousand melodies;
I know the joy rest of your birchen bowers,
Where the soft murmur of the working bees,
Goes tracing past with scent of heather flowers
And lulls the heart to dream even in waking
hours.

WORDS FOR MUSIC.

Fare thee well—we part forever!
All regrets are now in vain!
Fate decrees that we must sever,
Ne'er to meet on earth again.
Other skies will bend above thee,
Other hearts may seek thy shrine,
But no other e'er will love thee
With the constancy of mine,
Yet farewell—we part forever!
All regrets are now in vain!
Fate decrees that we must sever,
Ne'er to meet on earth again.
Fare thee well!

Like the shadow on the dial
Lingers still our parting kiss
Life has no severer trial
Death no pang to equal this.
All the world is now before thee,
Every clime to roam at will,
But within the land that bore thee,
One fond heart will love thee still,
Yet farewell—we part forever!
All regrets are now in vain!
Fate decrees that we must sever,
Ne'er to meet on earth again.
Fare thee well!

MISCELLANEOUS.

CRIME ITS OWN AVENGER.

A NEW LEAF FROM A WELL-KNOWN HISTORY.
We recently published a letter in which
Harlow Case, the defaulting Collector of
Sandusky, Ohio, announced the decease of
the unhappy woman who had accompanied
his flight, and implored the forgiveness of
her husband. Under the title we have
given above, a missionary correspondent of
the Boston Watchman and Reflector, writ-
ing from Ceylon, describes an interview
with the guilty pair, which took place
shortly before death hurried away the
mother and the child whom she had made
the companion of her wanderings. The
writer describes so feelingly and truthfully
the self-inflicted misery of Case and his
partner in guilt, that we reproduce his nar-
rative:

One forenoon we left the little seaport
town where I was sojourning, and rode a
short distance into the interior of the gor-
geous Island. Most glorious were the sur-
roundings on every hand. With a predi-
cated, quite undreamed of by the inhabi-
tants of a colder clime, nature had show-
ered her most exquisite floral gifts every-
where. Trees loaded with sweet smelling
flowers, their intense colors vying with
the foliage of richer green, from out of
which they smiled; tall cactus plants, with
crimson, goblet shaped blossoms; lilies,
gorgeous in the queenly unfolding of form
and color—everything rich, lavish, won-
derful, met our eyes, feasted to fullness with
this tropical luxuriance.

'That is my house,' said a new friend,
pointing to a low-roofed cottage, surround-
ed by a wide verandah, from whose cling-
ing vines sweet odors were flung upon the
soft atmosphere—but from the moment
the words were uttered his sociability de-
parted.

Within the cottage enclosure were walks,
borders and fountains. Chaste statuary
was dispersed over the grounds with most
a fairy structure, rising in the midst of flow-
ers and foliage. And the man who sat be-
side me, whose smile mounted no higher
than his lips—the dreamy far looking dis-
content in his eye growing every moment
more perceptible—was the owner of this
Eden like home.

We were met on the threshold by a
lovely child of some eleven summers. Her
hair hung in curls. Her eyes particularly
lustrous yet mournful in beauty, and on
the young brow I seemed to see a smother-
ing shadow of sadness—an unchildlike quiet
as she greeted my new friend.

Dressed in pure white, she glided in be-
fore us, and to her was left the duty of en-
tertaining me; while Mr. C. excusing him-
self in the remark, that sickness necessa-
rily called him away, for a half hour or so,
left the room.

'Is your mother very unwell?' I asked
of the little girl, who, with those shadow
filled eyes of hers, was regarding me gen-
tly, but attentively.

'Yes, sir; mamma has been sick a long
time,' replied she, dropping her eyes, while
her lips trembled.

'Did you come from America?' she asked
timidly, after a long silence.

'Yes, my dear. Do you know anything
of that country?' I returned, growing more
and more pleased with her expressive face.

'Only that mamma came from there, and
I think,' she added, hesitatingly, 'that I
did it. But Mr. C. will never let me talk a
word.'

'Are you then not the little daughter of
Mr. C.?' I asked somewhat astonished.

'I am my mother's daughter,' answered
the child, with a grave dignity in one so
young—and a minute after she rose and
quietly left the room.

I sat watching her white robes flitting
through the long shady walk opposite my
window, and knew that the child brooded
over some dark sorrow, for her eyes were
filled with tears.

Why was it, I questioned myself, that
painful thought took possession of me as I
sat there? It seemed as if I were sojour-
ning in an enchanted spot, and that some
horror was suddenly to break upon me.

At my side, nearly covering a beautiful
table of letter-work, were several costly
gift books. I took them up carefully, for
I have a reverence for books—and turning
to the fly-leaf of a splendidly bound copy
of Shakespeare, read—

'To Mary Frances F., from her de-
voted husband—Henry E. F.—'
A thrill of surprise and anguish ran from
vein to vein. My thoughts seemed paralysed.
The truth had burst upon me with
such suddenness that the blood rushed with
a shock to my heart.

I knew Henry E. F., had known him
intimately for years. He was a friend
towards whom all my sympathies had been
drawn, for he had seen such sorrow as
makes the heart grow old before its time.

His wife, whom he loved, had deserted him.
She had taken with her his only
child. She had desolated a household; and
forgetting honor, shame, everything that
pertains to virtue and to God, had fled from
the country with the man whose arts had
won her wanton love.

How could I remain under this roof that
now seemed accursed? How meet the
destroyer of virtue—the fiend who had re-
velled in such a conquest?

I could only think of the evil they had
done—not what they might suffer through
the tortures of remorse. It was sometime
before the seducer came into the room
where I still sat with the child, determined
to meet him once more before I left the
house.

'O! how guilty I how heart-stricken his
appearance! Remorse sat on his forehead
—looked out from his eyes—spoke when
he was silent.

With an ejaculation of anguish he put
his handkerchief to his eyes. It would
have seemed hypocritical, but the suffer-
ing on his face was unmistakable.

'Perhaps you have suspected then—' he
began in a quivering voice.

'Not calmly, but with the words of an ac-
cuser I told him what I had seen, and
thought and felt.

'Sir,' said he, in tones which I shall never
forget, 'I have sinned, God in Heaven
knows I do; and if in His be-
nevolence He has cured me, that cure is
fearfully fulfilled. Poor Mary is dead—
has been dying for months, and I have
known it. It has been for me to see the
falling step—the dimming eye; it is for me,
now, to see the terrible struggles for her
nearly worn out frame; it is for me to listen
to her language of remorse, that sometimes
almost drives me mad. Yes, mad—mad—
mad, he said, in frenzy, rising and cross-
ing the floor with long, hasty strides.
'Then burying his face in his hands, he ex-
claimed, 'Too late—too late—I have re-
pented.' There was a long pause, and he
continued more calmly, 'No human means
can now restore my poor companion. Her
moral sensibilities become more and more
acute as she fails in strength, so that she
reproaches herself constantly.'

A weary, mournful sigh broke from his
lips as if his heart would break.

'O! if he knew it,' he exclaimed, 'if he
knew how bitter a penalty she is paying
for the outrage she has committed upon
him—how would pity her—and if it could
be, forgive.'

'Will you see her, sir?'
'I shrank from the very thought.
'She has asked for you, sir; do not deny
her request. Hearing that you came from
America, she entreated me to bring you to
her. I promised that I would.'

'I will go, then.'
Up the cool, wide, matted stairs, he led
me into a chamber oriental in its beautiful
furnishing, its chaste magnificence.

There, half reclining in a wide, easy chair
—a costly shawl of lace throws over her
attenuated shoulders; the rich dressing
gown, clinging, and hollowed to the
ages sickness had made—sat one whose
great beauty and once gentle gifts, had
made the light and loveliness of a sacred
home.

But now! O pity! pity!
The eyes only retained their lustre; they
were woefully sunken. The blazing fire
kindled at the vitals, burned upon her
sharpened cheeks, burned more fiercely,
more hotly, as she looked upon my face—
I could think no more of anger—I could
only say to myself:

'O! how sorry I am for you!'
She knew probably, by her husband's
manner, that I was aware of their circum-
stances.

Her first question was—
'Are you going back to America, sir?'
The hollow voice startled me. I seemed
to see an open sepulcher.

I told her that I was not my intention
to return at present, and that my little
child had been left in the care of her
father; she cried, the tears
falling: 'I am dying, and she must go
back to him! It's the only preparation I can
make—and little enough, oh little enough,
for the bitter wrong I have done them.'

'I hoped you might tell him that his im-
age is before me, for morning till night, as if
I know he must have looked when the first
shock came. Oh sir—tell him my story—
warn him, warn everybody. Tell him I
was sufficed through the long, long hours
these many weary years; ah, God only
knows how deeply.'

'Mary, you must control your feelings,
said my host, gently.

'Let me talk while I may,' was the an-
swer. 'Let me say that since the day I left
my home I have not seen a single hour of
happiness. It was always to come—al-
ways just ahead—and here it was always
come—the grave is opening and I must go
to judgment. O, how bitterly have I paid
for my sin. Forgive me, O my God for-
give.'

It was a solemn hour, that which I spent
by that dying penitent. Prayer she lis-
tened to—she did not seem to join—or if
she did, she gave no outward sign. Re-
morse had worn away all her beauty, even
more than illness. She looked to the fu-
ture with a despairing kind of hope, and
but feeble faith.

Reader, the misguided woman of Ceylon
lies beneath the stately branches of the palm
tree. Her sweet child never met her father
in her native land. She sleeps under
the troubled waters of the great wide sea.
Where the betrayer wanders I cannot tell,
but wherever it is, there is no peace for
him. How often rings that hollow voice
in my ear. '—Tell him my story! Warn,
Oh, warn everybody!'

ANSWERED ONE QUESTION.
A young man in these parts, who had
spent a little of his own time and a great
deal of his father's money in fitting for the
bar, was asked after his examination how
he got along.

'Very well,' said he; 'I answered one
question right.'

'Ab, indeed,' said the old gentleman,
with looks of satisfaction at his son's pecu-
liar smartness; 'and what was that?'

'They asked me what a *quis* term action
was.'

'That was a hard one! And you answer-
ed it correctly, did you?'

'Yes; I told them I didn't know.'

MARRIED.—Miss Jane Lemon and Mr.
Ebenzer Sweet.

How happily extremes do meet
In Jane and Ebenzer!
She's now no longer sour, but Sweet,
And he's a Lemmon-squeezer!

Never be so rude as to say to a man,
'There's the door;' but say, 'Elevate your
pericranium and allow me to present to your
ocular demonstration, that scientific piece
of mechanism which constitutes the egress
portion of this apartment.'

AN INGENIOUS BUT DISLOYAL SOUTH CAROLINIAN.

Appropos to the recent grant of the ap-
plication for a renewal of a patent of an
easy chair, invented by a citizen of South
Carolina, the New Orleans Delta gives the
following story, as quite correct, winter
before last:

Judge Evans, the late Senator from
South Carolina, was a very earnest, sincere
and venerable old gentleman, who under
an exceedingly gentle, mild and clerical
exterior, concealed some very decided
points of character, among which was an
intense State pride and a strong basis in
favor of the institutions, and even the
weaknesses and defects of his old State—
To him, South Carolina was the best ideal
of everything admirable, great and good—
Her errors and defects were, to him, vir-
tues and endowments. And, though it
was not in the nature of the good old man
to hate anybody or anything, he cherished
decided and very South Carolinian re-
pugnance to the institutions, ideas and
customs of New England. For any South
Carolinian to possess any of the qualities,
the accomplishments or tastes of the people
of that section, was in the view of the old
Senator, a serious breach of faith and duty
to his honored and beloved old Palmetto
State.

Now, it happened that Judge Evans
was applied to by a young South Carolinian,
who had invented some ingenious
mechanical contrivance which he desired to
have patented. The young applicant in-
troduced himself as the son of an old friend
and fellow-prisoner of the Judge, and
begged his favor and aid in obtaining his
letters patent.

The venerable Senator, raising his spec-
tacles, and fixing his eyes in wonder and
amazement at the ingenious young Carolinian,
in his mild but emphatic tone, inter-
rogated him as follows:

'You are the son of Colonel H.,' of
St. ——— Parish, South Carolina, who was
born in the said parish?'

'I am, sir,' promptly and proudly re-
sponded the young gentleman.

'The grandson of General H., who
served under General Sumter in the revolu-
tionary war?'

'Yes, sir,' was the prompt reply.

Your mother was the daughter of Mrs.
Nancy ———, who set fire to her mansion
in the Revolution to prevent the British
occupying it?'

'Yes, sir,' enthusiastically exclaimed the
representative of one of Carolina's proudest
families.

'And you,' continued the patriotic old
Senator, 'have been educated at the acad-
emy in ———, and instructed in the
principles, duties and knowledge of your
position, your birth and family?'

'Yes, sir,' modestly remarked the now
impatient youth.

'Then, sir,' exclaimed the Judge, in a
tone of haughty firmness and indignation,
'how dare you turn your back upon all
the traditional principles, and ideas, and
customs of your State—upon the senti-
ments and principles of your family, you
degrade yourself to the level of a common
wound nutmeg Yankee, by inventing a
machine?'

The ingenious, but alas! high-born young
Carolinian, was so affected by the forcible
manner in which the Senator presented the
 enormity of his conduct, that he abandoned
his application, and returned to South Car-
olina, with a view of standing for Congress
in his District at the next election.

A PERFECT SHOWER OF ACES.—I see a
mighty funny poker game once on the
Massachusetts, a goin' up from New Orleans.

There was four old coast Frenchmen, all
sugar planters, just sold their crop, and got
their pockets full of rocks: They went it
strong, I tell ye. They'd got their backs
and tails up. Captain Whisky had got a
powerful grip on 'em, and of they warnt a
bumpin' it, 'hark from the tomb!'

At last they went to the bar to stretch
their legs and wood up; and while they
were gone, I see a mischievous lookin'
chap a changin' their papers.

'Keep shady,' sez he, a winkin' to us
that war standin' round the table, 'and
you'll see the old boy rise directly.'

Back comes the chaps, the keards were
dealt round, and I see their eyes a snappin';
but all a tryin' to look powerful solemn.

'A blind' war bet, and 'ep spoke the
next hand.

'I see ze blind and beets better.'
'I see zat an' go life dollar.'
'Twenty better an you—ha, ha!'
'Searay tonails! von hunder better zan
you.'

Ob, ginger! such a shellin' as thar war,
to be shual' and when the dimes run 'dry,
they drawed drafts on New Orleans, and
give notes 'dill they'd bet all they were
worth, and when the hand was called, every
man Jack slaps four white aces, and
dove for the pile, and such a yellin' and
cursin' and scerayin' as thar war when they
discovered how they'd been sold!

The deck on the table war all aces, and
as it were half-deck poker they were play-
in', every man got five aces, and thinkin'
another ace had crawled into the pack some
how, they all ketch'd one and kept the
others.

One run for his pistols, another pulls
out his knife, and if they'd only discovered
who served 'em out, thar'd been a mighty
slim chance for him; but they went on so
that the captain had to interfere, and shut
'em up.

EXTRAORDINARY SHOT.—A young gen-
tleman from the city, while enjoying him-
self in 'field sports, near Butterworth's
Bridge yesterday, at one shot killed a
partridge, shot a man, killed a hog, broke
thirteen panes of glass, and riddled an
eight-day clock that stood opposite the win-
dow upon the mantel-piece.—We were in-
formed, this of by a gentleman of the utmost
reliability, who is prepared to vouch for the
correctness of it, if required. It was related
to him by the gentleman who got shot, and
he ought to know.—Petersburg Va.
Press.

THRILLING ADVENTURE.

S. H. Packard, Esq., an Iowa editor
and lawyer, was recently lost in a snow
storm between Sioux Rapids and Fort
Dodge. About three hours after he started,
a heavy snow storm burst upon him, ac-
companied by high wind from northwest.
Knowing the danger of attempting to cross
these large prairies in such a storm, he
turned back and attempted to retrace his
steps, but soon found it was impossible for
man or beast to find the way to the nearest
settlement in this country, and was in quest
of his brother who came before him and
settled in some of the diggings in that
vicinity.

Pat was a strong, athletic man, a true
Catholic, and had never seen the interior
of a Protestant church. It was a pleasant
Sunday morning that brother Ingalls met
Pat, who inquired the way to the nearest
church. Ingalls was a good and pious
man. He told Pat he was going to church
himself, and invited his new made acquaint-
ance to keep him company (thither his dis-
tinction being a small Methodist meet-
ing-house near by.) There was a great re-
vival there at the time, and one of the dea-
cons (who, by the way was very small in
stature) invited brother Ingalls to take a
seat in his pew. He accepted the invitation
and walked in, followed by Pat, who
looked in vain to find the altar, &c. &c.
The pastor, he turned to brother
Ingalls and, in a whisper which could be
heard all around inquired:

'Sure, an' isn't this a bristlin' chapel?'

'Hush,' said Ingalls; 'if you speak a
loud word, they will put you out.'

'And faith, not a word will I speak at
all,' replied Pat.

The meeting was opened with prayer by
the pastor. Pat was eyeing him closely,
when an old gentleman who was standing
in the pew directly in front of Pat shout-
ed 'Glory!'

'Hush, ye clear demon!' rejoined Pat,
with his loud whisper, which was plainly
heard by the minister; 'the deacon, and
don't make a blackguard of yourself.'

'The person grew more and more fervent
in his denunciations. Presently the deacon
uttered an audible groan. 'Hush—hush—
blackguard, have you no decency at all?'
said Pat, at the same moment giving the
deacon a punch in the ribs, which caused
him nearly to lose his equilibrium. The
minister stopped and extending his hand
in a supplicating manner, said:

'Brethren we cannot be disturbed in
this way. Will some of you put that man
out?'

'Yes, your reverence,' shouted Pat, 'I
will! and setting the action to the word,
he collared the deacon, and to the utter
horror and astonishment of the pastor,
brother Ingalls and the whole congrega-
tion; he dragged him through the aisle,
and with a tremendous kick, he landed
him in the vestibule of the church.'

TOUCHING INCIDENT.
A Philadelphia