2

When I judged that it was about ten o'clock, and after all roise around the building had ceased, I carefully twisted at the bars until I had opened them so that I could squeeze through. The two other prisoners seemed to be asleep, and taking off most of my clothing, I pushed the garments through into the hall, and after a few minutes of bard squeezing, got out myself. I lost no time in making my way to the window, and a slight examination convinced me that I would have to saw off but one bar, raise the window, and slip through into the yard. The first rake of the knife against the bar awoke the two prisoners, who demanded to know what I was at. As I did not answer at first, they shouted in londer tones, and I thought best to go down the hall and explain matters. I told them what I was doing, requested them to keep still, and offered to give them the knife when I was through. Both were in jail on serious charges, and readily agreed not to interfere with my escape. then returned, and for an hour did not coase sawing at the bar. In half an hour more I had mearly severed it, and was congratulating myself on the certainty of escape, when one of the prisoners began calling for the jailer at the top of his voice. I ran down to quiet him, but words had no effect. He had made up his mind that by informing on me he might lighten his expected punishment, and continued to shout and roar like a steam-engine. I cut and stabled at him through the door, and threatened to murder him, but he only yelled the louder. Knowing that the jailer must soon hear him and come down, I ran back and wrenched away at the bar with all my strength. Heaving, twisting and pulling, I finally broke it at the cut, and was just raising the window, when the jailer and boy entered, having a big dog with them. They saw what I was up to, and in a minute the dog had thrown me down and given me a score of bad wounds. I was kicked over and cuffed about, as any prisoner would probably have been in the excitement, and then bundled back into my cell. Stiff, sore and disappointed, I took to the bed, and during the balance of the night the boy sat on a chair just outside the door, revolver in hand, and instructed

to shoot me if I even approached the bars. There was just one more hope of escape. When I was being taken up to camp, or after arriving there, I might find an opportunity of getting off, and this faint prospective chance was my only consolation. Soon after I had finished my morning meal, 1 heard the clank of sabres in the hall, and in a moment after was led out and delivered over to the captain, who had a dozen men outside to act as my body guard to camp. Telling him of my attempted escape, the jailer handcuffed me before I was mounted, and warned the men that I was a regular "Yankee devil." The captain made a good deal of show in taking me through the streets and up to camp, and I suppose I ought to have felt flattered.

This was the morning of the twentieth. If there was now no other cause to make me remember it, I should not forget the words of the captain, that a court-martial would have me ready for a limb by another morning. We passed up through the mountain, turned to the right, and went half way to the clearing before halting. I was then lifted down, taken into a tent, a guard placed at the door where he could see me, and the captain regarded me as a doomed man. About ten o'clock he came in, removed the handcuffs, and conductor me to a large tent, where I found a courtmartial assembled-one of those drumhead affairs which try, convict and hang a suspected person in brief order. I was ordered to stand up, a paper was read charging me with being a spy in the Confederate camp, and then I was pointed to a seat. The soldier whom I had "pumped" was called as a witness, as well as the cooks who had given me breakfast; the man from whom I stole the haversack gave his testimony, and at noon things went to show that I might be under ground before sundown. At this juncture, when the testimony was nearly all in, the "court" adjourned for dinner, and I was led back to the tent and guarded as before, although not handcuffed again. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when I was called out next. I thought they would now give me a chance to explain, but they first swore the jailer, the boy, and lastly, the sneak whose shouting had prevented my escape from the jail. This man testified that I had acknowledged to him my business as a spy, and he perjured himself in various other matters, ratthing off a conversation which never had the least existence.

There was a general nodding and winking when I first rose up, succeeded by looks of surprise and amazement when I finished my statement. Some of my judges knew that George Lucas kept that hotel, and there was a chance that the balance of my statement was true. I had stopped at the hotel two or three times in 1800, while traveling, and therefore knew what I was talking about. I know that some reader may condemn me for what he may justly term downright lying, and I have no excuse further than a strong belief that there are hundreds beside me who would not submit to a noose if a broad untruth would save a life.

The captain was again called upon, and this time he was not so sure that I was the man he took me for. In fact, he hesitated so much about it that the body were almost convinced that I was Richard Hall, and no one else. I got up a second time, seeing my advantage, and explained that I was trying to make a little money by selling stationery, but would quit the business and enlist in the army. This was a good hit, and I might perhaps have cleared myself but for the captain. He requested a short stay of proceedings, went out, and in fifteen minutes returned with half a dozen soldiers. who testified one after another that I had never worked at the hotel. In fact, one of them had been a boarder at the house for a year before the war, and of course was a hard witness against nie.

"I shall not ask you to relate your story again," said the president, turning to me. The evidence seems to be all in, and the sentinel will take you back to your tent."

I was convinced that they would find a verdict against me, and half an hour after had it read to me, the document ending with the words, "to be hung between the hours of eight and nine o'clock to-morrow morning." This settled my case. I had no hope whatever of escape, and stretched myself out on the ground with a bad heartache. I could not sleep, and gave little heed to the flight of time. About two o'clock I heard a quick tramping of feet around me, and as all clse was still, dis tinctly heard a voice say :

" Call the colonel, Bill ! There's going to be fight down on the Bluff !"

The sentry guarding me pricked up his cars at this, and called the speaker, who was a picket from the Bluff, and I heard the statement reiterated. He stated that the Yankees had got hold of some boats, and were then crossing from Harrison's Island to the Bluff! The news excited me fully as much as it did the sentinel, but in a different way. He was jubilant, while I was distressed. I knew what a trap our men would be led into. In a short time officers were aroused, camp fires added to, messengers flying around, and by daylight nearly all the troops around had been sent forward into the woods. The sentinel was relieved by another, but I was given no breakfast, and in fact not half so strictly guarded as I was the day before. The troops not yet gone were resting on their arms in line, ready for a call, and everybody was full of excitement. Hour after hour passed, and then we got the sound of the first gun, quickly followed by rattling volleys. In a few minutes more the troops went forward with a cheer, and the disastrous battle had commenced.

You may be sure I was watching a chance to escape. The sentinel, although anxious to keep me safe, could not help participating in the excitement, and at length stood with his back to me. I was at the rear of the tent, and to raise the canvas and dodge under was the work of an instant. Unfortunately, I rose up face to face with a soldier, musket in hand, and he shouted at me and drew back to lunge me with his bayonet. Before he could thrust, I leaped to one side, and headed for the shrubs, not over ten rods away, and was off like a shot. It seemed to me that at least fifty soldiers fired at me. Their bullets tore up the ground, barked the shrubs, sung in my ears, and screeched above my head, but not one touched me. If any one pursued, he gave up the chase in disgust, for I did not cease running for half an hour. Firmly convinced that the Union force would be driven off or captured, I avoided the battleground, and made my way along up the woods to near the spot where I had entered them on the night of crossing. Here I remained concealed in a tree top until the middle of the afternoon, without knowing which way the fight was going. I knew then, by the yells of the Confederates, that they were driving the Unionists back. About five o'clock I heard some one coming towards me on the run, and looked out to see one of the Massachusetts Fifteenth, who had been wounded in the shoulder. He would not stop at my word, and I had to run after, overtake him, and threaten to shoot him, before he would listen to my explanations. He was not demoralized, but took me for a "Johnny," and hoped to escape. He stated that the Federals had been defeated, and that the men had received orders to take care of themselves. Before dark we were joined by seven more, and at nine o'clock there was a crowd of eleven. Not one of the men exhibited fright or cowardice, but all were simply seeking to obey an order to cross the river the best way they could. Out of the ten besides myself, there was not a man without are many elements of life that never grow builet holes in his clothing, and six of the ten were more or less severely wounded.

A short time after dark we went up the river half a mile or so above the Bluff, all being able to walk, and then we constructed a raft of rails. Launching it, three men were easily buoyed up, the worst wounded ones, and the other three found corners to hang to. The five unwounded got behind, shoved off, and swimming and drifting, we at length landed safely at the head of the island. Had it been in my power to have returned the night before, the battle of Ball's Bluff would never have been fought, or else it would have had a different ending. The want of reliable information in regard to the enemy's strength brought the battle on, and caused the terrible slaughter of Federal troops.

The Times, New Bloomfield, Pa.

A Fellow-Feeling.

AST week a young German girl named A Amelia Donnerschlag, having a trustful confidence in the laws of her country, especially as expounded by Banyon, went before that Justice and began a suit for \$200 against August Behrens for breach of promise. She would have sued for more, but \$200 is the limit of the jurisdiction of a Justice, and that is the reason why she stopped at that figure, not but what she esteemed her lover to be worth a much higher sum. A warrant was issued, and the case came up yesterday. All the parties were in attendance.

The complainant stated that she had known the defendant in Germany, and had become engaged to him there. He had emigrated to this country in order earn a home, and she had followed him in the course of a year. Soon after her arrival, finding him in good circumstances, she pressed him to fulfill his promise, but he refused to do so. Hence the suit.

The Justice asked the young man if he had anything to say in his behalf, and he stated he had.

Mr. Behrens-As this young lady says Your Honor, I was engaged to her in Germany, where she was living with her father. I came to Chicago and boarded at the house of her sister and mother, who were living on North Division street, and I lived with them for nine months. During that nine months I had many opportunitie to watch the ways of this young lady's mother, and I was not pleased with them at all. At this point the brow of the Justice unbent. His manner, which had been particularly gloomy, began to change, and he looked with something of friendliness upon Mr. Behrens.

"Excuse me," said the Judge, "I should like to ask you a few questions : Did this woman say that she intended to live with you after you were married ? Did she inform you that she was ready to take all the care of the household off your hands? Did she ask you to let her save up your money? Did she say that she could take care of it a great deal better than you could ?" "Yes," said Mr. Behrens.

"Go on," said the Judge.

Mr. Bebrens-When this young lady came over here from Germany she did ask me to marry her, and I was ready to, and I told her I was. But she said that her mother must live with us and keep house for us. I told her I had watched the ways of her mother, and that I was not pleased with them ; that I loved her very deeply, and was ready to marry her, but did not wish to marry her mother also, who was a woman of lordly and unpleasant habits. and insisted upon feeding me too much upon cabbage, a vegetable I have always had a dislike for. I am ready, Your Honor, to marry her now, providing that she will leave her mother out in the cold ; but I will not marry the old woman. I have made up my mind to that, no matter what House, "It's a dirty house, after all!" comes. The Justice-Now, let me ask you, my young friend, which would you rather do. Pay down \$200, or marry the young 'ady and have her mother live with you?

An Incident in the Cars.

N the whole, pleasant traits and characters are not common in the cars .-This opinion I expressed to my friend Summers the other day. In reply to my remarks he related a little adventure, which, as it is apropos, and, moreover, involves a little love and sentiment, I give without apology, and in his own words. It appears that in the most unlikely places love and sentiment may be discovered.

"I was escorting home the lovely Charlotte -, to whom I was at the time quite devoted. Charlotte could scarcely find room to spread her crinoline and ar range her voluminous flounces. I stood up near her, there being no vacant scat. "After a few minutes, came in a poor woman, who deposited a basket of clothes on the front platform, and held in her arms a small child, while a little girl hung to her dress. She looked tired and weary, but there was no vacant seat ; to be sure, Charlotte might have contracted her flounces, but she did not. Beside her, however, sat a very lovely and elegant young woman, who seemed trying, by moving down closer to others, to make space enough for the stranger between herself and Miss D. At last she succeeded, and, with the sweetest blush I over saw, she invited the poor female to be seated. Charlotte D., drew her drapery around her, and blushed too, but it was not a pretty blush at all, and she looked annoyed at the proximity of the new-comer, who was, however, clean and decently though thinly clad.

"The unknown lady drew the little girl upon her lap, and wrapped her velvet mantle around the small, half-clad form, and put her muff over the half-frozen little bands.

"So great was the crowd that I alone seemed to observe. The child shivered ; the keen wind from the door blew upon her unprotected neck. I saw the young lady quietly draw from under her mantle a little woolen shawl, which she softly put on the shoulders of the little one; the mother looked on with confused wonder .--After a short time she arose to leave the car, and would have removed the shawl, but the unknown gently whispered, "No, keep it for her." The woman did not answer, the conductor hurried her out, but her oyes swam with tears. 1 noticed her as she descended to a basement, and I hastily' marked the house.

"Soon after, my unknown rose to depart. I was in despair, for I wanted to follow and discover her residence, but could not leave Miss D.

"How glad, then, I was to see her bowing, as she passed out, to a mutual acquaintance who stood in the door-way .-From him, before many minutes, I learned her name and address.

"To shorten the story as much as possible, that lady is now my wife. In the small incident which introduced her to me, she showed her real character. A few days after our marriage I showed her the bless ed crimson shawl, which I redeemed from its owner, and shall keep it as a memento. There are sometimes pleasant things to be found in unexpected places; certainly I may be said to have picked out my wife in the cars."

Ancedotes of Horne Tooke.

A good joke is told of Horne Tooke, whom the Tories in the House of Commons thought to crush, by imposing upon him

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JAMES H. FEEGUSON, Attorney.at.Law, NEWPORT, PA.

CHARLES H. SMILEY. Attorney at Law.

"Well, sir," said the president of the court-martial, at about five o'clock, after the testimony was all in, "what defence do you make, and what do you say to the charge ?"

Rising up with a smile, 1 informed him that I could have saved the body much valuable time if the questions had only been propounded to me in the morning. I pleaded not guilty to the charge of being a spy. In fact, it was a matter of amazemont that any one should bring such a charge against me. My name was Richard Hall. If the body would take the trouble to despatch a messenger to Point of Rocks, or on the Virginia shore opposite, he would find about a mile below the bridge the hotel of Mr. George Lucas, in whose employ I had been for over two years.

Mr. Behrens (firmly)-I will pay the \$900.

The Justice-Allow me to shake hands with you. I envy your firmness. There was a period in the life of this Court, Mr. Behrens, when it was placed in circumstanses somewhat similar to your own. If it had the moral courage which you possess, it would have saved about twenty-five years of misery and unhappinees. The alternative was presented to this Court whether it would marry a young lady and her mother, or whether it would pay \$125 in gold. This Court was poor at that time. It was earning an unsatisfactory living at the restaurant business. It yielded. It took the young woman and the mother-inlaw, and kept the \$125. For a quarter of a century this Court regretted, its hasty action. It is glad to meet a man who cheriahes happiness more than he does money. The order of the Court is that the defendant stand discharged, and that the complainant, who has been trying to bring a man into alavery to a mother-in-law, be fined \$10 and costs.

137 There are many fruits which never turn sweet until the frost has touched them. There are many nuts that never fall from the bough of the tree till the frost has opened and ripened them. And there sweet and beautiful till sorrow touches them.

the humilitating task of begging the House's pardon on his knees. Tooke went on his knees, begged pardon for the offensive expression he had used, but, on rising, he knocked the dust off his knees, and exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by the whole Roars of laughter followed this exclamation, and the Tories saw clearly 'enough that they had failed in the object which they had in view. On the evening of Tooke's arrival at Ox-

ford he joined a party of old school-fellows in a carouse at one of the taverns. Sundry bowls of "bishop" and egg flip having been discussed, songs amatory and bacchanalian were sung with full choruses, and altogether the jocularity began to pass the limits of becoming mirth, when the Proctor made his appearance and, advancing to the table at which the "Freshmen"-fresh in every sense of the word-was presiding, put the usual question,

"Pray, sir, are you a member of this university ?"

"No, sir." replied Tooke, rising and bowing respectfully, " pray, are you ? A little disconcerted at the extreme gravity of the other, the Proctor held out his ample sleeve and said,

" You see this, sir ?"

"Ah," returned Tooke, having examined the fabric with great earnestness for a few seconds, "yes, I perceive-Manchester velvet. And may I take the liberty, sir, of inquiring how much you might have puid a yard for the article ?"

The quiet imperturbability of manner with which this was uttered was more than the reverend gentleman could stand, and, muttering something about supposing it was a mistake, he effected a retreat amidst shouts of laughter from Tooke's companions.

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