

Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE UPON THE RICH AND THE POOR, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

NEW SERIES.

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Select Poetry.

The Old Grist Mill.

BY R. H. STODARD.

The mill stands beside the stream,
 With heading roof and leaning wall;
 So old that when the winds are wild,
 The miller trembles lest it fall;
 But moss and ivy never see,
 Beside it over from year to year.

The dam is steep and weeded green,
 The gates are raised, the waters roar,
 And round the old wheel's slippery steps,
 The lowest round forevermore,
 Methinks they have a sound of ire,
 Because they cannot climb it higher.

From morn till night, in autumn time,
 When yellow harvests load the plains,
 Up drive the old wheel's slippery steps,
 And back anon, with loaded wain,
 They bring a heap of golden grain,
 And take it home to mill again.

The mill inside is dim and dark,
 But peering in the lowest door,
 You see the miller sitting round,
 And dusty bags about the floor;
 And by the shaft, and down the spout,
 The yellow meal comes pouring out.

And all day long the winnowed chaff
 Floats round it on the sunny breeze,
 And shines like a setting swarm;
 Of golden-winged and belted bees,
 Or sparks around a blacksmith's door,
 When bellows blow and forge roar.

I love my pleasant quiet old mill,
 It reminds me of my early years,
 'Tis changed since then, but not so much
 As I am by decay and time;
 Its wheels are moved from year to year,
 But mine all dark and dim appear.

I stand beside the stream of life,
 The miller's current sweeps along,
 Lifting the flood-gates of my heart,
 It turns the magic wheel of thought,
 And grinds the ripened harvest, brought,
 From out the golden field of thought.

Tales and Sketches.

SECRET SERVICE;

OR—

THE BROKER'S WARD.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

CHAPTER I.

"My God! not a dollar left! My poor pittance is all gone, and I have not a penny to pay this bill with," exclaimed Henry Standish, as he crushed up a bill for board, which his landlady had just handed him.
 Throwing himself into a chair, he covered his face with his hands, and wept like a child.
 When the strong man wept, the heart is indeed touched. The young man had been four weeks in Boston in search of employment. He was a native of a thriving town in the northerly part of Vermont. Well educated and of good address, he was qualified for the mercantile business, and his thoughts had always been turned in that direction.
 For several years previous to his departure from home, he had been employed in a store; but the sphere was too narrow for his ambition. He longed for the excitement of the great metropolis, which he doubted not would furnish him a field co-extensive with his capacity and his desires.
 With only a small sum of money, for he doubted not that he could step immediately into some lucrative situation, he bade adieu to the cherished home of his childhood, and departed for Boston.
 Arrived there, he found his prospects not half so encouraging as he had expected. He had applied for several situations; but having neglected to bring with him testimonials of character, no one would employ him in any desirable capacity.
 He was sorely disappointed, and not until his scanty means were exhausted did he awaken to the full sense of his unfortunate position. There seemed to be no alternative before him, but to accept a situation in some mental capacity, a step at which his pride revolted.
 His landlady had handed him his weekly bill for board. It was only five dollars, but all his money was spent, and the consciousness of his misery went over him like a dark cloud.
 Retiring to his room, he vented his sad feelings in exclamations of bitter disappointment.
 "How now, Standish? What is the matter?" exclaimed his friendly room-mate, as he entered the apartment, and discovered the misery of the disappointed young man.
 Henry raised his head, and thrust forward the bill.
 "Fudge! you are not making all this fuss about that bill, are you?"
 "I have not a dollar left."
 "Cheer up, man; I will lend you a V," said his kind-hearted "chum," drawing his pocket-book out, and taking therefrom a bank-bill.
 "Nay, nay, Joseph, I cannot take it. I know not that I should ever be able to repay you," replied Henry, bitterly.

"Nonsense, Standish; take it, whether you ever pay me or not."
 "I cannot."
 "I have news for you—you will learn how to borrow money one of these days."
 Henry reluctantly took the bill.
 "Then you have seen Mr. Harding?" said Henry, brightening up.
 "I have; he says he has something for you to do. He wishes to see you, and promised to come here for that purpose."
 "To come here?"
 "Yes; and it is time he were here now," said the other, consulting his watch.
 Mr. Harding was a broker, to whom Henry had several times applied for employment, and who had encouraged him to hope that his purpose was in a fair way of being accomplished.
 A servant girl announced the broker.
 "He would come up, though I tried to make him stop below," said the girl, in a low tone.
 "Walk in, sir; my apartment is but a humble one," said Henry, in confusion.
 "No apology, young man; you are not alone," returned the visitor, glancing at Henry's chum.
 Joseph retired to an adjoining room, which connected with the one occupied by himself.
 "You want business, young man?" said the broker, fixing the glance of his keen grey eye upon Henry.
 "I do, sir; I have applied to you for a situation."
 "I do not want a clerk, but I have a service of rather a delicate nature, that I wish performed. You are a good-looking fellow, of easy address—in short, I have selected you from a thousand, on account of your prepossessing appearance."
 Henry was astonished at this singular speech of the broker.
 "I trust I shall be able to suit you," said he, modestly.
 "Exactly so—you will. The service I require is not a disagreeable task; most young men would be glad to do it without the liberal compensation I propose to give you."
 "Pray, what is the service?"
 "Before I state it, young man, I wish you to understand that all which passes between us must be kept inviolably secret. In a word, you must swear to be silent, whether you perform the service or not."
 Henry hesitated; but he was a beggar, and beggars are not so apt to hesitate as those in more comfortable circumstances.
 "I promise."
 "Promise—swear!"
 "I do."
 "If you are false to your oath, I'll tear your heart out!" said the broker, in a deep, fierce tone.
 "I would not betray your confidence, sir."
 "Listen to me, then, I am the guardian of a young lady, who, by the terms of her father's will, loses her inheritance if she marries without my consent—her estate comes to me. The fall of stocks has ruined me; I must redeem myself—do you understand?"
 Henry shrunk back in amazement at the cool villainy which Mr. Harding proposed to perpetrate; but his curiosity was roused, and with as much calmness as he could assume, he expressed his perfect comprehension of the broker's position.
 "You are well formed; the women say you are handsome," continued the broker, with a sneer. "Nature has admirably adapted you to execute my purpose; you must marry the girl."
 "Marry her?" exclaimed Henry, in utter amazement.
 "Ay, marry her! She is worth a hundred thousand dollars; I will give you ten, when you have made her your wife."
 "Will she consent to be my wife?"
 "Fool! not unless you play your cards right. But she is romantic, sentimental—reads novels by the wholesale. I will introduce you as Count Fizzle, or something of that sort; you must do the rest."
 Henry paused to consider. The idea of becoming a party to such a nefarious transaction, was repugnant to every sturdy feeling within him—But he had sworn an oath, which sealed his lips so that he could not expose the plot, even if he refused to be engaged in it.
 "I will make the attempt," said he, after a thorough consideration.
 "Good; and as I suppose you are not flush of change, here is a hundred dollars to fit yourself out with."
 The broker handed him the money, and bade him to be gone.
 "That was a precious scheme!" exclaimed Joseph, as he re-entered the room.
 "You heard it?"
 "Mum, Standish; I am not so nice about such things as some folks. I congratulate you on your good fortune, and when you come in possession, I hope you won't forget old friends."
 "I certainly shall not," replied Henry, relapsing into a reverie.

CHAPTER II.
 Mr. Harding accompanied Henry Standish to the residence of his ward, and presented him as a highly esteemed young friend, for whom he claimed her special favor.
 "Your friends shall always be welcome, uncle Obed," said she, taking the hand of Henry.
 Her uncle! great heavens! is it possible that man can plot the injury of his own flesh and blood?
 Mr. Harding withdrew after a brief conversation, leaving Henry to win his way to the heart of the heiress.
 There was that in the eye of the young man which is irresistibly attractive to a young maiden. He was well formed, with a handsome face, a musical voice, and a winning manner. Amelia was strongly prepossessed in his favor from the first moment she saw him.
 Henry, perceiving his advantage, followed it up with energy, and ere half the evening had passed away, had produced an impression on the heart of the maiden, which fairly opened the way for a conquest.
 But he could not but reproach himself for the part he had accepted, and though he felt that his intentions were good, the consciousness that he appeared before the gentle girl in an assumed character, was anything but agreeable to his lofty sentiment.
 Amelia was a beautiful girl, and Henry felt that to be loved by her, was to him the delights of paradise in the midst of the cold, frowning world. When he departed, his heart told him that even then, he had gone too far for his own happiness.
 He had seen her, and could not resist the desire to repeat his visit. He went again; the effect of the visit was irremediable. She blushed when he was announced—she had thought of him in his absence—she loved him!
 Henry continued his visits for several weeks; he had confessed his love, and received a warm pressure of the hand, in reply.
 "I have deceived you, Amelia," said Henry, his mind made up to continue no longer the cruel deception.
 "Deceived me, Henry?" repeated she, fixing her large, liquid blue eyes anxiously upon him.
 "I have, dearest; I am a poor, worthless man—a beggar."
 "Is that all? you never told me you were rich," replied Amelia, entirely relieved to find the deception was so harmless.
 In a few words, Henry acknowledged the utter poverty and destitution which had surrounded him and gave her the history of his past life.
 "I am glad you are rich, Henry," said she, artlessly, when he had finished his recital: "it is so romantic to marry a poor man, so noble and gentle as yourself. I shall have the pleasure of enriching you now," and Amelia laughed gaily.
 "Alas, dearest, I fear you shall not even have that pleasure," returned Henry; and he narrated the particulars of his first interview with her uncle.
 "Is it possible that uncle Obed can be so wicked?" exclaimed she, with unaffected astonishment: "dear me, how I pity him!"
 "But, dear Amelia, we must part."
 "Part? no."
 "Your fortune will be sacrificed."
 "Let it go, then; and I am heartily obliged to my uncle Obed for making choice of so noble, gallant and handsome a person to execute his purpose."
 "Think what you do, dear Amelia."
 "I am satisfied; my decision is made. My uncle sent you to play the part of a villain in the face of a strong temptation, you have done your duty, and behaved as a gallant knight.—Think you I cannot appreciate your devotion? I love you, sir knight—let the fortune go."
 "But I am a beggar."
 "Then let me be the wife of a beggar."
 Henry folded her in his arms, and imprinted a tender kiss upon her lips.
 "Nay, love, fortune shall redeem us from penury; we shall yet be happy."
 "I have it!" and Henry's brow contracted with the weight of a big thought, which had suddenly invaded his brain.
 "Have what, dear Henry?"

CHAPTER III.
 On the following day, Henry and Amelia left for New York—for what purpose the imaginative reader can easily divine.
 The first intelligence that Mr. Harding received of the marriage, he obtained from the newspaper. Hastily leaving the office, he made his way to the residence of the heiress, which she occupied with a maiden aunt, as her companion and house-keeper.
 The happy couple were at home, and Mr. Harding was in high glee at the success of his plan. In his calculating brain, he commended the diplomacy, skill and energy with which Henry had brought the transaction to its speedy termination.
 Mr. Harding found the happy bridal party pleasantly disposed in the drawing-room, ready to receive such company as might honor them. Appearance must be saved, and as the servant conducted him to the presence of the willful girl, he contrived to work himself into a very tolerable humor.
 "What does all this mean, Amelia?" exclaimed he, in loud, authoritative tones.
 "My husband, uncle Obed," said she, with charming naivete, as she rose and went through a mock presentation.
 "Your husband, indeed!" sneered the broker.
 "If I mistake not, I have not been consulted in this affair."
 "No, uncle, it was my affair."
 "I never was more confounded in my life," continued Mr. Harding, evincing a well feigned surprise, "than when I read your marriage in the papers."
 "You will be in a moment, though," thought Joseph Jones, Henry's "chum" at the boarding-house, who either by accident or design, was a visitor at the same time.
 "You no need to have been surprised, uncle; you know I am a wild, willful girl."
 "You are aware of the terms of your father's will?"
 "I am."
 "You have sacrificed your fortune; of course you never expected me to consent your union with a beggar."
 "You ought not to have brought him here then, uncle."
 "What do you mean, girl?"

Nothing, uncle Obed; but you will not be so cruel as to deprive me of my inheritance!" said Amelia, looking mischievously at him.
 "I'll put it in your hands for this gentleman to run through? No; I will make over to him the sum of ten thousand dollars. The provisions of the will shall be strictly enforced."
 "So far, so good; but, Mr. Harding, I shall claim the residue of her fortune," said Henry, who had been only a listener.
 "Sir! you?"
 "Sir! I!" replied Henry, putting a bold face upon the matter.
 "By what right will you claim it?" asked the broker, exasperated by the impudence of his "idiot."
 "By this lady's husband, of course."
 "The terms of the will," sneered Mr. Harding.
 "I could not marry without my consent."
 "You did consent!"
 "It is false!"
 "Did you not actually engage me to marry the lady?"
 The broker's cheek paled, and his lip quivered.
 "No!" thundered he. "It is a lie."
 "I have proof," said Henry, quietly.
 "Mr. Harding staggered back, overwhelmed by the consequence of his villainy.
 "I heard the whole of it—ready to swear in court, if need be," added Joseph Jones.
 The broker was frightened at the idea of a court.
 "We shall meet again!" said he, glancing fiercely at Henry.
 "Let us hope that we may not meet in your prison," said Henry, sternly. "The plan you had formed, and narrated to me, sir, was infamous beyond expression. If I had refused to become your confederate, another less scrupulous might have engaged in it, and this lady had been sacrificed by your rascality. I came with the intention of exposing all; but her fair form and gentle heart so strongly impressed me, that I was weak enough to use the advantage with which you had armed me. At another time I did expose the whole scheme; your niece married me in my own proper character, and not as your 'esteemed friend.' If I have wronged her, God forgive me!"
 "That was the happiest day of my life when you brought Henry Standish to my presence, uncle," added Amelia, laughing heartily.
 The broker waited to hear no more. He had overreached himself, and he dared not even attempt to revenge himself, or punish the violated oath. In due time, he reluctantly put Henry in possession of Amelia's fortune, and they are now as happy as love and opulence can make them.
 Joseph Jones has received that V, with interest, and never has had occasion to regret that he befriended Henry in the hour of his need.
 Some oaths are better broken than kept.

Ben Jensen's Description of a Waltz.
 When we got into the place, we found a great large room. As big as a meeting-house, lighted up with smasher's big lamps, covered all over with glass hangings. The ladies looked as nice as little angels their faces as white as if they dipped them into a flour barrel; such red cheeks! I had seen in all Sleepy Hollow; their arms all covered with gold bands, chains, and shiny beads; such lips you never did see—they looked—some kiss me all over! their eyes looked like diamonds; their waists drawn to the size of a pipe-stem; and made to look like they were undergoin' a regular cuttin'-two operation by tyin' a string tight round 'em; and their bosoms—Oh, Lordy! all covered up in laces and muslins; they rose then fell, then rose again, like—Oh! I don't know what it was like, exceptin' the breathin' of a snowy white goose, chucked in a tight bag, with its breast just out!
 After the gals and youngsters had walked round round and round for a considerable spell the music struck up—and such music! It was a big horn and a little horn, a fute and a little fute, a fiddle and a little fiddle, and such a squeakin', squakin', bellowin', grovin', I never heard before; it was like all the rats, and pigs, and frogs in Christendom had concluded to sing together.
 They called it a German Polka. I s'pose it was made by some of them Cincinnati Germans, in imitation of the squeakin' at a pork parley, and I guess it was a pretty good imitation.
 So soon as the music struck up, such a sight!—The fellers just caught the gals' right hand and the waist with one hand, and pulled 'em snug up to 'em, and the gals' chins' restin' on the fellers' shoulders. At this the gals' began to sorter jump and caper, like they were goin' to push 'em away; but the fellers just caught hold of the other hand and held it off, and began to jump and caper too, just like the gals.
 I s'von upon a stack of bibles you never seed such a sight! There was some two dozen gals held tight in the arms of their fellers—they were jumpin' and pushin' 'em backwards over the room, (as I thought tryin' to get away from them) and the fellers holdin' 'em on tight and tighter, the more the gals jumped and capered, the more the fellers jumped and capered, and the tighter they squeezed the gals, till at last I began to think the thing was being carried too far for fun.
 I was a little green in these matters, and seen the gals tryin' harder and harder to get away, as I thought, and fellers holdin' tighter and tighter, it was very natural I should take the part of the gals. So my dander risin' higher and higher, till I thought my biler would bust unless I let out steam. I bounced smack in to the middle of the room. "Thunder and lightning! everybody come here with shot gun, six shooters, and butcher-knives!" bawled I, at the top of my voice; "for I will be shot if any—dad blasted, long-bearded, monkey-faced feller shall impose on gals that as way were I am!" and I was just goin' to pitch

into 'em promiscuously, when my merchant caught me by the arm and said, "stop Ben."
 "I'll be ceased," says I, "if I will see the wimin' folks imposed on! Look what them fellers are doin' and how hard the gals are racin' and pitchin' to get away from 'em! Do you 'pose I can't stand still a mile post and see gals suffer so? Look," says I, "their is a gal almost broken down, and ready to give up to that 'rang-outang of a feller! Yonder is another, so faint her head has fallen on the bosom of the monster!" I tell you I was rasy, I felt like I could jump into 'em like a catamount into a pig pen.
 When I looked into my merchant's face, I thought he would have busted. He left and left, and squatted down half "Why," says he, "Ben that is nothing but the red war waitz they are doin', and them gals ain't tryin' to get away from them fellers—they only caperin' to make the fellers hold 'em tighter, 'cause they like it.—The more the gals caper, the tighter, 'kase they wish to be squeezed. As to layin' their heads on the fellers' bosoms, that's very common in this city. They expect to be married some of these days, and they want to be accustomed to it so they won't be a blushin' and turning pale when the person tells the groom to salute the bride. There is nothing like being used to such things."
 "You may take my lat," says I to my merchant, "I was tuck in that time." I tell you I thought it the first time I ever seed the like before. I have seen the Indian-bug and the Congo dance, but I tell you this red war waitz knock the hat-crown out of every thing I ever seed.
 After I had got out of the way and every thing commenced goin' on agin, the music got fister and fister—Oh, it was as fast as furious as a north-wester! The gals raved agin, the fellers hugged tighter, and the music makers pulled out a-blowin'. Then the gals and fellers spun round like so many tops run mad. The fellers heaped back and the gals leaned to 'em; the gals fine frocks sailed out and popped in the air like sheets on a close-line of a windy day and the fellers coat-tails stood out so straight that an egg would not have rolled off; their faces were as fixed and serious as a sarnet. Around they went—it makes me so dizzy to think of it. Pop went the coat-tails, crash went the music, and pitty-patty, rump dumple de thump went the feet of all. By and by, as beautiful a craft as ever you seed in the shape of a woman, laying close upon a long beamlike knotin' feller, came sailin' at the rate of fifteen knots an hour down our way, whilst a fat dumphy woman and a hump-shouldered, beef-eatin', sort of a feller, at the same speed went up the other. I seed there was to be some bumpin', and naturally trembled for the consequences. Sure enough as whollop, they came together, and slapdash the whole on 'em fell flat in the middle of the floor carryin' along with them everybody standin' near!
 Such a mixin' up of things as then took place haint occurred before or since old father Noah unloaded his great Ark. There was legs and arms, white kids and penclads, patent leather and satin gaiters, shoesstrings and garters, neck-ribbons and guard chains, false curls and whiskers, women's bustles and pocket-handkerchiefs, all in a pile, the gals kitchin' and squatin', and the fellers a gouting and apoloquin'.
 "Oh, Lordy!" says I—for I was considerably frustrated at the sight—stop that music, blow out the whistles, or all hands shut their eyes till these wimin'folks get unmixed!" At this, such a laugh you never heard.
 "Why, Col. Jonsing," says my merchant, "that is nothin', it frequently happens, and is one of the advantages of the red war waitz. If the gals aint learned how to mix with the world, how can they ever get along?"
 "I would rather have 'em all a little mixed," says I, "but that is too much of a good thing. However, let us leave for I seed enough of the sorry in that pile just now to satisfy me for a week;" and at that we bid 'em good night and left, promisin' to go to the next one and take a few lessons in the common Polka and shonishy dance. How I came out, maybe I may tell you in another letter.
 Your friend,
 BEN JONSSON,
 of Sleepy hollow.

The Secret.
 "I noticed," said Franklin, "a mechanic among a number of others, at work on a house—some of them were from my own town, who always appeared to be in a merry humor, who had a kind word and cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy or sunless, a happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one morning, I asked him to tell me the secret of his constant happy flow of spirits. "No secret, doctor," he replied; "I have got one of the best of wives, and when I go home she meets me with a smile and a kiss, and then tea is sure to be ready, and she has done so many little things through the day, to please me, that I cannot find it in my heart to speak an unkind word to anybody."
 What an influence, then, hath woman over the heart of man, to soften it, and make it the fountain of cheerful emotions! Speak gently, then; kind greetings, after the toils of the day are over, cost nothing and go far toward making home happy and peaceful."
 "If you ever marry," said a Roman Consul to his son, "let it be a woman who has judgment enough to superintend the getting of a meal of victuals, taste enough to dress herself, pride enough to wash before breakfast, and sense enough to hold her tongue when she has nothing to say."
 "Rogues generally die poor. Every time they make a dollar by cheating, they have to spend ten shillings in law."

The scenes which took place at the Woman's Rights Convention in New York, last week, were the most amusing that we ever participated in. There were no less than twenty persons talking at the same time, viz: eleven Bloomers, one bouquet seller, three market boys, two anti-slavery men, two "come outers," and the editor of the Tribune. We annex the speeches:
 "The female mind has been trampled on for centuries."
 "Go it old gal!"
 "As is this landfall of flowers, so is the perfume which is wafted from the garden of Philanthropy."
 "Gas!"
 "Is there a person in this assembly who ever had a mother?"
 "I expect not."
 "The pulpit must come to the rescue. If evil prevails, the world, righteousness must wrestle with it."
 "Good again! Who'll form a ring?"
 "The bonds of the slave must be loosened! The land is groaning with wickedness."
 "Got the cholic, perhaps. Give it a little gin and peppermint."
 "Mr. President, there is only one paper in this state that stands up for the cause of right and progress—and that paper is mine."
 "Three cheers for the 'old white coat!'"
 "Woman is a great institution, and should have her rights."
 "That's a fact, Let's he-ber!"
 As this remark seemed to have a double meaning, it got up a general laugh, in the midst of which we left.—New York Dutchman.

RAPPROXIM—I say, Bill, did you ever see tables move by the aid of spirits from the spirit world?
 "No, Sam, but I saw a stool move, and it came towards me with a perfect rush."
 "Were you not a little frightened?"
 "Yes, but I dodged it."
 "Who made it move Bill?"
 "Why, my own streetheart! she throwed it at me because I made fun of the way she puts her hair up in paper."
 "O get out, Bill; you are ignorant of the science of knockers—I mean spiritual doings."
 "Well, if you'd a been there, you'd a thought there was both knocking and spirit in the movement."

The November number of Harper's Magazine has a scene between a fresh caught cockney and a New York market woman, which is the best punchline for six months. The woman is standing with her hands under her apron looking as saucy as any N. York market woman can look. The cockney is poking the biggest pumpkin with his ratan.
 Cockney—"I 'ope you don't call them large hoppers; they ain't 'alf as we've them at home."
 Market Woman—"Apples! Them ain't apples. Them is only huckleberries!"
 In the days of patriachs, a woman's conduct was the index of her heart. When, for example, the father of Rebekah asked her if she would go with the Servant of Isaac, she immediately, replied, "I will go." Had she been a daughter of the nineteenth century, she would, I believe, have answered in this manner—"Oh, shaw! go with him? Why, Mr. Isaac must be sick. Go with him? Of course I won't." And then—she would have gone with him.
 Not so poor as I Look.—One day as Judge Parsons was juggling along on horse-back over a desolate road, he came upon a log hut, dirty, smoky, and miserable. He stopped to contemplate the too evident poverty of the scene. A poor, half-starved fellow with uncombed hair and unshaved beard, thrust his head through a square hole which served for a window.—"I say, Judge, I aint so poor as you think me to be, for I don't own this 'ere land."

"Father," said a little four year old boy, "I think you're a fool."
 "Why, child?"
 "Because you brought that baby here when mother was sick, and you have to get a woman to 'nuss' it!"
 The Boston Post says that "a young man, a member of an evangelical church," advertises in a New York paper for board to be— "a man who will do his Christian example would be considered a compensation."
 A lady who had been married just three days, perceiving her husband enter, stole secretly behind him, and gave him a kiss; the husband was angry and said she had offended against decency.
 "Pardon me," said she, "I did not know it was you."
 There is a man out west so confounded mean that he won't plough his own corn ground, for fear the crows will get some of the grub-worms.
 "John, what in the world put matrimony into your head?"
 "Well, the fact is, Jim, I was getting short of shirts."
 A man being asked why he talked to himself, candidly answered, "because I like to converse with a man of sense."
 A Quaker.—Some one asks what is more sole lawrowing than the peg in one's boots.
 Swearing is like a ragged coat, because it is a very bad habit.
 Friendship our only wealth, our best secret and strength.

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 Market Woman—"Apples! Them ain't apples. Them is only huckleberries!"
 In the days of patriachs, a woman's conduct was the index of her heart. When, for example, the father of Rebekah asked her if she would go with the Servant of Isaac, she immediately, replied, "I will go." Had she been a daughter of the nineteenth century, she would, I believe, have answered in this manner—"Oh, shaw! go with him? Why, Mr. Isaac must be sick. Go with him? Of course I won't." And then—she would have gone with him.
 Not so poor as I Look.—One day as Judge Parsons was juggling along on horse-back over a desolate road, he came upon a log hut, dirty, smoky, and miserable. He stopped to contemplate the too evident poverty of the scene. A poor, half-starved fellow with uncombed hair and unshaved beard, thrust his head through a square hole which served for a window.—"I say, Judge, I aint so poor as you think me to be, for I don't own this 'ere land."

"Father," said a little four year old boy, "I think you're a fool."
 "Why, child?"
 "Because you brought that baby here when mother was sick, and you have to get a woman to 'nuss' it!"
 The Boston Post says that "a young man, a member of an evangelical church," advertises in a New York paper for board to be— "a man who will do his Christian example would be considered a compensation."
 A lady who had been married just three days, perceiving her husband enter, stole secretly behind him, and gave him a kiss; the husband was angry and said she had offended against decency.
 "Pardon me," said she, "I did not know it was you."
 There is a man out west so confounded mean that he won't plough his own corn ground, for fear the crows will get some of the grub-worms.
 "John, what in the world put matrimony into your head?"
 "Well, the fact is, Jim, I was getting short of shirts."
 A man being asked why he talked to himself, candidly answered, "because I like to converse with a man of sense."
 A Quaker.—Some one asks what is more sole lawrowing than the peg in one's boots.
 Swearing is like a ragged coat, because it is a very bad habit.
 Friendship our only wealth, our best secret and strength.

Ben Jensen's Description of a Waltz.
 When we got into the place, we found a great large room. As big as a meeting-house, lighted up with smasher's big lamps, covered all over with glass hangings. The ladies looked as nice as little angels their faces as white as if they dipped them into a flour barrel; such red cheeks! I had seen in all Sleepy Hollow; their arms all covered with gold bands, chains, and shiny beads; such lips you never did see—they looked—some kiss me all over! their eyes looked like diamonds; their waists drawn to the size of a pipe-stem; and made to look like they were undergoin' a regular cuttin'-two operation by tyin' a string tight round 'em; and their bosoms—Oh, Lordy! all covered up in laces and muslins; they rose then fell, then rose again, like—Oh! I don't know what it was like, exceptin' the breathin' of a snowy white goose, chucked in a tight bag, with its breast just out!
 After the gals and youngsters had walked round round and round for a considerable spell the music struck up—and such music! It was a big horn and a little horn, a fute and a little fute, a fiddle and a little fiddle, and such a squeakin', squakin', bellowin', grovin', I never heard before; it was like all the rats, and pigs, and frogs in Christendom had concluded to sing together.
 They called it a German Polka. I s'pose it was made by some of them Cincinnati Germans, in imitation of the squeakin' at a pork parley, and I guess it was a pretty good imitation.
 So soon as the music struck up, such a sight!—The fellers just caught the gals' right hand and the waist with one hand, and pulled 'em snug up to 'em, and the gals' chins' restin' on the fellers' shoulders. At this the gals' began to sorter jump and caper, like they were goin' to push 'em away; but the fellers just caught hold of the other hand and held it off, and began to jump and caper too, just like the gals.
 I s'von upon a stack of bibles you never seed such a sight! There was some two dozen gals held tight in the arms of their fellers—they were jumpin' and pushin' 'em backwards over the room, (as I thought tryin' to get away from them) and the fellers holdin' 'em on tight and tighter, the more the gals jumped and capered, the more the fellers jumped and capered, and the tighter they squeezed the gals, till at last I began to think the thing was being carried too far for fun.
 I was a little green in these matters, and seen the gals tryin' harder and harder to get away, as I thought, and fellers holdin' tighter and tighter, it was very natural I should take the part of the gals. So my dander risin' higher and higher, till I thought my biler would bust unless I let out steam. I bounced smack in to the middle of the room. "Thunder and lightning! everybody come here with shot gun, six shooters, and butcher-knives!" bawled I, at the top of my voice; "for I will be shot if any—dad blasted, long-bearded, monkey-faced feller shall impose on gals that as way were I am!" and I was just goin' to pitch

into 'em promiscuously, when my merchant caught me by the arm and said, "stop Ben."
 "I'll be ceased," says I, "if I will see the wimin' folks imposed on! Look what them fellers are doin' and how hard the gals are racin' and pitchin' to get away from 'em! Do you 'pose I can't stand still a mile post and see gals suffer so? Look," says I, "their is a gal almost broken down, and ready to give up to that 'rang-outang of a feller! Yonder is another, so faint her head has fallen on the bosom of the monster!" I tell you I was rasy, I felt like I could jump into 'em like a catamount into a pig pen.
 When I looked into my merchant's face, I thought he would have busted. He left and left, and squatted down half "Why," says he, "Ben that is nothing but the red war waitz they are doin', and them gals ain't tryin' to get away from them fellers—they only caperin' to make the fellers hold 'em tighter, 'cause they like it.—The more the gals caper, the tighter, 'kase they wish to be squeezed. As to layin' their heads on the fellers' bosoms, that's very common in this city. They expect to be married some of these days, and they want to be accustomed to it so they won't be a blushin' and turning pale when the person tells the groom to salute the bride. There is nothing like being used to such things."
 "You may take my lat," says I to my merchant, "I was tuck in that time." I tell you I thought it the first time I ever seed the like before. I have seen the Indian-bug and the Congo dance, but I tell you this red war waitz knock the hat-crown out of every thing I ever seed.
 After I had got out of the way and every thing commenced goin' on agin, the music got fister and fister—Oh, it was as fast as furious as a north-wester! The gals raved agin, the fellers hugged tighter, and the music makers pulled out a-blowin'. Then the gals and fellers spun round like so many tops run mad. The fellers heaped back and the gals leaned to 'em; the gals fine frocks sailed out and popped in the air like sheets on a close-line of a windy day and the fellers coat-tails stood out so straight that an egg would not have rolled off; their faces were as fixed and serious as a sarnet. Around they went—it makes me so dizzy to think of it. Pop went the coat-tails, crash went the music, and pitty-patty, rump dumple de thump went the feet of all. By and by, as beautiful a craft as ever you seed in the shape of a woman, laying close upon a long beamlike knotin' feller, came sailin' at the rate of fifteen knots an hour down our way, whilst a fat dumphy woman and a hump-shouldered, beef-eatin', sort of a feller, at the same speed went up the other. I seed there was to be some bumpin', and naturally trembled for the consequences. Sure enough as whollop, they came together, and slapdash the whole on 'em fell flat in the middle of the floor carryin' along with them everybody standin' near!
 Such a mixin' up of things as then took place haint occurred before or since old father Noah unloaded his great Ark. There was legs and arms, white kids and penclads, patent leather and satin gaiters, shoesstrings and garters, neck-ribbons and guard chains, false curls and whiskers, women's bustles and pocket-handkerchiefs, all in a pile, the gals kitchin' and squatin', and the fellers a gouting and apoloquin'.

"Oh, Lordy!" says I—for I was considerably frustrated at the sight—stop that music, blow out the whistles, or all hands shut their eyes till these wimin'folks get unmixed!" At this, such a laugh you never heard.
 "Why, Col. Jonsing," says my merchant, "that is nothin', it frequently happens, and is one of the advantages of the red war waitz. If the gals aint learned how to mix with the world, how can they ever get along?"
 "I would rather have 'em all a little mixed," says I, "but that is too much of a good thing. However, let us leave for I seed enough of the sorry in that pile just now to satisfy me for a week;" and at that we bid 'em good night and left, promisin' to go to the next one and take a few lessons in the common Polka and shonishy dance. How I came out, maybe I may tell you in another letter.
 Your friend,
 BEN JONSSON,
 of Sleepy hollow.

The Secret.
 "I noticed," said Franklin, "a mechanic among a number of others, at work on a house—some of them were from my own town, who always appeared to be in a merry humor, who had a kind word and cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy or sunless, a happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one morning, I asked him to tell me the secret of his constant happy flow of spirits. "No secret, doctor," he replied; "I have got one of