Democrat and Sentinel.

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

NEW SERIES. EBENSBURG, PA. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 10, 1861. VOL. 8---NO. 18.

TERMS:

THE DEMOCRAT & SENTINEL' IS PUBlished every Wednesday Morning at ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS per annum, payable in advance; ONE DOLLAR AND SEVENTY FIVE CENTS if not paid within six months, and TWO DOLLARS if not paid until the termination of the year.

No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months, and no subscriber will be allowed to discontinue his paper until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.

Any person subscribing for six months will be charged ONE DOLLAR, unless the money is paid in advance.

Advertising Rates.

		One insert'n.	*Two do.*	*Three do*
1 square,	[12 lines]	$ 50	$ 75	$1 00
2 squares,	[24 lines]	1 00	1 00	2 00
3 squares,	[36 lines]	1 50	2 00	3 00
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All settlements must be marked with the number of insertions desired, or they will be continued and charged accordingly.

TO CONSUMPTIVES AND NERVOUS SUFFERERS.

The subscriber, for several years a resident of Ebensburg, while there, a simple vegetable remedy for *Consumption, Asthma, Coughs, Colds, and Nervous Debility*, for the benefit of Consumptives and Sufferers, [illegible] is willing to make the same known to them.

To those who desire it, he will send the Receipt, with full directions (free of charge), by return of the mail, which they will find a powerful combination of Nature's simple remedies, by which they can obtain it without charge, by addressing

J. H. GILBERT,
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
No. 129 Broadway, New York.

STOVE FOUNDRY.—HAVING purchased the entire stock and fixtures of the late firm of Evans, Rodgers & Co., the subscriber is prepared to furnish customers and others with

Stoves, Mills, Mill Gearing, Plough Points, Stoves, Mill Irons, Threshing Machines.

and castings of any kind that may be needed in the country.

Thankful for the liberal patronage heretofore extended to the business of the concern, he hopes, by strict attention to business, to merit a continuance of the same, and trusts he will receive a full share of public patronage, as he feels satisfied his stock is good and he will sell as cheap as any other house in town for cash or country produce.

Call and see us at the Foundry.

EDWARD GLASS.

Ebensburg, Aug. 17, 1859.-tf.

EDWARD ASSOCIATION.
PHILADELPHIA.

[illegible] established by special Enactment of the State of Pennsylvania, for the Relief of the Sick and Distressed, Indigent and Epileptic [illegible] Permanently for the Cure of Diseases of the Generative Organs.

MEDICAL ADVICE given gratis, by the Physicians of the Institution, to all who apply by letter [illegible] with a stamp for return postage. (Age, occupation, and [illegible] in all cases of extreme delicacy, [illegible] of charge.

Persons laboring under the effects of Spermatorrhœa, Seminal Weakness, Impotency, Sexual Organs, and on the Skin, or any disease [illegible] employed in the Dispensary, or [illegible] Bitters envelopes, [illegible] or three Stamps for Pamphlet.

Address, DR. J. McALLEN HOUGHTON, Consulting Surgeon, and Association, No. 2 [illegible] Philadelphia, Pa. By order of the Directors,

EZRA D. HEARTWELL, *President*.
GEO. TAUSSIG, Secretary.
Feb. 6, 1861.—1y.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!!
NEW GROCERY STORE.

The undersigned would respectfully beg leave to inform the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity, that he has just received, at his store in the room West of Davis & Lloyd's Store, a new and fresh lot of Groceries, which he offers cheap for Cash or country Produce, such goods in part of the following articles, viz:—

SUGAR, COFFEE, TEA, MOLASSES, TOBACCO, SEGARS, CHEESE, FISH, BACON, AND THE BEST OF FLOUR AND CORN MEAL

Also, on hand a large and well selected stock of School Books and Stationary, Notions &c., all very cheap.

He hopes by strict attention to business to merit and receive a full share of public patronage, as he feels satisfied his stock is good and he will sell as cheap as any other house in town for cash or country produce.

EVAN E. EVANS.

Ebensburg, Aug. 17, 1859. tf.

WAR IN MEXICO.
D. J. EVANS & SON,

HAVE this day received from the East, and are now offering to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity a well selected assortment of

MENS' and BOYS' CLOTHING,

also, a large lot of DRY GOODS, consisting in part of the following articles, viz:

SATINS, VELVETS, CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, DOE SKINS, SATINETTS, TWEEDS, JEANS, FLANNELS, MUSLINS, DRESS GOODS of every style,
NOTIONS.

A large lot of BOOTS & SHOES, HATS AND CAPS, BONNETS, TRUNKS, CARPET SACKS, STATIONARY, HARDWARE, GROCERIES, FISH, SALT, &c., &c., together with such other articles as are usually kept in a country store, which they will dispose of very low for cash or country produce.

☞ The Tailoring business will be carried on in all its branches, all work will be done in short notice and on the most reasonable terms.

Ebensburg, Feb. 1, 1860.-10-tf.

ABRAHAM KOPELIN,
Attorney at Law---Johnstown

OFFICE on Clinton Street, a few doors north of the corner of Main and Clinton.

April 28, 1853.

UDOLPHO WOLFE'S
AROMATIC
SCHNEDAM SCHNAPPS
A SUPERLATIVE
TONIC, DIURETIC,
ANTI DYSPEPTIC
AND
INVIGORATING CORDIAL

TO THE CITIZENS OF NEW JERSEY AND PENNSYLVANIA,

APOTHECARIES, DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND PRIVATE FAMILIES.

Wolfe's Pure Cognac Brandy.
Wolfe's Pure Maderia, Sherry & Port Wine.
Wolfe's Pure Jamaica and St. Croix Rum.
Wolfe's Pure Scotch and Irish Whiskey.
ALL IS GOT FROM ME.

I beg leave to call the attention of the citizens of the United States to the above Wines and Liquors, imported by Udolpho Wolfe, of New York, whose name is familiar in every part of this country for the purity of his celebrated *Schiedam Schnapps*. Mr. Wolfe, in his letter me, speaking of the purity of his Wines and Liquors, says: "I will stake my reputation as a man, my standing as a merchant of thirty years' residence in the City of New York, that all the Brandy and Wines which I bottle are pure as imported, and of the best quality, and can be relied upon by every purchaser." Every bottle has the proprietor's name on the wax, and a fac simile of his signature on the certificate. The public are respectfully invited to call and examine for themselves. For sale at Retail by all the Apothecaries and Grocers in Philadelphia.

GEORGE H. ASHTON, No. 332 Market st., Phila. *Sole Agent for Philadelphia.*

Read the following from the New York Courier.

Enormous Business for one New York Merchant.—We are happy to inform our fellow-citizens that there is one place in our city where the physician, apothecary, and country merchant, can go and purchase pure Wines and Liquors, as pure as imported, and of the best quality. We do not intend to give an elaborate description of this merchant's extensive business, although it will repay any stranger or citizen to visit Udolpho Wolfe's extensive warehouse, Nos. 18, 20 and 22, Beaver street, and Nos. 17, 19 and 21, Marketfield street. His stock of Schnapps on hand ready for shipment could not have been less than thirty thousand cases; the Brandy, some ten thousand cases—Vintages of 1836 to 1856; and ten thousand cases of Madeira, Sherry and Port Wine, Scotch and Irish Whiskey, Jamaica and St. Croix Rum, all very old and equal to any in this country. He also had three large cellars, filled with Brandy, Wine, &c., in casks, under Custom House key, ready for bottling. Mr. Wolfe's sales of Schnapps last year amounted to one hundred and [illegible] thousand dozen, and we [illegible] there two years he may be equally successful with his Brandies and Wines.

His business merits the patronage of every lover of his species. Private families who wish pure Wines and Liquors for medical use should send their orders direct to Mr. Wolfe, until every Apothecary in the land make up their minds to discard the poisonous stuff from their shelves, and replace it with Wolfe's pure Wines and Liquors.

We understand Mr. Wolfe, for the accommodation of small dealers in the country, puts up assorted cases of Wines and Liquors. Such a man, and such a merchant, should be sustained against the tens of thousands of opponents in the United States, who sell nothing but imitations, ruinous alike to human health and happiness.

September 12, 1860.—6m.

JOHN H. ALLEN & CO., NOS. 2 & 4 Christian Street, (south side, below Water,) PHILADELPHIA. (The Oldest Wood-ware House, in the City.) Manufacturers and Wholesale dealers in Patent Machine made BROOMS, Patent Grooved CEDAR-WARE, *warranted not to shrink*, WOOD & WILLOW WARE, CORDS, BRUSHES, &c, of all descriptions. Please call and examine our stock.

March 6, 1857.—1y.

PHILADELPHIA Wood MOULDING MILL Willow street, above Twelfth, north side. Mouldings suitable for Carpenters, Builders, Cabinet and Frame Makers, always on hand. Any Pattern worked from a drawing. Agents wanted in the various Towns in this portion of the State, to whom opportunities will be offered for large profits to themselves. SILAS E. WEIR.

February 17, 1858:tf

JACKSON & CLARK,

SURGEON DENTISTS, JOHNSTOWN, PA.

ONE of the firm will be in Ebensburg during the first ten days of each month, during which time all persons desiring his professional services can find him at the office of Dr. Lewis, nearly opposite Blair's Hotel. [may25,1859tf

TO PERSONS OUT OF EMPLOYMENT.

AGENTS WANTED,

In every County in the United States,

TO engage in the sale of some of the best and most elegantly illustrated Works published.

Our publications are of the most interesting character, adapted to the wants of the Farmer, Mechanic and Merchant; they are published in the best style and bound in the most substantial manner, and are worthy a place in the Library of every Household in the Land.

☞To men of enterprise and industrious habits this business offers an opportunity for profitable employment seldom to be met with.

☞Persons desiring to act as agents will receive promptly by mail full particulars, terms, &c., by addressing

LEARY, GETZ & Co., *Publishers*,
No. 224 North Second Street, Philadelphia.
October 24, 1860.—4m.

NOTICE.

The Pamphlet Laws of the last Session of the Legislature of this Commonwealth, have been received and are ready for distribution to persons entitled to get them.

JOSEPH M'DONALD, Prothonotary.
Ebensburg, July 25, 1860.-35-tf.

MEDICINAL

WINE, BRANDY, GIN, WINE BITTERS, &c., just received and for sale at
LEMMON'S DRUG STORE.
Ebensburg, Oct. 17, 1860.-47-3t.

☞ *EXECUTIONS, SUMMONS' &c. neatly done at this office.*

A Thrilling Sketch.

[From the American Union.]

THE TRAPPER AND HIS WIFE!

A TALE OF THE FAR WEST.

BY M. H. MACNAMARA.

We paused to water our weary horses on the border of a narrow stream, surging swiftly over a pebly bottom, and emptying itself into a large lake some three miles distant.

For two weeks we had been far away from any human habitation; camping on the prairies and enjoying the rugged and adventurous life common to the hardy hunters of the far West. Our party comprised three jovial spirits, with an addition, picked up some two weeks prior to the opening of our sketch, of a stalwart old man, wiry and tough, with an honest and sun-browned face, sharp, eagle eye, and a hand steady as a rifle barrel.

Old Tom Hicks, for such he was called, was truly a queer personage; rough in his address, warm and hearty in his friendships, full of droll humor—just the man, in fact, for a jovial, adventurous party; for he would sit and while the tedious hours away by narrative, grave or gay, of adventures in the backwoods, encounters with the 'Injins,' or tough fights with, and victories over, that affectionate 'cretur' the 'bar.'

Tom had seen and suffered much in his life; had braved many dangers, and passed triumphantly through them all; be delighted to speak of them, and many an interesting yarn have I now stocked in memory. Old Tom was the first to leap from the back of his horse, and in a few moments his example was followed by the rest of the party, and our thirsty animals were left to enjoy their draughts of the delicious element.

Having thus attended to our horses, we proceeded to a grassy knoll a few yards from the stream, where, sitting down, we commenced to refresh ourselves with dried meat and a morsel of meal cake, which had lain hardening in our saddle bags for full two weeks.

My meal having been finished, I cast my eyes about and away in the distance, near a bend of the stream, beheld what seemed to me, the ruin of a house, or rather log shed. For what purpose it had been used I could not tell. I looked on it for some moments in a state of surprise, vainly conjecturing a sound or plausible reason for its appearance in that wild and uninhabited region.

The eyes of Tom Blake had likewise discovered the ruin, and after gazing at it for some time, he turned to me and said—

'What in the name of conscience is that, eh?' Whereupon Haze, taking a suspicious looking black bottle from his pocket, and half lifting it into the air, turned round his head and bent his eyes upon the ruin.

'That? Why that's a—a—' the rest was lost in a loud gurgle—gurgle; for Haze put the bottle to his mouth, and if Old Tom had not he would soon have made a ruin of that too.

'I'ts agin natur, friend, to suck the hull ou'r a bottle; sperets make men wallyble, and sperets makes bottles wallyble—he, he,' and laughing silently at this bit of philosophy, he put up the bottle and took down the liquor. Having performed that pleasing operation, he smacked his lips and wiping them upon the sleeves of his well worn hunting coat, he turned about and pointing his powerful arm in the direction of the ruin, said, in his sharp, yet penetrating tone—

'That ere is what surprises ye, aint it? he, he, he,' and he solaced himself with another of his peculiar laughs, and lighting his ancient pipe, he dropped on his elbow, puffed at his pipe, and seemed greatly to enjoy our suspense, for he well knew that we were satisfied he was acquainted with the story of the ruin.

'Come, come, Tom!' cried Haze, when patience ceased to be a virtue, 'Come, tell us the yarn, whatever it is. I'll be bound it's not worth listening to!' The last few words were uttered *sotto voce*, but the quick ears of the Trapper caught them up, and turning round he said, in a spirit of piqued pri'le—

'That's as you dont know on, boys; I haint lived in these ere woods for twenty years and more, nor travelled these ere prareries without a larnin' more nor's teached in a college,' and Tom puffed again at his old black pipe.

Haze winked knowingly at us, as much as to say, 'I've touched him, boys; he'll let off in a minute—and old Hicks *did* let off.'

'I'ts goin' on nigh seven years ago,' he began, 'when just that I came a-near that spot. It war a harnsum place then, I kin tell ye. Thar war a wood thar then, as now; a deep, solemn old wood. Never did I go near it or enter it but I felt more like a good man; everything so still, so soothful like, so green and beautiful; it aren't no such wood now, and never will be agin. One day a trapper what had spent the best part of his life a huntin' the Injins, the painters, and sich like, war pursing that ere place, and stopped to feed right under that old trunk, then, a large, strong and green limbed tree. He liked the spot, it war so beautiful and natral like, and the game war then so plenty. They aren't so now. So he pitched on that ar' spot, and went on back to the fort to get hisself ready, to raise a shanty.

'Wal, about a week from that time he kim back, and felling a few trees, built himself a cabin ekil to anything I ever sot eyes on. It war long and square, sich as is that ere ruin now—contained four harnsum rooms and was a rale beauty. Bill Morgan, for that was the trapper's name, warn't alone when he come to the spot. He fetched a gal with him, sich a gal these eyes of mine never has seldom seen; very beautiful, with the dark brown eye of the red deer, and the light, swift step of the doe—the Lord makes few sich gals, an' if he made less, 'twere better for him.

'I war with him the fust week arter he built his shanty, fer Bill an' I were old friends, and we hunted much and trapped considerable, and in a short time the walls of the cabin war hung with meat, smoked dry, and the corner filled with skins of the beaver, and the thick, tough hides of the bear. We warn't a workin' fer nuthin'. The Ingins war continually round, and a lookin' curiously at the shanty, as if a tryin' ter see why it war thar, and what it contained. The red devils at last seemed 'termined ter be up a doin' sunthin', and so one night, they kim down near the shanty and commenced a survey.

'Bill and I wer sittin' by the fire whar some meat war a cookin', an' we war a smokin' our pipes as kimfortable as could be, whin a hard press war made on the door, an' the ketch, which warn't a strong one, suddenly gave way. Bill an' I turned 'round our heads, and what d'ye think we seed?—A big Ingin pilin' head fust into 'tother side of the room, so mfarnal fast he couldn't stop. No, not ter save his cussed skin. We moved, did Bill and I, and that tarnal quick, and got our waypuns jist in time ter face a half dozen of the sneakin' ousses!

'Bill piled onto the fust one and knifed him in the neck, nearly a cuttin' his head from his body. I brought my gun har'l down on the second red devil's head an' brained him on the spot; but afore I could rekiver myself, a tall, hungry lookin' savage sprang at me, an' in a minit more we war a rolling on the floor.

'Nary a word war sed; but redskin and I grappled, he with one of his arms around my body, and 'tothar holdin' his tomahawk high above my head—I had one hand clingin' ter his scalp lock, an' war graspin' his waypun hand with 'tother! Thar we war, breathing fiercely an' fightin' for life or death—suddenly I twitched him round, plucked my knife from my belt, an' squeezing my hand under his side I worked my knife up into his heart an' felt his warm blood pour down on my arm in floods! I dragged it from his body, as he with a horrible, piercin' yell, bounded half up from the floor and then fell back—cramped, cold an' dead!

'I war awful spry in gittin' up I kin tell ye; and whin I war up I seed Bill, a clashin' about with his rifle and war astonished ter find that the door war closed, and three Ingins outin six a fightin' with Morgan, who stood, with his wife ahind him, fierce as a wounded bar. With a yell, I dashed in and slashed away like a butcher, only more fierce. In five minits, two more of the varmints fell to the earth, and 'tothers taking 'vantage of our fight with their kimrades, made for the door and in a few minits war far off in the woods.

'Bill's wife, Natty, was not frightened one bit at the scrimmage, but took it cool as an old un. We wiped up the blood; scalped and buried the carrion, an' barred up the old door agin, lighted our pipes and loaded our guns, and while Natty went ter bed, we went on cookin' our meat as afore.

'I had fixed up my traps for ter move in the mornin', but owin' ter what had took place the night afore, I made up my mind ter stay and see if them ere red devils nd kick up any more of their shines. Two days went on and nary red skin showed. All war quiet, and as I had agreed ter meet a fellow in two days more, I at last though I'd move. 'Bout now I said to Bill and Natty good-bye, and started for 'creek pint.'

'Now I ain't a'man as has any natral s'picions; but some how or 'nuther whin the sun wint down on the perarie, a kinder strange feelin' a run through my heart, an' it seemed as if God had tuck a hold o' the strings and turned me about to retrack my steps to the cabin of Bill Morgan.

'Tho' it war dark, I could well make my way by the glimmer of the moon; an' with my rifle slung on my shoulder a ready for to use, an' my knife hanging loose in my belt, I travelled on, a feelin' wusser and wusser every minit. Boys, I've never felt so afore—ner since—an' God keep me from feelin' so agin. It war terrible. I war haunted by a spirit which travelled with me along that dark unbeaten track. When I moved on slow and tried to think what I war about, my heart would fall an' I'd trot swiftly along—ah, it war frightful. The moon riz up higher and higher, an' more star kim round her, and yet I war still far from the hut o' Bill Morgan. But I trotted on, and when the moon war over my head, I war standin' on this here spot!

'Fierce yells broke the stillness of the night and made my blood turn cold in my veins! I looked round toward the bend,' he pointed his finger toward the ruin as he spoke, 'an' as I looked, a loud mournful, agonizing wail arose upon the air, as if some great white heart war wreathin' under some hellish red skin's torture! I stopped not to think, but running forrard, I soon arriv at the house. I run round to the back part where war a window—I put my face ter the winder and—God 'twar horrible!' and the hardy old hunter clapped his hands to his eyes as if to shut out some terrible sight. At length he resumed:

'I'll never forget what I seed! Thar war four Ingins a standin' round a man laid on a table all bound and helpless, branishing knives and tomahawks in his face, putting firebrands inter his hair, and one o' the Injins held in his hands a 'skillet,' from which war dripping the last drops of nearly a quart o'melted lead! I war cold as a dead man as I tuck in that ere pictur—I warn't there ten seconds, in less than twelve I had rekivered myself, and raisin' my rifle ter my shoulder, and gettin' two o' the red fiends in range, I blazed away. They dropped without a word. I ran quickly round to the door; in a minit it war opened my rifle war pointed, and a second bar'l laid a third dead on the ground!

'The other war about to spring at me, when sunthin' touched him from behind, and he too fell dead on his face! I jumped forard an' found Natty a standin' over him with the long knife o' her husband's all covered with blood!

"The woman war terrible to look at? Her black hair war hanginging all about her; her eyes war wild and her teeth closed like a vice; her frame rigid—the woman war mad! She looked on for a minute and begin ter laugh—God, what a laugh! She brandished the long huntin' knife, cryin—

'Natty killed him, Natty killed him! Bood blood!' I took her gently by the arm, she made no trouble, and walked her in, barred up the door, loaded the guns, and thin went over ter the table. Naterally I kin bear any anything, but I feared to look on that ere board. But I moved on, reached it; looked down—oh, God! A face all black and burst cold lead filling the mouth and clingin' around it, filling the ears, and hangin' from the crisp and singed hair! oh it war most horrible! Poor Bill! They had filled his ears and mouth with lead, the very lead he had begun that night to melt inter bullets?

'Boys, I couldn't bear that are fearful sight. I turned away. I war sick, and nigh ter fainting, an' I leaned again the wall an' shet my eyes. Boys I wer awful ewerkim. I stood thar for a few minits scarcely a-knowing what I war about, whin of a sudden, I felt the cold breeze a blowin', and lookin' around I seed the door open and Natty, she was gone! she had been I suppose for some time. I rushed out to look for her—I heard a cracklin' and roarin'—saw a great blaze—the shanty war a fire! The flames spread quickly; in a minit more all war blazing. It looked fearful in the wood—it looked like hell itself, hell and all surrounded with darkness, an' that darkness shrouding devils wrapped up in red skins!

'I looked on for a little time, not knowin' what ter do. Suddely a figure rushed past me. I heard a loud shriek, and Natty, poor mad, unfortunate Natty, dashed madly inter the flames.

'Now my blood war up. I flung down my rifle, cast away my knife and belt, and followed her swift as a deer! I had reached the door, she paused on the threshold, flames surrounded her; she darted to the table whereon lay the dead body of her husband and fell headlong enter the cold shuderin' corpse!

'The wall fell afore I could enter—fell with a loud crash; a terrible shriek went up to the sky—it was answered with a wild yell—in a moment more I heard the loud tramp and cries of the savages, and taking one last look on the terrible spot, I fled swiftly inter the woods.

'Boys, this is the first time I've been about here since; and wouldn't sleep here for a handful o'gold.

Old Tom concluded. We said but little, for his story had banished our humor; so mounting our horses, we gladly moved away from the spot.

Mr. Crittenden proposed for Congress.—The Frankfort (Kentucky) *Commonwealth* has under its editorial head the following announcement—

Eighth Congressional District.

For Congress—JOHN J. CRITTENDEN

This announcement is accompanied with the following editorial remarks:

We to-day raise the name of this distinguished statesman at the head of our paper, as the people's candidate for Congress. The farmers of Franklin and Woodford have already nominated him. We have received numerous letters within the last few days, asking it Mr. Crittenden would consent to make the race. We are not able to say, not having heard from Mr. Crittenden on the subject, or from any one authorized to speak for him, but we believe, that under the circumstances, Mr. Crittenden would not disregard the earnest desire of his friends. The country cannot afford to lose at this time, the services of the greatest statesman of the age.—The eyes of all good men and all those who desire the preservation of our glorious country, are now turned to Mr. Crittenden in this hour of peril. He is a patriot and a statesman. The Union party of his district, his State, and his country, desire his aid now, and he cannot refuse them. The people of this district will elect him anyhow.

Party Animosities.—The remarks of Henry Clay, in the Senate of the United States, when the death of John C. Calhoun was announced, are not unsuitable to the time in which we live. He said:

'Sir, ought we not to profit by the contemplation of this melancholy occasion? Ought we not draw from the conclusion how unwise it is to indulge in the acerbity of unbridled debate? How wrong it is to yield ourselves to the sway of the animosities of party feeling? how wrong it is to indulge in those unhappy strifes which too often exasperate our feelings and mislead our judgements in the discharge of the high and responsible duties which we are are called to perform? how unbecoming if not presumptous, it is in us, who are tenants of an hour in this earthly abode, to wrestle and struggle together with a violence which would not be justified if it were our perpetual home!'

A Messenger at Sumter.—A dispatch has reached this city from Charleston, which states that Dr. Fox, of the United State Navy, a special messenger from the Government to Major Anderson, has reached this city, and has visited Fort Sumter by permission, in company with Capt. Hartstein. Of course the exact nature of his mission was not publicly known, but there was little doubt that it related to the evacuation of the Fort. The Charlestonians were much excited relative to the visit, and developements were awaited with much anxiety.—*N. Y. World.*

—Foote once expressed an opinion that a certain miser would take the beam out of his own eye, if he thought he could sell the timber.

☞Some years ago, in Newcastle county, Deleware, an Irishman was knocked down and robbed. He accused a man of having committed the robbery, and in due time the case came to trial. The Irishman being upon the stand, was cross-examined, after having sworn positively to the guilt of the prisoner, by one of the keenest lawyers and something like the following was the result.

'You say that the prisoner at the bar is the man who assaulted and robbed you?'

'Yes.'

'Was it moonlight when the occurrence took place?'

'Devil a bit iv it.'

'Was it starlight?'

'Not a whit, it was dark that you could have seen your hand before you.'

'Was there any light shining from a house near by?'

'Divil a bit iv a house was there anywhere about.'

'Well, then, if there was no moon, stars, nor light from any house, and so dark that you could not see your hand before you, how are you able to swear that the prisoner was the man? How could you see him?'

'Why, yer honor, when the spalpeen struck me, the fire flew out iv me eyes so bright, you might have been seen to pick up a pin, you might.'

The court, jury, counsel and spectators, exploded with shouts at this quaint idea, and the prisoner was directly after, declared not guilty.

Next thing to an Angel upon Earth.—A gentleman who was walking through Knightsbridge recently, overheard the following conversation between a man and woman, who appeared as if just come from some pleasure trip in the country—

Woman—'How me, Bill, how tired I do feel. I'm as miserable too, as a starved herring. What a miserable world this is! I wish I'd never been born, that I do; and now that I am born I wish myself dead agin.'

Man—'Whew, Bet, what's the matter with you now? What are you grumblin' about?'

Woman—'Why, don't I tell you, I'm as miserable as a rat?'

Man—'Miserable, indeed! Why, what on earth would yer have? You was drunk, Monday, and you was drunk again Wednesday, and I'm blessed if you hav'nt had pretty near enough to-day. If that ain't pleasure enough for yer, I don't know what is. I suppose you want to be a downright hangel here upon earth?'

☞Mrs. J. C. Higgins, living near Bridget Creek, Wis., one evening a few weeks since, hearing an unusual noise at the calf-pen, and upon going out found that something like a dozen wolves were contemplating an attack upon the calf. Upon her approach, they retreated a short distance. Mrs. H. is a good shot with a rifle. Upon reflection, she concluded to put strychnine upon some meat she had in the house, and give it to the unwelcome visitors. She did so, and upon the return of her husband, who was absent in the fore part of the evening, he found twelve wolves lying dead within a few rods of the house.

A Prophecy by Col. Benton.—Rev. Gen. Duffield, Jr., states that a few months before the decease of the late Col. Benton, he said to a young political friend, then on a visit to Washington. 'Young man you have seen the hall of patents, the post office, the capitol: for whom have they been built at such an enormous expense? The United States? 'No sir, no! They are for the Southern Confederacy, which has been plotting for the last five and twenty years, and which, I greatly fear, the nation will not wake up to discover until it is too late.'

—One day a party of ladies paid us a visit aboard, and several had been hoisted on deck by the usual means of a 'whip' on the mainyard. The chair had descended for another 'whip,' but scarcely had its fair freight been lifted out of the boat alongside, than a mischievious parrot on board, piped 'Let go!' The order being instantly obeyed, the unfortunate lady, instead of being comfortably seated on the deck, as had been those who proceeded her, was cooled over head in the sea.

—A lusty young fellow in tattered garb, and a long beard that bespoke the extreme of distress, solicited an elderly gentleman for alms, in a piteous tone of voice, the benevolent gentleman gave him a shilling.

'If this relief,' said the beggar, 'had not come so opportunely, I should have been driven to do what I never intended,'

'What was that?' said the gentleman impatiently.

'To work,' said the imposter.

—An Irishman having a looking glass in one hand, shut his eyes and placed it before his face.

Another asked him why he did so.

'Upon my sowl,' replied Teddy, 'is's to see how I look whin I'm aslape.'

— A wag was once heard to say, that the only difference between the southern and northern people is, those in the south never sell anything they can eat, while those in the North never eat anything they can sell.

—A clergyman praying at the camp meeting in a most fervent manner for the power of the devil to be curtailed, a zealous old negro loudly exclaimed:—"Amen! yes, bless God, cut the tail smack smoove off."

—A pretty girl and a wild horse are liable to do much mischief; for the one runs away with the fellow's body, and the other runs away with his heart.

—'I live by my pen,' said a vulgar author to a lady.

'You look, sir, as if you ought to live in a pen.'