

# 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 17, 1861.

VOL. 8—NO. 19.

**TERMS:**  
"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 until 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 at liberty 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 Advertising Rates.

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**TO CONSUMPTIVES AND NERVOUS SUFFERERS.**

THE subscriber, for several years a resident of Asia, discovered while there, a simple vegetable remedy—a pure tonic for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Croup, and Nervous Debility. For the benefit of Consumptives and Nervous Sufferers, he is willing to make the same public.

To those who desire it, he will send the Prescription, with full directions (free of charge); a sample of the medicine, which they will find a beautiful combination of Nature's simple powers. Those desiring the remedy can obtain it by return mail, by ad. address.

J. E. CUTHBERT,  
APOTHECARY,  
No. 423 Broadway, New York.  
April 18, 1860—3m.

**EBENSBURG FOUNDRY.**—HAVING purchased the entire stock and fixtures of the Ebensburg Foundry, the subscriber is prepared to furnish farmers and others with Flourish, Plough Points, Stoves, Mill Irons, Thrashing Machines, and castings of any kind that may be needed in the community.

By strict attention to the business of the agency, he hopes to merit, and trusts he will receive a liberal patronage from those in want of articles in this line.

All business done at the Foundry.  
EDWARD GLASS,  
March 22, '56—1m.

**HOWARD ASSOCIATION, PHILADELPHIA.**

A benevolent Institution established by special Act of Congress, for the Relief of the Sick and the Destitute, afflicted with Venereal and Epidemic Diseases, and especially for the Care of Diseases of the Sexual Organs.

**MEDICAL ADVICE** given gratis, by the Acting Surgeon, to all who apply by letter with a description of their condition, (age, occupation, habits of life, &c.) and in case of extreme poverty, Medicines furnished free of charge.

**VALUABLE REPORTS** on Syphilis, Gonorrhoea, and other Diseases of the Sexual Organs, and on the NEW REMEDIES employed in the Dispensary, sent to the afflicted in sealed letters, enveloped, free of charge. Two or three Stamps for Postage will be accepted.

Address, DR. J. SKILLMAN HOUGHTON, Acting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. By order of the Directors.

EZRA D. BRANTWELL, President,  
GEO. FAIRHILL, Secretary,  
Feb. 8, 1860.—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 room, one case West of Davis & Lloyd's Store, a large and fresh lot of Groceries, which he offers for sale cheap for Cash or country Produce, his stock consists in part of the following articles, viz:

SUGAR COFFEE, TEA, MOLASSES, TOBACCO, BEANS, CHEESE, FISH, BACON AND THE BEST OF FLOUR AND CORN MEAL. He also keeps on hand a large and well selected Stock of School Books and Stationery, 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 can do.

EBENSBURG, Aug. 17, 1859. 1f.

**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

**MEN'S and BOYS' CLOTHING,** Also, a large lot of DRY GOODS, consisting in part of the following articles, viz: SATINS, VELVETS, CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, BOB SKINS, SATINETTS, TWEEDS, JEANS, FLANNELS, MUSLINS, DRESS GOODS of every style, NOTIONS.

A large lot of BOOTS & SHOES, HATS AND CAPS, BONNETS, TRUNKS, CARPET BAGS, 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—1f.  
**ABRAHAM KOPELIN,**  
Attorney at Law—Johnston,  
OFFICE on Clinton Street, a few doors north of the corner of Main and Clinton.  
April 28, 1863.

**WOLFE'S TONIC, DIURETIC, ANTI-DYSPEPTIC, AND INVIGORATING CORDIAL.**

**TO THE CITIZENS OF NEW JERSEY AND PENNSYLVANIA,**  
APOTHECARIES, DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND RETAIL VINEYARD FAMILIES.

Wolfe's Pure Cognac Brandy,  
Wolfe's Pure Madeira, Sherry & Port Wine,  
Wolfe's Pure Jamaica and Cognac Brandy,  
Wolfe's Pure Scotch and Irish Whiskey.

ALL IN BOTTLES.

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 *Schöpfung* Schnapps. Mr. Wolfe, in his letter me, speaking of the purity of his Wines and Liquors, says: "I will make my reputation as a merchant by 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.

Gaston H. Asteron, No. 822 Market st., Phila.

Sole Agent for Philadelphia.

Read the following from the New York Courier.

*Discursive*—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 warehouses, Nos. 19, 20 and 21, Beaver street, and Nos. 17, 18 and 21, Philadelphia street. His stock of Schnapps is almost entirely Scotch and Irish Whiskey, and his other liquors are of the best quality, and he has more than thirty thousand cases of the Brandy, imported from France, and more than ten thousand cases of Madeira, Sherry and Port Wine, Scotch and Irish Whiskey, Jamaica and St. John's rum, some very old and equal to any in this country. He also has three large casks, filled with Brandy, Wine, &c., in casks, under Custom-house key, ready for bottling. Mr. Wolfe's stock of Schnapps last year amounted to one hundred and eighty thousand cases, and we hope in less than two years he may be equally successful with his Brandy and Wines.

His business merits the patronage of every lover of his species. Private families who wish pure Wines and Liquors, or medicinal use should apply to Mr. Wolfe, who will every day receive a liberal patronage from those in want of articles in this line.

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April 28, 1863.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

**THE NEST.**

BY LIEUT. COL. H. R. ADDISON.

To those only who have long resided in Ireland, can be known the horror inspired by a "process server,"—the abhorrence with which these poor men are looked upon by every Patriot. In this quiet and orderly country, the man placed in "possession" of your property by the formalities of the law, is not only considered as the mere tool of a superior power, but is often, very often, well treated. Nay, country goes so far, that he is frequently asked, during his forced sojourn, to join in all the meals and other comforts which the house affords. Not so in the sister country. The unhappy man sent in to do this unpleasant duty, is not only ill-treated and abused, but often becomes the victim of murderous ferocity.

One of the most remarkable illustrations of this feeling occurred some thirty years ago, in the county of Ulster, when a gentleman of high standing, good estate, and old family, was so irritated, that on his house being taken possession of, he actually got up in the middle of the night, and set it on fire, thus perishing the lives of the two poor officials in charge. That which, however, made the case still worse, was the attempt on the part of the incendiary to cast the blame on the "men in possession," from which charge, however, they perfectly cleared themselves, and Mr. — was fully committed for setting fire to his own house, a somewhat strange occurrence; but several cases of this destroying the security of creditors having lately occurred, Sir Robert Peel deemed it necessary to make it a felony. Mr. — was the first party indicted under the new act, and would have undoubtedly escaped, had he not, (as we have said) endeavored to destroy two innocent men, losing his possession on his own personal observation. This was thought so horrible that the law was altered, to like the case, and Mr. — was hanged in Dublin, as an example to deter those who would arrogantly assert their own irregularities on the heads of those who had never injured them.

This striking fact, however, seemed to have little effect on the blood-thirsty nature of the Irish peasantry; for in the journal I was now reading there was a dreadful account of a murder committed, (or rather, discovered the day before) on two hangers, near Kilmallock. The bodies of the unfortunate men were found in a small river, about a mile from the farm house they were supposed to be in possession of; and steps had been taken to make it appear as if they had perished by accident, but this belief was quite destroyed by their skulls being found battered in, and their faces so disfigured by blows, that it was a task of great difficulty to recognize them.

The account given by the farmer's family was very clear, and the testimony of each member of the circle agreed so consistently, that their evidence was scarcely to be doubted. It appeared from their statement, that two men had taken up their residence in an adjoining barn, and that one of the daughters had carried them their frugal supper the evening before. They then seemed well primed with whiskey, and might be supposed to be in possession of still larger supplies of this intoxicating beverage. The general belief of the family was, therefore, that the two poor fellows, having got drunk, fell asleep, and, on waking, walked across the fields, to bathe themselves, for the purpose of washing away their delirium, but, unfortunately, not being quite sober, they had fallen in, just where the stream was most rapid and deep, and thus fell victims to their intemperance. The wounds on their heads, they supposed, must have been caused by being dashed against some rocks, past which they had been carried by the stream.

The story seemed to the local authorities to be somewhat improbable, but, on strict investigation, they found the footsteps of two men clearly imprinted in several places between the door of the barn and the river, where they again appeared upon the muddy and slippery bank. The whole house was examined over and over again; but no weapon, no instrument of death, or cause of suspicion could be discovered. Forty-eight hours were fruitfully employed by the local magistrates, the chief constable, and the coroner, in seeking for some evidence; but all in vain. As a last resource, they wrote to Vokes, in Limerick.

Of all this—beyond the paragraph in the newspaper—I heard nothing till the entrance of the chief constable, who arrived, bearing the invitation to my intelligent relative to attend.

"Well, Mac, as they wish it, I'll go; but you may depend upon it, it is as the people say. These fellows got drunk, and slipped into the river. I'll order my carriage directly, and you and my relative here can drive over with me."

I began to make excuses.

"Oh, don't be getting out of it! If you'll come along we will touch at —, and I'll show you the finest stud of horses in Ireland. Come, don't be fancying that there is any danger this time! I'm only going over to see my brother magistrates. By the bye I'd like to introduce you to some of them. There's no case of harm to any one here, is there. Mac? turning to the police officer close by."

"None in the world, Major. Sure, if there had been anything, we would have discovered it without troubling you."

"You're right; but as they ask me, we'll just run over," and in half an hour more, we were en route.

I confess I was not comfortable, Vokes was far too jovial to please me, and he laughed at the idea of this murder so loudly, and pook-pooked it so strongly, that I felt he was not sincere.

When within three miles of Kilmallock, he, as usual, got out of his carriage, and mounted on horseback, making myself and his officer so the same. To my surprise, we found Sergeant M'Grath and six mounted policemen, waiting for him with his saddle horse. The chief constable seemed more surprised than myself. If there really had been a murder, a large force should have been called out. If the death arose from accident, surely no policemen were requisite. The Major, however, made no remark, and we trotted across the country followed at a distance by the constables and carriage. I adhered to my old rule of asking no questions.

Presently we came in sight of the old farm house where the murder had been committed. It was surrounded by, at least, 5000 persons, many of whom seemed strangely excited. I could not but feel a sensation of terror as I looked upon this lawless body. I believe my countenance must have betokened my alarm, for my relative gave me a reassuring smile. He then directed his sub to join the policemen, with directions to bring them round to the rear of the building, and jumping off his horse, motioned me to do the same. I confess I did so with reluctance, and when I handed the bridle to the boy, who had undertaken to hold the animal, I must needs admit I would have willingly dissuaded Vokes from entering the crowd, who, as he approached, gave three groans for him—a welcome they poured forth with all the venom of their souls, for many amongst them had reason to dread his power. The Major took off his hat with a smile, and laughingly thanked them, then plunged into the midst of them. Vokes had only a riding whip with him, and this instrument he did not hesitate to use, when any one attempted to bar his passage, or press too closely on him. Unless I am egregiously mistaken, I read murder and vengeance in the eyes of many. But a respect and unobscured dread of the chief magistrate, who boldly looked them in the face, seemed to restrain them.

At length we entered the cottage, in which a couple of magistrates and several policemen waited. These functionaries assured Vokes that, after a most lengthened and minute inquiry they could obtain no clue to the perpetrators of the horrid deed.

The Major next interrogated the family—a more intelligent circle I never saw in my life. They gave their evidence clearly, and one of the poor girls burst into tears as she told her story. She it was who had last seen the poor fellows, now lying dead in the adjoining barn. Vokes, after hearing their account, told them he should doubtless require their testimony at the approaching assizes in Limerick; to this the whole family consisting of the father, mother, a son and two daughters, readily assented.

He then inspected the bodies of the poor men, and when a brother magistrate pointed out to him the probability of it's having been a severe accident, the chief magistrate seemed to assent.

I now hoped all was over, but my relative again turned into the house. After examining again and again the rooms up stairs, he returned to the spacious kitchen. Here about a dozen persons were assembled. The room itself bore a look of comfort. There was a good clock. The crockery and saucers were clean, and ranged along the wall. A goose sat hatching her eggs beside the fireplace. A large house dog, apparently well fed, slept before the hearth. It was one of the cleanest Irish kitchens I ever was in.

Vokes suddenly called to a policeman.

"Pull that goose out of her nest. That's right. Take out the eggs. Ah! What is the nest made of?"

"Come here, Major," replied the constable.

"Let us see it, Maloney," and the next moment the man held up a large linen sheet saturated with blood. It was now dry, and there was no mistaking it.

"Since the whole family, Handoff, them, and off with them to Limerick. You may take my carriage if you like it. M'Grath, jump up stairs, and in the little room on the right you will find two hockey sticks. Take care how you handle them, for there is blood and clotted brains that must not be rubbed off of them; and now, Mr. Martin I think we have you," said he, turning to the farmer.

"No words! off with him."

"But, Major," interrupted one of the local magistrates, "Martin is a tenant of mine, and a highly respectable man. Besides he is—"

"A murderer?"

"You are mistaken—I'll bail him!"

"Faith, my dear friend, you can't; and, what's more, you shan't. If I'm wrong, I'll take the blame. Egad, Harry, I have them," said he turning to me "We'll be off before the people, outside are aware of it," and out we went. The people, however, seeing us without escort or prisoners, believed that Vokes's mission had failed, and welcomed us cheerfully as we passed through them. No time, however, was to be lost, and even before we were well out of sight of them their frantic cries showed that they had learned our arts.

On the subsequent trial, one of the sisters having turned approver (or as we call it, King's evidence) declared that she had not only seen, but assisted in the murder. Drugged heavily with whiskey, the unsuspecting man had fallen fast asleep, when the son and two daughters stole in with hockey sticks (produced in court) and battered out their brains. They then tied their bodies in a large sheet, and the father and son carried them to a spot at least a mile down the river, where they threw them in. A faint picture of this girl, who now without shrinking described the assassination, and by her proved evidence gave her whole family to the scaffold, I have elsewhere sketched before.

About six weeks after the above scene in the farm house, I was ordered out with troops as an execution party (a military duty only, I believe, exercised in Ireland); I could get no

one to change with me, and I was compelled, much against my own will, to see old Martin, his wife, his daughter, and his son, hanged over the gate-way of the new prison in Limerick.

**Visit to the Batteries in Charleston Harbor.**

The Charleston papers give long and glowing accounts of the visit to the fortifications in that harbor, on Saturday last, by the members of the South Carolina Convention and State officials, accompanied by a large number of ladies. They embarked on the steamers Carolina and General Clinch, and on the latter was a fine band of music. They first approached Fort Johnson, of which they took an outside view, as they passed around it, and then landed at Fort Moultrie, where they were received by Col. Ripley, and were honored with a salute. Here they witnessed the manner of firing the 'big guns.' Noticing their departure from this point the Courier says:

"As the boats passed the fortifications they were greeted with the rapid flashes and discharges of the big guns from Fort Moultrie and the batteries between that and the point, in charge of the Vigilant rifles and the rifle Regiment. One ball from Fort Moultrie was sent flying through the air, making a piercing noise and bounding through the waves like a thing of life. Cheer after cheer went up from the troops quartered at the Moultrie House, and a simultaneous waving of handkerchiefs from the boats and by the soldiery, showed the enthusiasm which has from the commencement of these great and wonderful events of the time marked our people. Crossing the harbor, the steamers steered on the main ship channel, running alongside the Morris Island beach to a point nearly opposite the Lighthouse headland."

"The scene upon the Island was indeed a beautiful one. The long low range of sand-hills was covered with sentries, and squads of troops engaged in drill. At short intervals the various posts were indicated by the flags streaming over them. Here and there along the crest of the hills we could detect with a glass the black muzzles of the cannon peeping threateningly out, while the background was dotted with white tents and rude quarters of the troops."

"After leaving Morris Island the band was transferred to the steamer Carolina, and the boat steamed toward the City, passing within a hundred yards and almost directly under the big guns and grim looking walls of Fort Sumpter. The band struck up 'Dixie's Land' while several small white flags on board the steamer were spread to the breeze. Several officers and men of Fort Sumpter appeared on the ramparts, but extended no invitation to the sovereignty of the State, to pay them a visit. As the party passed however, the beautiful appearance of this fortification elicited the highest admiration. On the ramparts were several barbettes guns, some of which appeared much heavier than others."

"The Mercury, referring to the firing, from the batteries, says:

"One after another the mortars and heavy guns sent their shot and shell flying over the waters of the harbor. To a large majority of the spectators the flight and bursting of shell was something novel, and the scene was altogether impressive and grand. The whole line of the beach for miles was clouded in white smoke, and the continuous flashing and reports of the guns heightened the warlike aspect of things. Among those who fired the mortars was ex Senator Chestnut."

**Supposed Fraud upon the Revenue.**

From the New York Post.

The Collector of New York recently seized a considerable quantity of merchandise imported from Buenos Ayres, S. A. consisting of wool horsehair, bibles, etc. embracing the usual invoices from that port. The goods first seized were brought by the brig Mary Wilkins, which arrived about January 1st, and which with subsequent invoices by the *La Plata*, amounted in value to nearly \$100,000. Since then, seizures of goods brought by five or six other vessels have been made—the goods being consigned to other parties, and valued at about \$5,000,000.

These seizure cases are now pending in the United States District Court. The precise theory upon which the Collector intends to ask the Court to condemn these goods as forfeited to the United States has not been made public. It is believed however, that Mr. Scheil claims that there has been a fraud in reducing the paper currency of Buenos Ayres in which the invoices were made, which the importers claim are in strict compliance with the law, and represent the actual cost and fair market value of the goods to the American currency.

The law requires that where an invoice is made out in a depreciated currency, and an entry is made in the Custom house, the original invoice must be accompanied by a Consular certificate, stating the value of such depreciated currency in American currency.

In these cases it is reported that the Collector's theory is, that the United States Consul at Buenos Ayres has not certified correctly to the value of depreciated currency. He certifies that twenty five Buenos Ayres paper dollars are equal to one American dollar, and it is said that Mr. Scheil claims that twenty-one of them are equal in value, and that by the production of the Consul's incorrect certificate, the importers have done an act which the revenue laws punish by condemnation of the goods. In the case now in court, the Collector has arrested & seized the goods and they have passed into the hands of the United States Marshal.

"I can't undertake, wife, to gratify all your whims; it would be as much as my life is worth." Oh, sir, that's nothing, she replied.

New News, March 5.—The New York Times of this morning contain dispatches from Washington of the highest importance, and taken in connection with the activity displayed in military and naval departments of the Government, as displayed at the Brooklyn navy-yard, and various military stations in the harbor, and elsewhere, indicate with sufficient significance that a line of policy has been decided upon by the Administration which will speedily test the ability of the Government to enforce the laws. In less than a week, a correspondent telegraphs, it is probable that every fort of importance South of Charleston through which inland communication can be had, will be blockaded, and that the revenue laws will be everywhere enforced if the navy is strong enough to do it. Not the least important statement in our correspondents' dispatch is that the Government is likely to be sustained in its authority by the sympathy of the great European Powers, whose representatives have decidedly, though unofficially, expressed the hope the integrity of the Union shall be maintained.

The greatest excitement exists in Washington, in view of the supposed warlike action of the Administration, but the general feeling, seems to be one of satisfaction, that the present state of suspense will soon come to an end. The Tribune has a double leader on the pleasant topic of "War at hand."

**An attempt made to Spike the Guns at Fort Moultrie.**

A letter to the *Enquirer* (Ala.) Express, from Barrancas, relates the following incident which occurred there:

"A man named Doyle, one of the workmen at the navy-yard, slipped over to Fort Pickens a few nights ago, and came very near getting in, before he was discovered. He had a bundle of rat-tail files in his pocket, and said if it had not been for the sergeant holding the lantern up to his face as he was going in the door, he would have had every gun spiked in twenty minutes. He was sent back to Sluener, with the request that he be dealt with, as he did not wish to do anything that might bring about a collision, which was so much to be deprecated. Colonel Pickens sent a note in reply, by the hand of Captain Bullock, (who, by the by, has since been promoted to a corporation,) stating that he would punish Doyle, but just at this time had too much to do of his services in casting cotton balls. The conference took place just outside the fort."

**Unwise men.**—The angry man—who sets his own house on fire, in order that he may burn up that of his neighbor.

The curious man—who cannot enjoy life, because others do.

The robber—who, for the consideration of a few dollars, gives the world liberty to hang him.

The hypocrite—who whose highest happiness consists in rendering himself miserable.

The jealous man—who poisons his own banquet and then calls off.

The miser—who starves himself to death, in order that his heir may feast.

The slanderer—who tells tales for the sake of giving his enemy a chance to prove him a liar.

"What is your name?" said a New Orleans merchant, to half-brother, half-allegator sort-of-fellow who applied to him for employment.

"My name's Ichabod Wing, when I'm at home."

"Where was you born?"

"I was born nowhere—but was picked out of the Mississippi, floating down stream on a raft."

"What can you do if I employ you?"

"I can whip twice my weight in wild cats—swim up Niagara Falls—twist a rope with rattlesnakes, and climb seven trees at once." Of course the merchant employed him.

**We Hope so, too.**—A young lady of extraordinary intellectual capacities, recently addressed the following note to her cousin:

"Dear Emma.—The weather where we are is air bold and I suppose where you it is air colder. We is all well, and mother's got her terns, brother Tom has got the *Heppin* Koff, and sister Susan has got a baby, and I hope these few lines will find you in the same kind-shun. Hite soon. Your affectionate Cousin."

—A young lady has discovered the reason why married men, from the age of thirty and upwards, are more or less bald. They scratch the hair off in dismay at their wives' long and thin's bills. Yes, it is certain. You have all observed that when a gentleman is examining a little "account," he always runs over his head, and the longer the bills the harder he scratches.

—The devil has been painted swarthy eleven-footed, horned and hideous. Do we expect to see him in that shape? Surely, it would be better for us if he did come in that shape. The trouble is, the devil never does come in that shape. He comes by chance, with unregistered signals, and in all sorts of counterfeit presentations.

—The persons most anxious to add to their