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.

ERIES. EBENSBURG, PA. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 24, 1861. VOL. 8—NO. 20.

TERMS:

RAT & SENTINEL' IS PUB- every Wednesday Morning at AND FIFTY CENTS per annum, rance; ONE DOLLAR AND SEVENTY if not paid within six months, and if not paid until the termination

per will be taken for a shorter months, and no subscriber will be discontinue his paper until all ar- paid, except at the option of the

subscribing for six months will be DOLLAR, unless the money is paid

dvertising Rates.

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CONSUMPTIVES AND
ROUS SUFFERERS.

Author, for several years a resident of Cuba while there, a simple vegeta- positive cure for *Consumption, Asth Coughs, Colds, and Nervous De-* for the benefit of Consumptives and Others, he is willing to make the

Those who desire it, he will send the Pre- (*free of charge*), with the medicine, which they will find a confirmation of Nature's simple powers—the remedy can obtain it the blessing.

J. R. CUTHBERT,
BENEVOLENT PHYSICIAN,
No. 429 Broadway, New York.

NOTICE.—HAVING pur- entire stock and fixtures of the Ebensburg subscriber is prepared to furnish Others with

Parlor Stoves, Stoves, Mill Cylinder Machines,

and all that may be needed in to the business of the com- to the Ironing will receive prompt and in the manner want of articles

Shop at the Founder.
EDWARD CLAYS.

AD ASSOCIATION,
PHILADELPHIA.

Institution established by special En- the Relief of the Sick and Dis- Needy and Virulent and Epidemic especially for the Cure of Dis- Sexual Organs.

MANUAL given gratis, by the Surgeon, to all who apply by letter nature of their condition, (age, occu- mode of life, &c.) and in cases of extreme medicines furnished free of charge.

SPERMATORRHŒA or Spermatorrhœa, diseases of the Sexual Organs, and on DISORDERS employed in the Dispen- the afflicted in useful letters envel- stamps. Two of these Stamps for the pamphlet.

DR. J. SKILLIN HOUGHTON, Agent, Howard Association, No. 2 Street, Philadelphia, Pa. By order of the

DAVID HEARTWELL, *President.*
BRIDGE, *Secretary.*
1860.—ly.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!!
NEW GROCERY STORE.

The undersigned would respectfully beg leave to inform the citizens of Ebensburg and vi- that he has just received, at his store on West of Davis & Lloyd's Store, a fresh lot of Groceries, which he of- cheap for Cash or country Produce, consists in part of the following arti-

COFFEE, TEA, MOLASSES,
TOBACCO, SEGARS, CHEESE,
FRESH BACON, AND THE
BEST FLOUR AND CORN MEAL

Also on hand a large and well selected School Books and Stationary, Notions very cheap.

Thankful by strict attention to business to receive a full share of public patron- hopes satisfied his stock is good and he cheap as any other house in town

EVAN E. EVANS.
Ebensburg, Aug. 17, 1859. tf.

WAR IN MEXICO.
J. EVANS & SON,

have this day received from the East, and are 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:

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

Also, a full assortment of BOOTS & SHOES, HATS AND CAPS, BONNETS, TRUNKS, CARPET BAGS, STATIONARY, HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, FISH, SALT, &c., &c., &c., together with such other articles as are usually kept in a country store, which they will dispose of cheap for cash or country produce.

The Tailoring business will be carried on as heretofore, 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.
May 9, 1860.

UDOLPHO WOLFE'S
AROMATIC
SCHNAPPS
SCHIEDAM
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 Madeira, Sherry & Port Wine.
Wolfe's Pure Jamaica and St. Croix Rum.
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 *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 in 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. 832 Market st., Philadelphia.
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, Hester street, and Nos. 17, 19 and 21, Vanderbilt street. His stock of Schnapps on hand ready for shipment could not have been less than fifty thousand cases; the Brandy, some ten thousand pipes—Vintages of 1806 to 1856; and ten thousand cases of Madeira, Sherry and Port Wine, Scotch and Irish Whiskey, Jamaica and St. Croix Rum, some were 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 eighty thousand dozen, and we hope in less than 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 under stand 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 his 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 Chestnut Street, (south side, below Water,) PHILADELPHIA. (THE OLDEST WOOD-WARE HOUSE IN THE CITY.) Manufacturers and Wholesale dealers in Patent Machine woodBROOMS, Patent Grooved CEDAR-WARE, *warranted not to shrink*, WOOD & WILLOW WARE, CORDS, BRUSHES, &c., of all descriptions. Please call and examine our stock.

March 4, 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, 1858tf

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.

MEDICINAL

WINE, BRANDY, GIN, WINE BITTERS, &c., just received and for sale at

LEMMON'S DRUG STORE.
Ebensburg, Oct. 17, 1860.—47-3t.

JOB WORK,

OF ALL KINDS,

NEATLY DONE AT THIS OFFICE.

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

Gems of the Poets.

RICH AND POOR.

I saw a poor man enter where
The worshipers of God were seen,
His garments cheap and worn threadbare,
Yet all was tidy, neat and clean—
I saw him take a lonely seat,
And worship at his Saviour's feet.

I saw, hard by, a family
Dress'd out in satin, silk and gold,
Their look was haughty, proud and high,
Their gait was very stern and bold—
They scarcely deigned to look that way,
So poor was he, so rich were they.

I looked again by faith ahead,
And saw 'the great white throne' on high;
I saw the living and the dead,
All hastening to the destiny;
The rich and poor were in the host,
And some were saved, and some were lost.

I saw the man who years ago
Was dressed in tinsel, silk and gold;
But oh, how changed! how full of woe!
What anguish did his looks unfold!
His lofty airs were fled and gone,
He stood a wretch, unsaved, undone!

I saw a poor man clad in white,
Stand with the glorious seraphim;
Angles that glow in realms of light,
Were not ashamed to be with him—
Oh who would not prefer to be
A sinner saved, though poor as he?

MISCELLANEOUS.

KISSED BY MISTAKE.

'Will you be at home to-night, Hetty?' and the speaker, a tall, muscular, well looking young farmer, reddened to the root of his hair, as though he had committed some very wicked act, instead of simply asking a question

He was bashful, extremely so, was Josiah Hawley—at least in the presence of young ladies—most of all in the presence of the girl he loved. No young farmer in all the country possessed a better kept farm, or talked with more confidence among his compeers of stock and crops, and on kindred subjects.—But the glimpse of some pretty face or foot coming in his direction, effected him like a flash of lightning. On such occasions he never knew what to do with his hands or eyes, and always felt like screwing himself into a mouse hole. How he ever contrived to approach Hester Thomas on the subject of his preference for her, probably remains as much a mystery to himself as it is to others.

But the young lady had quite an amount of tact and cleverness stowed away somewhere in her pretty little head albeit it was set on the dimpled, inexperienced shoulders of seventeen. Josiah was worth, in a worldly way, much more than any of her suitors; good looking and intelligent enough to satisfy any one but an over fastidious person; unexceptional, in short, barring his excessive bashfulness, which was a fruitful source of merriment to the young people in their circle. And so, when Josiah, in his awkward, blundering, way, began to exhibit his preference for her in various little ways, such as waiting on her to and from singing school, constituting himself her especial escort when she rode to church on horseback, to the solitary church in the woods, and singing her out at quilting parties. Hetty took it all in the easiest pleasantest manner possible. The girls laughed, and the young men cracked sly jokes at the expense of her timid suitor; but Hetty stood up for him very independantly—encouraged him out of his shyness—never noticed any unfortunate blunder—and very likely helped him along considerably when he reached the 'culminating point' one moonlight autumn evening, as they were walking home together from prayer meeting.

That was a week ago. Hetty had said 'yes,' and agreed to 'bring father and mother round on the subject.' Josiah had not been to the house since—likely feeling very much like a dog venturing upon the premises of a person whose sheepfold had just been plundered. As yet neither had the courage to speak to the 'reigning powers' on the subject; and Hetty feeling as if she wished to put the ordeal off as long as possible, at any rate to have one more confidential talk with him on the subject, said—

'Mother is going over to aunt Ruth's to spend the evening, and wants me to go.—And I guess I won't. I've been working on father's shirts all day, besides doing the dairy work, and I'm as tired as can be; so I guess she will have to go without me. Don't come till eight o'clock. I shall be through putting things to rights then, and will let you in.'

Of course Josiah was not too obtuse to understand that, and so far forgot his bashfulness as to petition for a good bye kiss, which was peremptorily refused, of course.

'No, I shan't. Do take yourself off—Think I didn't see you fidgetting around Sarah Jones at Deacon Banger's, yesterday evening? I've not forgotten that, sir!'

'Now, Hetty——'

But the appeal was broken off by a taunting little laugh; and as he sprang forward to take a pleasant little revenge on his tormentress, she slipped away and ran up the path to the house, where he saw her wave her hand as she disappeared within the kitchen porch; and then he turned from the gate and hurried homeward.

The tea things had been carried out, the table set back against the wall, the crumbs brushed from the clean home-made carpet, and Hetty's work-stand drawn up in front of the blazing fire. A beautifully piled plate of great red apples, and a plate of cracked walnuts were on it, in close proximity to Hetty's work basket.

On one side of the fire sat Mrs. Thomas, fat and fair, and at peace with all the world; rocking and knitting, and refreshing herself at sundry intervals with a bite from a half eaten apple that lay on the corner of the table, and touching every now and then, in a caressing manner with her foot, a sleek, lazy looking cat, that purred and winked on the rug before her. Hetty sat on the other side, sewing and busy thinking how she co'd tell her mother she expected a visitor.

She would have given the world to be able to say, in an off-hand manner, that she expected Mr. Hawley to drop in about eight. But she recollected, with a twinge of conscience, how she had tried to get the old lady to accompany her husband to aunt Ruth's, spite of her warnings of a spell of neuralgia; how she had always plead headache as an excuse for not going herself. And she knew her mother was quite sharp enough to draw her own inference from these facts, and from her being dressed with unusual care to spend an evening at home.

'I shall not dare to tell now. She'll be sure to think I wished to get her out of the way so I might have Josiah all to myself, and I should never hear the last of it. And like wise little puss she was silent.

I'll venture my word on it, you would not have wondered at our young farmer's enthralment if you could have seen Hetty Thomas, as she sat by the fire side in that cold November night.

Under pretext of being ready to go to her uncle's (a thing she had no idea of doing), she had, just before tea, indulged in an indiscriminate 'fixing up.' A neat fitting calico, with the stars look still on it, a fresh linen collar and tasteful black silk apron—these were the chief items of Hetty's toilet; but she looked sweet and dainty in her plaid dress as if an hour had been spent in donning lace and jewels. Her rich hair, of the darkest tinge, fell in shining folds close to her warm red cheeks, and was caught up in a coaxing knot behind.

Eight o'clock was past! Mrs. Thomas was dozing in her chair—her shadow on the opposite wall bobbing round in grotesque mimicry as she nodded to and fro—now crushing the voluminous white satin bows on her spruce cap against the back of the chair—now almost falling forward, and her fat hands lay listlessly in her lap, and her ball of yarn had rolled out upon the hearth, and puss was busy converting it into Gordian knots.

And just then came a double rap at the door—so loud, sudden and self assured, that Hetty started up with a little shriek, and set her foot on puss's tail, who in turn gave her voice to the amazement and displeasure.

The combined noises aroused Mrs. Thomas, and starting into an erect position, she rubbed her eyes, settled her cap border, and exclaimed—

'Bless my soul, Hetty, what was that?—Somebody at the door? Who can be coming at this time of night?'

'Tis not late, mother—only a little past eight. I'll go and see who it is,' said Hetty, demurely taking the candle from the large table.

'No. You wind up my ball and sweep the hearth, while go to the door,' said the old lady, whose feet were struggling in the meshes of the unravelled yarn. 'Drat that cat!'

All this time Josiah was standing on one foot on the cold porch, with his hands in his overcoat pockets, wondering if Hetty had fallen asleep, and every new and then giving the door a smart rap by way of variety.

In her hurry, Mr. Thomas forgot to take the candle, and as she stepped out into the little entry, the sitting room door slammed after her. She had her hand on the handle of the hall door at the moment, and opening it suddenly, found her in the embrace of a stout pair of arms, a whiskered face in close proximity to her own, and before she could think about the strangeness of her situation she received a prolonged kiss—a hearty good smack—full upon her virtuous matron sweet looking lips.

'O, murder! Taint Obediah neither!'

She had by this time divested herself of the impression that it was her usually sober spouse, who must have come home in an unusual exalted condition, thus to indulge in such unwonted expressions of affection.

'Get out! Get out, I say! Who are you anyhow? Murder! thieves! Hetty! come here! Here's a man kissing me like a mad man!'

But the intruder had by this time discovered his mistake—it did not need the pummeling and scratching of the old lady's vigorous fists to cause him to relinquish his hold and fly as if pursued by some indignant ghost.

Hetty nearly choking with smothered laughter, in spite of her trepidation, now came to the rescue.

'I never was so frightened in all my life!' Who could it be? Hetty, have you any idea.

But that dutiful daughter was, to all appearance, innocent as a sucking dove. She soothed the old lady by representing that it might have been one of the neighbors, who, having mistaken the house and the housewife. She searched the entry for the missing spectacles, dropped in the scuffle; re-arranged the rumpled border; wound up the rumpled yarn stirrred up the fire—all in the most amiable manner possible—and at length had the satisfaction of seeing her mother subsided into her chair with her accustomed tranquility.

Mrs. Thomas was fully awake now. She had a new idea in her head, and instead of setting herself up for another nap, she pursued the train of thought and of nitting, both at the same time, with wonderful rapidity.—At length stopping, and looking keenly at Hetty—

'I suppose it's a queer notion of mine, Hetty, but I've a notion that man was 'Siah Hawley.

My! but if Hetty's face did not fire up then. You might have lit candle by it. These incipant symptoms did not escape the wray inquisitor.

'Pears so to me. Cause those big whiskers were so much like his'n, and the awkward way he gripped me with his great paws.

Hetty was wonderful busy. She bent over her work, and drew the needle through so quickly and the thread snapped, and then she was so much engaged in threading her needle again, she didn't have time to answer.

'I don't suppose that kiss was meant for me, after all. Wonder who it was intended for? and wonder if you don't know something about it Hetty?

'Me, Mother?'

'Yes, you, Hetty! You was mighty anxious to get me and pap off to Aunt Ruth's this evening, and I noticed you were slicked up extraordinary, for all you warn't going, Hetty I'm getting old; I know it, but I haven't quite lost my eyesight yet.—I've heard something about this between you and 'Siah Hawley. What are you playing possum for? Out with it, I say!'

Our little schemer, thus adjured, made a clean breast of the matter; much relieved to find that mother hadn't nuthin' agin him,' and would 'give father a talk about it, and bring him round.'

'But, Hetty, I wan't you to tell 'Siah I'd rather he would'nt make such a mistake again. I don't like the fell of his big whiskers about my face. I don't approve of promiscuous kissing.'

'Siah never heard the last of that blunder. Old Squire Thomas used to delight in rehearshing the story whenever all the parties interested happened to be present. He would shake his fat sides at Josiah's discomfiture and his wife's tart replies, and Hetty would join him, and both would laugh until the tears ran down her cheeks.

'Never mind, Siah," Mrs. Thomas would say. 'Let him laugh. He'd been only glad to have been in your place, twenty years ago. He had hard work to get a kiss from me—And I hope it will be a lesson to you and Hetty again the impolicy of concealment and underhandings of all sorts.

A Hunter After Office Treed.

As the time for the new Administration approached, the crowds who thronged Washington increased. Those who make them are not altogether disinterested. Some are on office hunt. Curious ways some of them have of finding out where best to drive their own stakes—and more, what post would best suit their genious. It has even come to this—that some have gone so far as to look into the different Departments in advance, and to make inquiry of the men about clerk as to the probable time, &c., of his decease of such.—An instance of this kind happened the other day at the Patent Office. A long slab sided Yankee, with the rarest 'patois,' walked into the library of the Patent Office, presided over by Professor Jillson, late of Columbia College, an urbane gentleman, fine scholar, no politician, but with a sense of humor.

'Wal, stranger, kin I look't books here? 'spose there patite property?'

'Certainly,' said the Professor. 'What book would you desire?'

And the Professor marched towards the cases of heavy French and German tomes, which he has to sift for the benefit of our inventors.

'Wal, I'd like to see the book they call the 'Bluee Book.'

'Ah, sir, I'm sorry we haven't it here.—You are at liberty to read any of the books which we have.'

'Fact is, I want to find out the best berth I can; expectin' Mr. Linkin to put me in when he comes into power. I rayther like this hearth, stranger, 'spect you don't 'tend to stay, hay? What's the salary? Could'nt you let me know as the duties?'

'I'm sorry, friend, to say the salary hardly pays for the duties. It is only what you would earn by close labor in a corn field out West.'

'Never mind that; what's the duties?—Think I kin doo 'em?'

'I'm not well enough acquainted with your acquirements to answer. First, I have to keep an eye on all the books here.'

'Wal, that's not so hard, guess I could do that as well as any.'

'Next have to make indexes, and read the proof of the Patent Offices reports.'

'That would come, I guess by a little practice.'

'Then,' said the Professor with a merry twinkle, 'I have to translate for the use of the office, from these books, most of which I have to commit to memory; and from the various ancient and modern languages, including Sanscrit, Hebrew, Hindoo, Sweedish, French, German, Choctow, Kickapoo, Camanche'—

Before the suave Professor had finished his inventory, his office seeking interlocutor had his hat on, and precipitated himself into the corridor, with a hasty—

'That'll do, stranger. Good day,' and he was gone.

"BAD FOR THE COW."

The editor of the Schaharia (N. Y.,) *Patriot* thinks the Federal Government represents the locomotive, and the Seceding States the cow, in the following story:

When George Stephenson, the celebrated Scotch engineer, had completed his model of a locomotive, he presented himself before the British Parliment and asked for the attention and support of that body. The grave M. P's looking sneeringly at this invention, asked: 'So you have made a carriage to run only by steam, have you?' 'Yes, my Lords.'—And you expect your carriage to run on parallel rails, so that it can't go off, do you?' 'Yes, my Lords.' 'Well, now, Mr. Stephenson, let us show you how absurd your claim is.—Suppose when your carriage is running upon these rails at the rate of twenty miles an hour (if you are extravegant enough to even suppose such a thing possible) a cow should get in way. You can't turn for her—what then? 'Then 'twill be bad for the cow my Lords.'

Distres in New York.

The New York *Daily News* gives the sad picture of the distress and suffering at this time in the great city of New York. It makes one's blood run cold:—

'There is nothing easier than to be mentally blind when one does not want to see. Nor will ones mortal eye discover sights if their gaze is not turned in that direction. Walking up and Broadway forever, would not only enlighten a man as to things that exist in other portions of the city, but would almost induce him to believe that there could not be anything really miserable where there is so much pomp. There is more wretchedness in New York to-day than can be described. Employment has ceased to furnish the money for which food, clothing and shelter may be bought, and ghastly poverty stalks around apartments where plenty was wont to be. Thousands of human beings are penniless and hungry in our midst, thousands have barely enough to procure from hour to hour the bare necessaries of life, and tens of thousands have to deny themselves the most moderate comforts.

'All this comes, every one will tell you, because of 'the bad times.' The 'bad times,' is the subject of conversation in hotel and private house, in garret and basement; stares at you from shabby houses, empty stores and closed warehouses; in gleams out from the careworn, staring look of hundreds who pass you in the street; it calls forth tears and agony and grief from broken hearts whose sorrows God alone can see and understand. Oh! for some pen to write the painful incidents of this dreadful season. The broken spirits, the blighted hopes, the blasted youthfulness that would claim record.

'We paint no sensation picture.—Not a night goes by, that respectable women, intelligent men, and often women too, in seedy garments accost you, with plaintive supplications for the price of a small meal. 'I beg your pardon, sir, but really am faint for want of food: would you give me a few pence?' Addresses like this, the genuineness of which a practical townsman appreciates at once, salute one's ears by day and night in our public thoroughfares. Decent persons in large numbers, to our own knowledge, apply at private kitchen doors for relief, and many are known to be famished for want of nourishment.

Had him there.—Judge C—, a member of one of our best families, and himself occupying a high position at the bar, as well as society, was going up the river last fall on a slow steamboat; and of course entered into all the familiar companionship common to travelers thrown together for a week with nothing to do. There was one man aboard who, learning the Judges name; announced that it was the same as his own, and instantly claimed kin with him. The Judge thought differently; but with perfect good nature answered the geneological inquiries propounded to him while at each reply the bore would exclaim, 'Why sir we are kin just as sure as I am alive!'

At length the fellow became unendurable with his pertinacity and questioning; and to sing all patience, and last the Judge turned upon his tormenter with the abrupt remark.

'Well perhaps we are relations. Are you a white man?'

'White man!' shouted the bore, leaping from his chair; I'd like to see the man that says I'm not.'

'Ah!' said the Judge very quietly, 'well my father was a mulatto!'

The passengers enjoyed the joke immensely, and he was left alone by the man who claimed a relationship.

The Absent.—Of all the exercises of the unfettered mind, perhaps none is attended with a more benign influence than that of indulging in a kind remembrance of absent friends.

Every loving word that fell from the lips of the absent is treasured with tenderness,—Each kind act is recollected with affection.—We look forward to meeting with unbounded happiness.

Have we parted in anger? Time softens us into indifference—at length into a quiet acknowledgement of past friendship. Have we parted in silent estrangment? This too, wears away, and we must meet again to forget the past in future communions. Have we parted in grief? The sorrow is mutually borne, and tenderly consigned to the corner of our hearts devoted to the absent sharer.

Have we parted in love? No joy so great as the remembrance of it—no event so delightful or sacred as the reunion.

Absent, but not forgotten, is a sweet and touching memorial.

RICHMOND, April 11.—Our people are heated with excitement, produced by all kinds of rumors relative to affairs at Chrlston. It is generally believed that an attempt will be mane to reinforce Fort Sumter either to-day or to-morrow. The exteme Union men of the Convention say they will not be moved from their position by telegraphic dispatches; and indicate disposition to stand by the Government if an attack is made on its steaders. The concervatives entertain different sentiments.

SAVANNAH, April 11.—An order was issued yesterday from the Adjutant General's office at Fort Pulaski, prohibiting vessels from passing the fort without previously giving information of their pacific character. Every vessel is required to stop and send a boat to the wharf at Cockspur Island, to convey a commissioned officer aboard, who will make an examination. Fort Pulaski, has been thoroughly garrisoned.

—Of all earthly music, that which reaches the farthest into heaven is the beating of a loving heart.

—John Morrissy, the noted pugilist is reported dead.