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, MAY 15, 1861. VOL. 8---NO. 23.

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 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 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.

	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	2 00
	3 months.	6 do.	12 do
4 lines or less,	$1 50	$3 00	$5 00
1 square, [12 lines]	2 50	4 50	9 00
2 squares, [24 lines]	4 00	7 00	12 00
3 squares, [36 lines]	6 00	9 00	14 00
1 col'n column,	10 00	12 00	20 00
2 col'n column,	15 00	22 00	35 00

* All advertisements must be marked with the number of insertions desired, or they will be published until forbid, and charged accordingly.

EBENSBURG FOUNDRY.—HAVING purchased the entire stock and fixtures of the Ebensburg Foundry, the subscriber is prepared to furnish farmers and others with

Ploughs, Plough Points, Stoves, Mill Irons, Threshing Machines,

and castings of any kind that may be needed in this community.

Repaired attention to the business of the concern, 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, '58—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.

EBENSBURG HOUSE.

THE undersigned, having purchased and taken possession of the Ebensburg House, (formerly occupied by Henry Foster), will be happy to receive and accommodate his old customers, and all others who may be disposed to patronize him.

The Proprietor feels assured from the spacious HOUSE, STABLE, & other facilities that he can offer at least as good accommodations as can be had at any other stand in the place. He is in possession of a large supply of the choicest liquors with which his bar will be furnished; his table will be furnished with all the luxuries of the season, and he extends his hospitality and care, to merit the patronage of all those who stop with him.

ISAAC CRAWFORD.

Ebensburg April, 17, 1861. tf.

UNION HOUSE.

EBENSBURG PA.

JOHN A. BLAIR, Proprietor.

THE PROPRIETOR will spare no pains to render this Hotel, worthy of a continuation of the liberal share of public patronage it has heretofore received. His table will always be furnished with the best the market affords; his bar with the best of liquors.

His stable is large, and will be attended, by an attentive and obliging hostler.

Ebensburg, Apr. 17 1861. tf.

OH, YES! OH, YES! BARGAINS!

SELLING OFF AT COST FOR CASH!!

D. J. EVANS & SON offer their entire stock of goods, consisting of Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Notions, Hardware and Queensware,

AT COST FOR CASH,

as they intend to quit business, and are determined to sell.

PERSONS WISHING BARGAINS SHOULD GIVE US A CALL.

☞ N. B.—All persons knowing themselves indebted to the subscribers are hereby urgently requested to call and make immediate payment of their respective accounts.

D. J. EVANS & SON.

Ebensburg, April 17, 1861.—tf.

EMPLOYMENT.

THE UNDERSIGNED are desirous of securing the services of a few Young Men to engage in a Travelling Agency, upon a salary of

FORTY DOLLARS PER MONTH,

and all expenses paid. This is an opportunity seldom offered, and to those who merit the appreciation of the Subscribers, by strict attention to business, can rely upon constant employment for a term of years. For further particulars address

Conant & Drake.

31 Main St., Atchison Depot, N. H.

April 3rd—3 mos.

UDOLPHO WOLFE'S AROMATIC SCHIEDAM 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 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 to 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. 832 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 Whisky, Jamaica and St. Croix Rum, some 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 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 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 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.

CANVASSERS WANTED.

LIBERAL INDUCEMENTS TO AGENTS!

Fifty Dollars a month, and all expenses paid.

WE wish to engage an active Agent in every County throughout the United States and Canadas, to travel and introduce our NEW TWENTY DOLLAR DOUBLE THREAD LOCK STITCH SEWING MACHINE. This Lockstitch Machine is just patented, with valuable improvements, which make it the cheapest and most popular machine in existence, and acknowledged to be unsurpassed for general utility. A limited number of responsible agents are wanted to solicit orders by sample, to whom a salary of $50 per month and expenses will be paid. For conditions and full particulars address, with stamp for return postage,

J. W. HARRIS & CO.
No. 13 Shoe & Leather Exchange,
Nov. 9, 1859—50-8w. Boston, Mass

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.

The nature of these publications and industrious habits this business offers an opportunity for profitable employment seldom to be met with.

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

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

WATCHES, JEWELRY & SILVER WARE.

WE would respectfully inform our friends, patrons and the public generally, that we have now in Store and offer,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

at the lowest *Cash Prices*, a large and very choice stock of WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVER & PLATED WARE, of every variety and style.

Every description of *Diamond Work* and other Jewelry, made to order, at short notice. ☞ *All goods warranted* to be as represented.

N. B.—Particular attention given to the *Repairing of Watches and Jewelry*, of every description.

STAUFFER & HARLEY.
No. 622 Market Street, South side, Phila.
Sept. 26, 1860.—3m.

"WHY STAND YE ALL THE DAY IDLE?"

ANY Lady or Gentleman, in the United States, possessing from $3 to $7, can enter into an easy and respectable business, by which from $5 to $10 per day can be realized. For particulars, address, (with stamp.)

W. B. ACTON & CO.,
No. 37 North 6th St., Phila.
Sept. 1860 26, —8m.

A Story of the Sea.

THE CHASE.

By Fred. W Saunders.

'It is as white as milk, sir!' exclaimed one of the men, rushing into the cabin in a high state of excitement.

'What's as white as milk?' asked the captain, who together with the chief mate, stood compass in hand, poring over a chart, that lay spread on the table.

'The water along side, sir. I think we must be shoaling.'

'Just as I feared,' muttered the captain, gloomily; 'the bank is right before us.'

'And we must go over it?' said the mate; inquiringly.

'Yes, or lay our bones upon it, responded the captain. 'But come, let us go on deck. It is useless looking at the chart any longer; we know our position only too well.'

Ascending the companion ladder, the sailor's word was verified, the water all around presented that peculiar appearance which indicates a sandy bottom at no great depth; while the ship, under a cloud of canvass, was flying through the foam with the speed of a racer. The crew were grouped about her deck with anxious faces as they looked ahead where at a distance of less than three miles a heavy frigate with the blood-red cross of St George at her peak, was steadily and relentlessly pursuing, like a bloodhound on the trail.

'I think she has gained upon us slightly, since we went below, Mr Midships, said the captain, addressing his first mate.

'I think she has somewhat; but not so much but we may keep out of her way until night, if it were not for this confounded bank. It's my opinion we must strike before we are over it.'

'Well,' replied the captain, with an air of fixed determination, 'if we must strike, there will be an end of it. The only alternative is to surrender to an Englishman; and then comes the prison ship, starvation and death. If she strikes, let her strike. By running there is at least a chance, and I shall trust to that chance sooner than surrender.'

'The are going to try the range of their bowchasers, I reckon' said the mate, directing the captain's attention astern.

'A slight commotion was observable upon the frigate's forecastle; the muzzle of a gun protruded from her bridle port; a cloud of thick white smoke shot in a circling ring from beneath her knight-heads, and rolled up against the belly of her foresail. The next instant a report was borne down upon the wind and a round shot came skipping over the crest of the waves, and passed the ship within half a dozen fathoms to the leeward.

'With a little better aim their irons might trouble us remarked the mate.

'Yes, it might, but we have very little to fear on that score; they will scarcely deaden hen headway by firing at that distance.—The only anxiety that I feel, is in regard to this bank. Just you step below, Mr. Midships, and ascertain at what time we have high water here.

The mate descended the companion way, an soon returned with the information, that the National Almanac reported the flood tide to make upon that bank at six o'clock.

'Six o'clock thoughtfully repeated the captain, six o'clock. It is now five, and the middle and shallowest part of this shoal is at least fifteen miles distant. If we could pass that point before the frigate begins to ebb, our chance would not be so very desperate; but if not, we are no better than dead men. We must make more sail Mr. Midship, and that at once.

Life or death now depended on the vessels speed.

'Set the fore- top mast studding sail,' said the captain.

'Ay, ay, sir, responded the mate, and walking forward to the waist, he issued the order.

'Reeve the topmast studding sail gear; rig out the boom, and get the sail along,' repeated the boatswain from the forecastle.

The men sprang aloft with the end of the tack and halyards, and having reeve them through the blocks, the boom upon the fore yard was rigged, out through the boom and quarter irons far beyond the yard arm, and the sail bent on.

"Hoist away," shouted the captain, who had been waiting for a favorable lull; for, with the breeze then blowing, would have been fitter to shorten them to make sail, and there was great danger of the sails blowing to ribbons before it could be set.

At the word, the men swayed down upon the halyards, and the sail rose from the deck. But no sooner did it reach the top of the rail, than catching the wind, it swung out far ahead, and pressing in forward of the foresail and foretopsail, it thrashed and beat upon the yard and sails with a force that threatened to demolish everything with which it came in contact, and almost rendered ineffectual the efforts of the men to hoist it to its place. But the hardy crew, urged on by the evident necessity of the case, bent strongly to the work, and the fluttering sail was at length hoisted to the block of the topsail yardarm, where it hung slatting and flapping, threatening every moment to go to pieces.

The good ship feeling the increase of canvass forward, lifted her bow in the water, and with every sheet and brace ringing like the strings of a mammoth wind harp, dashed thro' the angry, leaping waves, driving the spray before and on either side of her headlong course, and burying her forecastle in a smother of foam.

'Try how fast she's going, Mr. Midships,' said the captain, who with uneasy steps was pacing fore and aft on the quarter-deck.

'Lay aft here, a couple of ye, and hold the reel,' said the mate.

Two men sprang upon the poop, and got the apparatus in readiness, one man holding the reel and the other the glass, while the mate tended the line.

'Watch,' said the mate, casting the log over the lee quarter rail.

'Watch, sir,' responded the man promptly.

'Turn,' said the mate, sharply, as the log passed astern out of the influence of the dead water, and the line began to pass rapidly through his fingers, while the reel spun swiftly round.

'Turn, sir,' echoed the man, quickly reversing the half minute glass, and carefully watching the running sand as it poured thro' the opening; while the reel, with a constantly accelerated motion, continued to spin on its axis, and the line to pass over the rail.

'Hold,' said the man, as the last grain of sand disappeared from the upper part of the glass.

The mate suddenly checked the line, and examining the knot that first went over the rail, he left the line to be hauled in and reel up by the men, while he walked over to the weather side of the deck to report.

'Well? said the captain, inquiringly as he approached him.

'The marks eleven knots and a half by the log line,' repeated the mate, 'and taking into account the set of the sea, which sends the log home, I should say she was going through it something more than twelve.'

'Not fast enough,' said the captain. 'We must knock fifteen or fifteen out of her, or we shall never get over the bank. We must crowd sail on to her, Mr. Mid-ships.'

'Impossible!' exclaimed the mate, with astonishment. 'She can hardly bear what she has now. As it is, I expect to see something part every minute. Do you see?—the weather fore brace and sin lining sail tack is fairly smoking with the strain.'

'Can't help that. You must reeve preventer braces, and get the lower studding sails on her.'

'Very well, sir,' replied the mate. 'But we shall have the boom coming inboard by the run before we can boom end the jack-yard.'

The captain made a gesture of impatience, and he went forward to issue the necessary orders.

With almost incredible effort, the sail was hoisted to its place without any accident, though the boom whipped and bent like a rattan, instead of the stout, heavy spar it was. With this additional spread of sail, the ship darted onward to her work—almost seeming to leap clear of the water as she sprang from wave to wave; now rising her bows high in the air, and again plunging heavily into the yielding billows, churning the waters into foam, and deluging the deck with spray.

While this was being done on board the ship, the frigate was by no means idle—With a larger crew, the same sail had been made upon her in much less time, and the distance between them had very perceptibly diminished. With a torrent of foam and spray dashing far before her and flying clear to her foretopsail yard, she held on her course as steadily and resistlessly as a cannon shot.

It was now near the turn of the tide, and the highest portion of the bank was yet three miles distant. The gale which had been steadily made on the increase for the past hour, had now reached such a pitch, as to cause serious fears for the safety of the masts. They would gladly have reduced the spars by taking in the studdingsails, but it was now too late.

Any attempt to start them would have ensured their destruction, and perhaps the loss of one or more yards; and still the gale piped fresher and stronger, singing through the rigging with a sharp, ringing sound. The stretched sail swell n sails gaped ominously at many a starting seam, and semi-transparent patches began to make their appearance at the clews and around the reef band. The jibstays bellied over in wonderful bights to leeward, and the poor ship, quivering in every plank and rope yarn, fairly bowled through the seething foam that shot by like lightning beneath her lee.

With the most intense agony, each man on board the ship awaited the critical moment.—The dreaded point was almost reached; the water grew evidently more and more shallow every instant; the waves came and broke on the lee shore.

'We are almost on the spot,' said the captain, in a hoarse whisper.

The flying ship rose upon a billow and plunged heavily forward; there was a slight grating beneath her keel. Again she rose and fell with the surging wave; the shock was harder and a quiver ran through her entire frame. A third time she settled in the trough, striking her stern posts heavily upon the bank, driving the lower rudder pintle from the gudgeon, and sending the wheel spinning round with the velocity of light, throwing the helmsman high into the air. Once more she rose upon the swell; each man grasped some object for support, and with set teeth and suspended breath, awaiting the catastrophe. An instant she hung upon the crest of a wave, as if in dread; then plunging forward, settled to in the water. There was no shock. Again she rose and fell and still the expected crash was delayed—the water was preceptibly deepening.

'She is over!' shouted the captain.

'She is over!' cried the men exultingly.—'She is over.

'Stand by to shorten sail there for'ard!' vociferated the captain. The order was obeyed with remarkable promptitude. A strong puff of the gull rising gale swept through the rigging. There was a rending crash, and the foretop mast and lower studding sails, bursting from their belt ropes, flew far away to leeward like white gulls; the lower swinging boom came in against the rail with a loud bang and the ship, relieved from the usual strain, held on her course with easier motion, though with diminished speed.

All eyes were now turned upon the frigate which, less than two miles astern, was dashing onward through the storm, with her snowy canvas and towering spars—a gallant sight indeed. A short fifteen minutes brought her to the spot where the ship struck; but that fifteen minutes was of the utmost importance. The tide was falling, and the frigate drew more water than the ship. As she neared the bar, it was evident they were becoming aware of the danger; the studding sail gear and the topgallant sheets and halyards were let go by the run, and with everything flying, the yards were braced sharp up, and the vessel hauled on the wind.

But their precautions were taken too late. Rising on the heaving swell, she rolled to leeward and sinking in the trough, struck heavily broadside on the bank, pitching her three masts over the side, and fairly dragging her bowsprit out by the roots. The next wave swept her over the bank, and she lay wallowing in the trough of the sea, with her hull undamaged, but without a spar upon which to stretch an inch of canvas.

The frigate was now fain to beg assistance from the vessel which she so lately hoped to make a prize, and gun after gun flashed through the twilight, and boomed over the waters; but it is treason to render aid and comfort to the enemy in time of war, and the ship, hauling to the wind, stood full and by for Yankee town on a taut bowline.

Would'nt Own Up,

Joe Stetson was a wild, rollicking fellow, who spent most of his time in drinking and spreeing, while his wife, Polly, was left at home to do the chores. Upon a certain occasion Joe left home, to be back, as he said, that night.

Night came, but Joe did'nt. The next day passed, but, about sunset, Joe came up in the worst condition imaginable, his clothes dirty and torn, one eye in mourning, and his face presenting more the appearance of a piece of raw beef, than anything else. Polly met him at the door, and noticing his appearance, exclaimed:

'Why, Joe, what in the world is the matter?'

'Polly,' said Joe, 'do you know long Jim Andrews?'

'Yes,' said Polly.

'Well, him and me had a fight.'

'Who whipped Joe?' asked Polly.

'Polly, we had the hardest fight you ever did see. I hit him and he hit me, and then we clinched. Polly, aint supper ready? I ain't had nothin' to eat since yesterday morning.'

'But tell me who whipped, Joe?' asked Polly.

'Polly,' replied Joe, 'I tell yer you never did see such a fight as him and me had.—When we clinched me I jerked loose from him, and then gin him three or four of the most sufficentest licks yer ever heard of. I say, Polly, ain't supper most ready? I'm nearly starved!'

'Do tell me who whipped, won't you?' continued Polly.

'Polly,' said Joe, 'you don't know nuthin' 'bout fightin'. I tell yer we fought like tigers; we rolled and we rolled, we tumbled and we tumbled, first him on top, and then the boys would pat me on the shoulder and say: 'Give, Joseph!' eat him up!' wump him!' We gouged and bit, and tore up the dirt in Seth Rounds's grocery yard wuss nor two bulls. Polly, ain't supper ready? I'm very hungry.'

'Joseph Stetson!' said Polly, in a tone breathing with anger, 'will you tell me who whipped?'

'Polly,' said Joe, drawing a long sigh, '*I hollered!*'

Did'nt Take the Papers.

Some years ago, a lady missing a neighbor who was not in her seat at church one Sabbath, called on her return home to inquire what should detain so punctual an attendant. On entering the house she found the family busy as work. She was surprised when her friend addressed her—

'Why la! where have you been to-day, dressed up in your Sunday clothes?'

'To meeting.'

'Why what day is it?'

'Sabbath day.'

'Sal, stop washing in a minute! Sabbath day! Well I did not know it, for my husband has got so plaguey stingy, he won't take the paper, and we know nothing. Well who preached?'

'Mr. S———.'

'What did he preach about?'

'It was on the death of the Saviour.'

'Why, is he dead? Well, all Boston may be dead and we know nothing about it! It won't do, we must have the newspaper again, for everything goes wrong without the newspaper! Bill has almost forgot his reading, and Poly has got quite mopish again, because she has no poetry and stories to read. Well, if we have to take a cart-load of potatoes and onions to market, I'm resolved to have a newspaper.'

—The Union feeling in Maryland is gaining strength. On Thursday the merchants of Baltimore held a meeting, where resolutions in favor of the immediate re-construction of the bridges recently destroyed were adopted, and a petition to the Legislature to his effect was numerously signed.

—In all noble enterprises, the ladies are like the electric telegraph—far in advance of the *males*.

Abated.—The war excitement.

—Subscribe for the Democrat & Sentinel.

The Schoolmaster's in That Bed.

A correspondent of the New York Waverly gives the following as one of the many incidents that befell a "boarding-round schoolmaster:"

I had been teaching in Mason county in the Sucker State, and this term had been boarding-round. One evening, after school, one of my little scholars stepped up to me and said:

"Mr. Jones, father said you should come home with me."

"Very well," I replied, and forthwith set out for my patron's house, which was distant about two miles. Now, be it known, James McHarry—for that was his name—had two daughters, the pride and envy of the whole community. I heard so much about them, that I was naturally anxious to see them. It seemed, however, that was to be disappointed. When we arrived, I learned the 'gals' had gone to a party on the other side of the creek; so I went to bed cursing the luck which deprived me of seeing them that night.

The night was well nigh advanced' when I heard one of the girls come home, and passing into the adjoining room, was warming before some coals which were alive on the hearth. It seems the old lady and gentleman slept in the same room, but I was not aware of it till then. Having warmed herself she turned to leave the room, when the old man spoke:

'Girls!' said he, 'the schoolmaster's in your bed.'

'Very well,' said Sarah, passing through the room I slept in, went up stairs. About an hour had elapsed when I heard Judy, the other one, come. She stood at the door a long time, talking with her 'feller,' then entered softly; disrobing her feet, she entered where I lay, in her stocking feet. Carefully undressing herself, and coming to the side of the bed, she prepared to get in. Now it happened that I lay in the middle, and turning back the clothes, she gave me a shake and said, in a suppressed whisper, 'Sarah, lay over.' I whipped the corner of the pillow into my mouth to keep from laughing. In she bounced, but the bed would squeak. The old man heard it and called out:

'Judy?'

'Sir!' was responded in a faint tone from the bed beside me.

'*The schoolmaster is in that bed!*'

With one loud yell, and a, 'oh! heavens!' she landed on the floor, and fled with the rapidity of a deer, up stairs. She never heard the last of it, for probably she 'larned somethin' about 'stayin' out late a sparkin' and and trying to slip in unbeknown to the old folks.

Stranger you kin come in.—A worthy friend from the farming districts, who occasionally drops in upon us to get the latest news, narrates the following.

'A traveller passing through his neighborhood on horseback stopped at a modest cottage on the roadside, and asked for shelter, as it was raining.

'The head of the family came to the door, and accosted the traveller with—

'What do you want?

'I want to stay all night.

'What are yer?

'The interrogatory was not fully understood by the traveller and he asked an explanation.

'I mean what are yer politics? rejoined the former are they *far* the Union or *agin* it?—Let's know.

This was a poser as the traveller was not certain whether the man was for the Union or for the secessionists, and he he was anxious to put up for the night—so he made up his mind and said—

'My friend, I am for the Union and the Consti———'

'Stranger y-o-u kin come in!'

It is needless to remark that the traveller dismounted, and both man and beast were hospitably taken care of for the night.

Description of love.—Love is like the devil, because it torments; like heaven, because it wraps the soul in bliss; like salt, because it is refreshing.

Like paper, because it often sets one on fire—

Like sugar, because it is sweet—

Like a rope because it is often the death of a man—

Like a prison, because it often makes a man miserable—

Like wine because it is here today and gone tomorrow—

Like a woman, because it guiles one to the wished for port—

Like a Will-o'-the-Wisp, because it often leads one into the bog.

Like a fleet courser, because it often runs away with one.

Like the bite of a mad dog, or the kiss of a pretty woman, because they both make a man run mad.

Like a goose, because it is silly.

Like a rabbit, because there is nothing like it.

In a word, it is like a ghost, because it is like everything and like nothing—often talked about, but never seen, touched, nor understood.

—'I can't bear children,' said Miss Prim disdainfully.

Mrs. Partingdon looked mildly over her spectacles before she replied:

'Perhaps if you could, you would like them better.

—'Tommy, my son run into the store and get some sugar.'

'Excuse me ma, I am somewhat indisposed this morning. Send father, and tell him to bring me a plug of tobacco.

—The Virginians boast of having 9000 men at Harper's Ferry, but authentic accounts fix the number at 3,400.