

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.

EBENSBURG, PA. WEDNESDAY, MAY 22, 1861.

VOL. 8--NO. 24.

NEW SERIES.

TERMS:
"DEMOCRAT & SENTINEL" IS PUBLISHED every Wednesday Morning at FIVE DOLLARS per annum, in advance; ONE DOLLAR and SEVENTY CENTS if not paid within six months, and TWO DOLLARS if not paid until the termination of a year.
Subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months, and no subscriber will be discontinued his paper until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.
Persons subscribing for six months will be sent ONE DOLLAR, unless the money is paid in advance.
Advertising Rates.
One insert. Two do. Three do.
[2 lines] \$ 50 \$ 75 \$ 1.00
[4 lines] 1 00 1 00 2 00
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3 months. 5 do. 12 do.
[2 lines] \$1 50 \$3 00 \$5 00
[4 lines] 2 50 4 50 9 00
[6 lines] 4 00 7 00 12 00
[8 lines] 6 00 9 00 14 00
[10 lines] 10 00 12 00 20 00
[12 lines] 15 00 22 00 35 00
Advertisements must be marked with the name of the advertiser, or they will be considered as anonymous, and charged accordingly.

EBENSBURG FOUNDRY.—HAVING purchased the entire stock and fixtures of the Foun.ry, the subscriber is prepared to furnish farmers and others with **Ploughs, Points, Stoves, Mill Irons, Thrashing Machines,** and all kinds of machinery that may be needed in the country.
Orders for the business of the country will be received, and trusts he will receive prompt attention from those who want of articles.
Business done at the Foundry.
EDWARD GLASS.
No. 17, 1861.

WAR IN MEXICO.
D. 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 **WOMEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING,** consisting of a large lot of DRY GOODS, consisting in the following articles, viz: **SHIRTS, VESTS, CLOTHES, CASSIMERES, COAT SKIRTS, SATINETTS, TWEEDS, JEANS, FLANNELS, MUSLINS, DRESS GOODS** of every style.
NOTICES.
We of BOOTS & SHOES, HATS AND BONNETS, TRUNKS, CARPET BAGS, STATIONERY, WARDWARE, GROCERIES, FISH, SALT, &c., &c., and with such other articles as are usually found in a country store, which will be disposed of on cash or country produce.
The Tailoring business will be carried on in branches, all work will be done in short order on the most reasonable terms.
Ebensburg, Feb. 1, 1860.—10-11.

EBENSBURG HOUSE.
Having purchased and taken possession of the Ebensburg House, (formerly owned by Henry Foster), will be happy to receive and accommodate his old customers, and others who may be disposed to patronize him. The proprietor feels assured from the spaciousness, STABLE & other facilities that he can afford as good accommodations as can be found in any other stand in the place. He is in possession of a large supply of the choicest liquors, which will be furnished; his table is furnished with all the luxuries of the season, and his hospitality and care, to the patronage of all those who stop with him.
ISAAC CRAWFORD.
Ebensburg, April 17, 1861. 11.

UNION HOUSE.
EBENSBURG PA.
JOHN A. BLAIR, Proprietor.
THE PROPRIETOR will spare no pains to make this Hotel, worthy of a continuation of the share of public patronage it has heretofore received. His table will always be furnished with the best of the market affords; his bar with the best of liquors.
His stable is large, and will be attended, by an active and obliging hostler.
Ebensburg, April 17, 1861. 11.

OH, YES! OH, YES!
BARGAINS!
CALLING 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,
and intended to quit business, and are determined to sell at a sacrifice.
PERSONS WISHING BARGAINS SHOULD GIVE US A CALL.
Persons knowing themselves indebted to the subscribers, by strict attention to their respective accounts.
D. J. EVANS & SON.
Ebensburg, April 17, 1861.—11.

EMPLOYMENT.
THE UNDERSIGNED are desirous of securing the services of a few Young Men to engage in a Travelling Agency, upon a salary of **FOURTY DOLLARS PER MONTH,** all expenses paid. This is an opportunity offered, and to those who merit the attention of the Subscribers, by strict attention to their respective accounts, can rely upon constant employment for a term of years. For further particulars address
Conant & Drake,
31 Main St., Attention Depot, N. H.
April 2nd-2 mos.

UDOLPHO WOLFE'S
AROMATIC
SCHIEDAM
BRANDY
SCHEIDAM
SCHEIDAM
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 & Port Wine.
Wolfe's Pure Madeira, Sherry & Port Wine.
Wolfe's Pure Jamaica, Scotch Whisky.
Wolfe's Pure Scotch and Irish Whisky.
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 Brandy**. 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 wrapper, 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. ASHROB, 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 of 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 Brandy 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 and aided by 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 INDEMNITIES 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 Canada, to travel and introduce our NEW TWENTY DOLLAR DOUBLE THREAD LOCK STITCH SEWING MACHINE. This excellent Machine is self 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.

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.

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.

Agricultural.
Protecting Trees.
We frequently hear great complaints among purchasers of fruit and ornamental trees that they do not revive in the spring, or, that being exposed to the intense cold, destroys the vitality of the tree or plant. The reason is very plain, they have no protection. The tree after being removed from the nursery, is in many cases improperly packed for transportation, and an immense number of small fibres attached to the roots become wilted and fall off. These fibres act as small veins, carrying nourishment to the larger roots, and thus contributing nourishment and growth to the whole tree. In setting out trees care must be taken that the soil be finely pulverized and closely packed around the roots, in order that the fibres may absorb a proper amount of moisture for their nourishment. If possible do not enclose your trees with tight-fitting boxes for protecting them against the attacks of animals, but keep them open to the air, and light, both of which are indispensable to the health of the tree or plant. On the approach of winter, obtain a sufficient quantity of straw to properly envelope the body of the tree, and secure it by bands of the same material. A few shovels full of ashes or tan-bark, applied at the roots, will be a good protection, and should be removed in the spring. After pursuing the above method for a number of years I am convinced of its usefulness, and have seldom seen a more simple or easier way of managing trees. Two days thus employed in the proper time will save many dollars of purchase money and much useful labor. *Dollar Newspaper.*

Stock Pays all the Time.
The heading of this article says the "Valley Farmer," was the remark of an old farmer the other day, while deploring the failure of his wheat crop. One year the wheat fails, another year the oats fail, in other years the corn; but, said he—
"Stock pays all the time."
He moreover, remarked that the farmers who early gave their attention to stock-raising had gone right along without drawbacks, and had outstripped the grain growers.
There is no doubt, much truth in the old man's remarks. Stock is the surest and most remunerative. But in the thickly settled regions it is safer and better to divide the interest between the two.
The two assist each other and improve the farm. Waste straw, and offal of the grain crops, will go far to improve the farm. The strength of the soil is a great desideratum with farmers: The soil is his mine of wealth—his treasury—his bank of deposit. He must keep it in good order, or his paper is protested; his reputation as a farmer is dishonored.
It is well to keep a variety of stock, as well as to raise a variety of grain crops. The general profits of each year are thus kept nearly equal.
Farming may be done closer, less wasted and more made.
Deep Ploughing.—In the July agriculturist, last year, was published a statement from a Texas subscriber, to the effect that corn planted by him on ground ploughed from 15 to 20 inches deep, was looking badly, while on land merely scratched over, appeared thrifty; and an opinion was asked as to whether the surface work was not better for that section. We replied, that though the plough might have been put in too deep at one time, yet should a drought occur, the benefit of thorough working would be seen; and we requested to hear the testimony of the correspondent in the fall. We have just received a letter from the same gentleman, stating that his corn is a thorough convert to deep ploughing. A severe drought came on, shrivelling and destroying his corn and that of his neighbors, on land which had only shallow culture, while that on the deep ploughed field stood up bravely, came to maturity, and gave a fine yield. It is well here to repeat the caution that the soil should generally be deepened gradually, say an inch or so at each ploughing, particularly where the subsoil is unfit for growing plants, in time it will be mellorated by the atmosphere.
Sowing Spring Wheat.—Last season an experiment in sowing spring wheat was tried in Williamsburg from which a valuable and instructive result was obtained.
One farmer sowed at the usual time, or towards the first of May; another, not till the first week in June. The latter had an excellent crop, while the former was obliged to mow his straw for fodder, the weevil having entirely destroyed the berry. By delaying a month in sowing, the seed does not begin to form until the fatal insect has had its day, and disappeared.

A Story of the West.
AN INDIAN ADVENTURE.
A Thrilling Tale.
I was the acknowledged belle of Clinton, a small village bordering on the Western wilderness. I could not shoot any one, even the old wood men that thronged our village. My mother was kept in perpetual alarm by my daring exploits; in fact, as the old trappers said, I was out out for a back-woodman's wife. I had two lovers then; one was Harry Cheverly, and the other, Mark Rutson. Harry Cheverly was a splendid specimen of an American back woodsman, with a heart true as steel; and, to my inexperienced eyes, he was the very personification of manly excellence.
Mark Rutson was contrary to him in every respect. Handsome he was, but on his face was such a hypocritical expression, that I perfectly detested him. He seemed aware of my dislike, and assuming an air of injured innocence, he pressed his suit with the utmost zeal.
One evening, as I was riding out, enjoying the mountain scenery, I approached a little eminence on which there was a thick growth of underwood; as I passed it, Mark Rutson rode out and joined me. He pressed his suit with his usual fervor, his hypocritical face looking, if possible, more repulsive than ever. He finally offered me his hand and heart. Rising in my seat, I said: "Mark Rutson, no words can express the disgust I feel for you; and if you insult me again I will cowhide you sir!"
It would be impossible to depict the expression of rage that swept over his face.
"Jane Manuering, mark my words; I will be revenged!"
Casting him a glance of inextinguishable contempt, I whipped up my horse and soon lost sight of him.
The next day Mark Rutson left the village and went to one knew where. A year from that day, Harry Cheverly and I were married, and, with the blessings of my mother, and the best wishes of my friends, started for the Western wilderness.
I will pass over a period of ten years, during which a substantial log cabin had been built; rude though it was, love made it a little palace. Our hearts were also gladdened by our little Eddy, the image of his father, and a noble little fellow.
About this time we heard news of the depredations that the Indians were committing, by some passing stragglers, which filled us with temporary uneasiness, but our fears soon passed away, and we regarded these reports as greatly exaggerated or totally untrue.
One evening Eddy returned from his daily ramble, bringing with him a moccasin, which he said he had found in the woods. This filled me with alarm and uneasiness. I felt a presentiment of coming danger.
The next morning I mentioned my fears to Harry, but he only laughed at my terror, and playfully handing me a little revolver, bade me defend myself like a man, and then went to the woods to his daily work. I slipped the revolver in my pocket, playfully, but could not wholly divest myself of my fears.
For an hour I sat on my low rocking chair with my child at my side, counting the minutes as they flew, when my opposite side of the room, looking quietly around, to my dismay and terror, I saw a dozen Indians, evidently just from war, each bearing his bloody scalp. The foremost advanced, and appeared to be the chief of the party. He approached and would have laid rough hands on me, when my darling boy raised himself to his full height, his blue eyes flashing, and demanding what they meant by their intrusion, and how they dare lay violent hands on his mother.
The chief paid no attention to him, but bade his warriors bind us, which was quickly done, and, after a few moments, the chiefs retired for consultation; when seizing the opportunity, I scratched on the wall—
"Harry, we are in the hands of the Indians."
The chiefs soon returned, and we were borne with rapid, but noiseless steps into the depths of the wilderness. The chief who had bound us now attracted my attention. I was sure I had seen him before, but where, I could not say.
Three days and nights without stopping, we were born away from home and the fourth we stopped in a small hollow, which I found strewn with bones and skulls. While contemplating this scene with horror, I looked up, and the Indian chief stood before me.—
With a sneer over his dark features he said, in good English—
"Though you have forgotten me Jane Manuering, for so will I call you, I have by no means forgotten you."
"Who are you?" said I.
"I am Mark Rutson," the chief replied, and in those painted features, I remembered the hypocritical face of the consummate villain.
There was no pity in his revengeful heart, and I read our doom in those hard features.
"Do you see yonder tree?" said he in a quick sharp voice. "Before the night your boy will be bound to that tree, and his young scalp be clipped from his head by my savage friends, and you will remain, and in the morning share his fate."
A scornful silence was his answer. Oh! how quickly the day flew and the night approached; and just as twilight was setting in, a ruthless savage seized my boy roughly by the arm, and bound him to the tree.—
First, he waved his tomahawk over his head to frighten him, but the boy's blue eyes looked steadily at the savage in scorn, and his cheek never blanched. Enraged at his utter scorn, the Indian raised his tomahawk for

the last time. Instinctively my hand rested on my revolver. I felt sure of my aim. I raised it slowly, pointing it at the savage's heart and fired. With a frightful yell, he sprang into the air and fell dead.
With a scream of rage the Indians rushed upon me; another one fell by my revolver. Again I attempted to fire, but my pistol snapped; throwing it away, I prepared to die; and just as the foremost Indian was about to sink his knife in my bosom, the sharp crack of a rifle was heard, and the Indian fell dead at my feet, bathed in his own blood. The next moment the stalwart Harry Cheverly leaped into the ring. All the Indians fled, but their chief, who rushed upon my husband, shouting—
"Ha! Harry Cheverly, revenge at last!" and pointed his pistol which missed fire.
The next moment my husband's knife was in the renegade's heart. Our meeting I need not describe. Harry had seen the lines that I wrote on the wall, and knew the fate of his wife and child. We were troubled no more with savages, for the next year Old Tippecanoe, with the avenging riflemen under his command, drove away and cleared the forest of our dusky foes.

A Singular Story about Fort Moultrie.
[From the N. Y. Tribune.]
A soldier who was drafted into the service of the rebels in Charleston, and who served at the guns in Fort Moultrie, at the siege of Fort Sumter, has made to us the following statement. His reliability is vouched for, and we have every reason to believe that his statement is every way worthy of belief.
Our informant states that he served under Capt. Hays, and went into Fort Moultrie the day after Major Anderson left Fort Sumter. He remained three or four days after the fight. He belonged to the artillery and served at the guns most of the time during the siege. The guns of Fort Moultrie opened about half past four in the morning, but Major Anderson did not fire a gun for near two hours after. When he did open, his fire was rapid and destructive. The balls from Sumter struck the port holes of Moultrie, and, at nearly every discharge, somebody was killed. Their places were supplied by others. There were in Moultrie more than one thousand men, and between three and four hundred men were kept at the guns constantly. Not more than that number could protect themselves in the casemates of sand bags, which, while they afforded excellent protection, were much torn up and knocked down. It was between nine and ten o'clock on the first day that the greatest loss of life occurred.
The barbettes of Fort Sumter were silenced early in the day, and the round shot from these were most destructive to Fort Moultrie, and caused the greatest loss of life. They were fired with great accuracy, and at times the scene in the fort was terrible.—
During the siege between three and four hundred were killed, and a large number were wounded. The killed were collected together in a mass, and at night, placed in boxes, brought down from Charleston, and taken to Potter's Field and interred during the night. Some of the men were horribly mangled, and others were scarcely dead when thrown into the boxes. Blood flowed in streams from these receptacles, and the sight was horrible.
The surgeon at the fort sent for help, and others came down from Charleston. The wounded were removed to the hospital, where the wounded that have not since died, now remain.
In order that the truth should not be known in Charleston, the soldiers were charged to say that nobody was hurt, and threatened with instant death if they disclosed the facts. There were a good many killed in the dwellings outside the fort. The Moultrie House was very much damaged, and a large number of buildings in the neighborhood of the fort demolished. The officers' quarters in the fort were riddled, and it is the opinion of our informant that had there been three hundred men in Sumter, the rebels driven out or killed almost to a man. He left Moultrie three days after the engagement and proceeded to Charleston. The people there would not believe that nobody had been killed, and made constant inquiry for their own friends, who, they were assured, were still on Sullivan's Island. Hundreds of families are yet to learn the truth, which is kept from them by the greatest vigilance.
Our informant was duly discharged from the service, and, in company with five others, embarked on board the bark *Smithsonian*, Capt. Davis, which reached New York on Friday morning last.

Irish Computation
A jolly set of Irishmen, boon companions and sworn brothers, had made up their minds to leave the "old sod" and wend their way to America.
They were five in number, two Paddies, a Murphy, a Dennis, and one Teague.
It so happened that the vessel they were to go in could only take four of them.
At length honest Teague exclaimed.
"Arrah! I have it. We'll cast lots to see who shall remain."
But one of the Paddies objected, saying it was not "jontel" to do that thing.
"You know Teague," said he, "that I am an arithmetician and I can work it out by the rule of subtraction which is a great deal better. But you must all agree to abide by the figures."
All having pledged themselves to do so, Pat proceeded—
"Well, then, take Paddy from Paddy and you can't; but take Dennis from Murphy and Teague remains."
"By my soul, Teague it is you that will stay at home."

Terrible Earthquake in South America.
On the evening of the 20th of March last, a slight but prolonged vibration of the earth was felt in the cities of Valparaiso and Santiago simultaneously. Most of the churches were densely filled, it being near the close of Lent, and some alarm and confusion was created, but no serious accidents occurred, and tranquility was soon restored.
On Sunday, the 24th, however, a general gloom was cast over the city by the announcement by telegraph from the capital that Benigno Bruno, the mail rider, had arrived from Mendoza that morning without a mail, bringing the distressing news that there remained but a heap of ruins to point the spot where, a few days before, had stood a thriving and populous city of 15,000 souls.
Bruno stated that he arrived at Mendoza on the morning of the 20th, and that at half past eight p. m., a brief but excessively violent shock of an earthquake, lasting but six or eight seconds, destroyed every building, public and private, in the city; and that the number who were enabled to escape was very limited. The streets being narrow, the buildings high, and the inhabitants being totally unused to such phenomena, were paralyzed with terror, and neglected to seek refuge in the open courts of their dwellings, until too late. The Postmaster was buried beneath the ruins of the Post Office, the Governor was missing, and when he was asked why he brought no certificate that the mails were lost the messenger replied, "that there was no one left to write it, or materials to write the certificate with."
The aspect presented by the city after the first shock was terrific. Hoarse subterranean thunders deafened the air, animals of all kinds rushed frantically through the open spaces howling, the earth opened and vomited forth floods of water, while, to crown the scene of horror, flames burst from the ruins, and consumed nearly the entire business portion of the city, with its dead, its dying and its wounded.
On the 28th a number of letters were received here and at Santiago, by relatives and friends of Chileans residing in Mendoza, but the hope until then entertained, that the earlier accounts were exaggerated, soon gave way to the dreadful certainty that the calamity had not yet been painted in colors sufficiently vivid. The earth still continued to tremble, the few walls that had resisted the first shock one by one fell, until now no vestige of a building remains.

The Coolness of the Damned Yankee.
When the steamship, State of Maine, arrived at Fort Monroe with the Massachusetts troops, the Virginia residents around the fort who are all secessionists, were very much surprised, enraged and mortified. They collected around the captain of the steamer, who is as cool and intrepid a specimen of a Yankee as New England contains, and told him significantly, that the troops would never go back to Massachusetts. He replied that this was the last thing they thought of; that the country was so far they intended to settle, and send for their friends, and be was going to New York to get another load. Another set, belonging to an armed schooner, engaged in enforcing the local laws of Virginia, insolently claimed the right of search in the State of Maine for negroes. The captain told them that they should not go aboard to take anybody, white or black. They replied that by the laws of Virginia, they had the right of search. He retorted that he knew nothing of the laws of Virginia, but sailed by the laws and under the flag of the U. S. He also assured them that if there were any negroes there who desired a voyage to New York, he would be very happy to accommodate them; and closed the conversation by saying, "You have been preaching all your lives that the Yankees are a pack of misers and cowards, who won't fight, now you'll have a favorable opportunity to test the accuracy of your opinions on that point."

A Great Feat.—The Cincinnati Gazette says that Professor Lowe ascended in his balloon from that city on Saturday morning, April 20th, and returned on Friday last, having alighted near Columbia, S. C. The Gazette gives no particulars of this wonderful feat in ballooning, except that Professor Lowe states that he landed at Columbia a little before one o'clock, on the day succeeding that on which he left Cincinnati. The distance travelled was over one thousand miles, making the rate of speed at which the balloon moved, about one hundred and ten miles an hour!
—A farmer out West made a scare-crow this spring, so very frightful, that an old crow actually went and brought back all the corn he had stolen during several days, and left it in the field.
—A ton of perfect pain can be more easily found than an ounce of perfect happiness. He knows little of himself or of the world, who does not think it sufficient happiness to be free from sorrow.
A little boy being sent to a neighbor to borrow some tea, delivered the following message—
"Mother wants to borrow a little of your tea and when she gets some she'll pay you; if she had it now, she'd pay you now."
"What branch of education do you have in your school?"
"A willow branch, sir; the master has used almost a whole willow tree."

There were 11,423 slaves in New Jersey; and 2,759 in Connecticut, one of the New England States, in the year 1790.
—Arrived—Trot season.