

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.

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Select Poetry.

What is Home without a Father?

What is home without a father,
In the dark and cloudy day?
Is it home? or is it rather
But the guest house where we stay?
Oh! the kindly voice can cheer us
In affliction's saddest hour;
And to feel that he is near us
Rids distress of half its power.
Alas! yes! But a home without a father,
In the dark and cloudy day—
Is it home? or is it rather,
But the guest house where we stay.

What is home without a father,
When our duty race is run?
And around the hearth we gather?
'Tis a world without a sun;
Is there real wealth in treasure,
Though its richest gifts we share?
Is there real joy in pleasure,
If his light was wanting there?
Alas! yes! For a home without a father,
When our duty race is run;
And around the hearth we gather,
Is a world without a sun.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY;

OR—
ADVANTAGES IN THE WRONG
HOUSE.

By R. M. Young, Esq.

It is not what I expect ordinary acquaintance. The stars look clear on the first Friday of December, and I have my own plans, in particular, to perform many duties, in or out of my proper sphere. Before that day I had never had a lifetime in my life the amount of my existence had passed so evenly and quietly as the stream of a well-ordered and well-kept life. I had never had a biography, or any other kind of record, except that of a thirty-five years old, finding myself surrounded by many near relatives, and possessed of a moderate estate, sufficient for all my needs and wants, and I had no remarkable ones. I began to weary of my comfortable and easy existence, and just about the time of my death, I was laboring between two great projects, one of freed- dom of matrimony; (both, indeed, in a very general way, for I was not in love with anybody, in any particular place) when a friend from my old college came and cornered me for a favor of the former. He was returning a family party for a trip to Scotland, which party he invited me to attend. I had a letter from him, which he expected to arrive on an early day, and he promised to bring along with him a very charming and beautiful cousin of his, who might perhaps, be a suitable one in trying the other project. As I got tired of travelling, I decided to go, and I had the spirit (and it required great spirit) to win and woo her, all of which I regarded as a friendly pleasure on the part of my old chum.

I went accordingly to Philadelphia; and as Harry's suggestion took lodgings at a fashionable boarding house, at which he intended stopping, and where I designed remaining. It was on Friday in the afternoon that I arrived, and having established myself in a comfortable chamber, I sallied out to see somewhat of the city, and inquire at the Post Office for letters from my friend. I received two letters, one from Harry, of a somewhat mysterious quality; the other, from a stranger, and of a character still more inexplicable; both of them from Baltimore. Harry informed me that he was on the way with his party, and he hoped to be in Philadelphia the following day; and he added (and this was the mysterious part of his letter,) that his affable handsome cousin was about to be snatched away from me by a particular fatality; yet he did not despair, he said, of my yet winning her, provided he should immediately find me, upon reaching Philadelphia, and find me with mettle sufficient to undertake a most formidable and splendid adventure. "Confound his handsome cousin!" said I, "whom I never heard of before, except in his last letter, and confound his splendid adventures!" And with that, with the great-

est equanimity, I banished the memory of both, to examine and wonder over the second letter from my unknown correspondent. It was as follows:—

MY DEAR BOY:—I shall be in Philadelphia on Friday evening, with E. to sign, seal, kiss and squabble, according to compact; please aforementioned. Shall expect you—rings, posies, blushes and hysterics. Always promised your dad I would, and I will.

This letter was formerly directed to James J. Smith, Esq. *Poste restante*, Philadelphia; and was manifestly written in an old man's hand; and as far as I could gather any sense from its old and broken expressions, alluded to a marriage which was in progress, doubtless, between E. (who was the E. on the one part, and Mr. James J. Smith on the other. But who was Mr. James J. Smith? Not myself, certainly; who had never dreamed of marriage, except as a future contingency, and had never made serious love or proposals to any human being. No; it was apparent—and this was confirmed by the allusion to the "afore-mentioned place," well known, of course, to the person written to, but not to me—that there was some other James J. Smith besides myself, in the world and in Philadelphia, for whom this letter was designed, and to whom it was manifest from the terms of it, its to be a most peculiarly inconvenient.

Under these circumstances, I perceived I had nothing to do but return it to the Post Office, that it might reach my namesake, and I was retracing my steps for that purpose, when I was interrupted by a gentleman, a person dressed like a gentleman. He thought there was something unpleasant and sinister in his looks, who stopped up to me, and with a low bow and grinning smile, told me "he believed he had the pleasure of addressing Mr. James J. Smith."

"What is certainly my name," said I.

"You wouldn't be the honor of my acquaintance?" interrupted the gentleman. "Exactly so; but I have the pleasure of producing my own introduction."

And with that, the fellow, clapping one hand on my shoulder, in a very impudent manner, displayed under my nose, not a note of introduction, but a note of hand, for some evened-out obligation, hundred dollars, drawn in favor of a Simon somebody, I forgot who, and signed, plainly and strongly enough, James J. Smith.

"All this, my friend," said I, removing my hand from my shoulder, "is doubtless good and fair enough. The difficulty is, that it concerns some other James J. Smith, and not me; for I never wrote that note; nor, indeed, any other. You have made a mistake."

"Very foolish, sir," said the person. "I should inform you, sir, that poor Simon being a peddler, was under the necessity of parting with that little note to me, sir; and I paid him a very fair price for it, sir, because it was a debt of honor, sir, and a debt of honor, sir," here the rascal looked as if he meant to impress me with an awful sense of his courage and determination, "a debt of honor, sir, I never find any difficulty in collecting."

"The dence take you and your debt of honor, sir," said I, waxing impatient, "I tell you, sir—but my gentleman interrupted me again.

"No occasion to swear, my dear fellow. I don't intend to trouble you just now. I know what brings you to town here; I know old Rusty is coming; if he has not come already, and the rich young lady with him. The letter, sir, that you just received, sir." Here the fellow burst into a laugh at the look of amazement, which I put on, at finding him so familiar with the mysterious epistle, and added, somewhat contemptuously, "I did not think Mr. Jas. J. Smith such a spoony as to give the public the benefit of reading his letters over his shoulders in the street! In short, sir, as I said, I don't intend to trouble you just now, nor to be gammed hereafter. I shall wait, sir, till the happy hour is over, and then I'll humbly claim to renew acquaintance, without renewing the note, sir! till then your obedient servant to command, sir."

With that, my gentleman bowed and stalked off stroking his whiskers with an air of unutterable magnificence which I have never seen equalled by any but black-legs.

This little incident, besides moving somewhat of my color, quite changed my resolution of restoring the letter to the post-office and thereby to my namesake. It seemed now apparent that my *alter ego* was some rascally adventurer, the fellow, as well as prey, of him who bore his note of hand; and it appeared, therefore, impossible that such a fellow could pretend in any honest way to the hand of the rich young lady," referred to by the note holder, and doubtless the fair E. of the letter. I felt that I should punish if not defeat the schemes of a rogue, and perhaps protect a deserving girl and a deceived parent by keeping Mr. T. B.'s letter in my pocket, and into my pocket accordingly thrust it. At all events, the interception of the letter would create a delay; and might effect the desired purpose.

I spent the remainder of the afternoon rambling about the city, viewing it, and, as I thought till the last moment, without any further adventure. But just as I was hunting my way back to my boarding house to tea, I was stopped by a sharp but rather timid looking young fellow, a tailor's clerk, who begged my pardon, believed I was Mr. James J. Smith, reminded me that I owed a very long bill to his employers, Messrs. Shippard and Shears, hinted that they had written to me two or three times on the subject, observed that times were hard, and concluded by insinuating the pleasure I would confer upon those gentlemen if I would confer upon them to walk with him, forthwith, down to their shop, which was only seven or eight squares off.

I replied to all this, that he had mistaken his man, that I owed Messrs. Ship and Shears nothing; and upon his presuming to express some incredulity at the denial, I threatened to break his bones; upon which he became alarmed and retreated. But I observed him following me at a distance, and dogging me all the way to my boarding house.

After tea, having no acquaintances in the city, I went to one of the theatres to pass the evening, and I passed it in the main very pleasantly. I was, indeed, annoyed at one time by two or three well-dressed, but noisy young fellows in the next box, who, from their discourse, I soon set down as gamblers and determined rogues. One of them, who had red hair, I observed was very peevish in his appearance, but he was an abandoned desperado in his conversation and from some remarks which he and his companions let fall, I was struck with a sudden suspicion that he was no less a personage than my worthy namesake, James J. Smith himself. Thus, in the midst of their laughing and whispering, I overheard the expressions, "Old Rusty," "the girl," "rich and comfortably handsome," "hard headed old lunk," &c.; and Mr. Redhead swore with an oath, "if the blood-suckers would give him but two days he would hold up his head with the best of them. I tried in vain to catch the fellow's name; and, soon after he had uttered the words related, another young man came into the box and told him "there were lawns on the wings" upon which he looked alarmed, his companions laughed, and they all immediately left the theatre.

I could then attend to the performance without interruption; and had been for some time absorbed in the interest of the scene, when I was suddenly aroused by a voice whispering in my ear, "I say, Mr. James J. Smith, if you please, this is no place for a man of your inches. There are buzzards abroad, who will stop all marrying and giving in marriage. And if you mean to give up that chance, hang me, my fine fellow, I shan't be the first to arrest you!" I looked around and was enraged to see the note-holder, who gave me a significant nod, and immediately walked away. "How provoking!" thought I "to have all these vagabonds take me for that rascal, my namesake. Yet there is something after all in his counsel. It would not be agreeable to be arrested, even by mistake; since there is no one in the city to whom I can appeal for character or identity. To-morrow Brown will be here, and then I shall be safe enough.

These thoughts determined me at once to leave the theatre and go home. But I had scarcely got the distance of a square before I had the misfortune to be tapped on the shoulder by an officer, who told me he had a writ for me on the suit of Messrs. Ship and Shears; and requested me to favor him with my company to the nearest magistrate's. At the same time I perceived the tailor's clerk, who had evidently kept me in view, and pointed me out to the officer.

It was in vain for me to protest that I was not the man intended; Mr. Clerk said, "The gentleman was very good at that story." What, I asked myself if it should

happen not to suit the convenience of Messrs. Ship and Shears to attend at the magistrate? I felt very well assured I should be liberated as soon as they saw me; but they might of delegated the whole business to the clerk, and I should not hesitate to swear that my name was James J. Smith, because I had admitted I was; and then bail would be demanded, and, for want of it, I must be immediately packed off to prison.

The thought of this degradation filled me with sudden fury; and without taking time to reflect upon the consequences, I knocked the officer down, though he was a burly fellow, twice as big as myself, kicked the little clerk into the gutter, and immediately ran off, hoping to make my way to the boarding-house, there to lie concealed until Brown should arrive in the city.

This proved a more difficult undertaking than I expected; for there was immediately a great hue and cry raised; and the streets being pretty full of people, (for it was yet eleven o'clock,) I was followed and headed, and assailed on both flanks; so that it was only by tasking my activity to the utmost, and diving into every alley and by-way that offered, that I managed to avoid my pursuers. My greatest fear was of losing my way; for I knew but little of the city, and the uniformity of the streets and the great family resemblance of its houses, are very perplexing to a stranger. Yet I thought I was keeping run of the streets, notwithstanding my various doubts; and by and by I was sure that a large house now in sight was my boarding house, because it looked exactly like it, and was similarly situated near an alley which—or one the face simile of it—I had taking notice of during the day.

As I came nigh the house I found myself cut off from the door by some persons, who were running from the opposite direction to intercept me. I therefore plunged down the alley, which was badly lighted and soon conducted me to another still darker one, which, I perceived ran at the back of the house, bounding the yards or gardens which were nearly inclosed with walls and fences, with a garden gate to each house. The idea struck me that I might perhaps enter the boarding house, through the garden gate, which I knew must be the second one, for the house itself was the second beyond the alley. I tried the latch; it did not yield; but I had not withdrawn my hand when the gate itself was thrown open; and, upon my rushing in, it was immediately closed again and bolted behind me; and all this I was certain, without my having been seen from without, for some of my pursuers had got into the alley. Besides the gate was overhung by a great tree, which darkened the alley and the whole yard, so that I could see nothing of the person that let me in, except that it was a woman. And this she made manifest by taking me round the neck and giving me a hearty buss exclaiming,

"Is it you, Jimmy, my dear? And how came you so late, and what is it that makes all this racket and running?"

"Oh!" whispered I in some confusion, "there has been a fight, and the police have been taking everybody."

"That's just like you, Jimmy you goose," said my unknown darling, giving me another buss; "stopping to see every fight though you might lose a fortune by it—But come along, don't say a single word. I'll take you up stairs, I've put out the lights. Have you got your Sundays best on? Yes, I feel that you have. Don't say one word, or some one will discover us."

Who was my inamorante? This was more than I could tell. But it was evident she took me for some one else, her sweet-heart, and that was a character which to avoid discovery I had to keep up until I got into the house where I designed giving her the slip and retreat to my own chamber. But this I found was an achievement not to be immediately effected; for first, she held me very lovingly around the neck in bonds; and next, when we got into the house through the back door it was so dark that I could recognize nothing I saw; everything was novelty and mystery. But I could hear several sounds of mirth and chatter, and especially two or three pianos and other musical instruments, echoing in various parts of the house.

In this confused state the damsel led me up to a little room at the head of the stairs on the second story, where, being if possible still more dark than ever, she gave me a new hug and said—

"Now, Jim, lad, I'll tell you all about it and what you have to do exactly. You see she is to run away," (she thought I; what she?) and I with her—or at least she thinks so. We are to go off in the cars to Baltimore; they go in half an hour; and she's in a great hurry. I suppose she has a lover down there; but he can't be worth having if he won't come after her. We are to go off in men's clothes; because we shall travel by night, and nobody will know us, or follow us. I am to wear whiskers—just such nice big whiskers as you've got Jimmy—so as to look old and fierce, and keep people off, and she's to be my little brother a schoolboy. Ain't fine Jim?"

"Oh, yes," said I beginning to wonder and get interested at this opening of a plot and conspiracy among people I did not know, and marvelling what part I was to play in the drama.

"I've no doubt," quoth my new acquaintance, "she would give me a heap of money for her rich, and she loves me; and I told her I was once rich too—or my father was—for all I am no more than a chamber maid now."

"Oh, ho, then," thought I, "you are Abigail!"

"But here's my idea Jim," she continued, with vivacity, "and it is a good one. If the young lady might give me much, how much more might the old gentleman give me—he who has got all the money in his own hands—when he finds the young lady is gone, lost away as it might be forever, I wonder how much he would give me to restore her? Why, I reckon a whole fortune, and so I am resolved upon it. And here is the way we are to manage it. Instead of my running off with her you are to do it, pretending to be me, and she won't know the difference, because of the darkness, you are to talk only in a whisper, and she will think the disguise makes such an alteration. Then, instead of taking her in the cars you can take her right home to our house, she knows no more of the town than she does of the moon; then you can pretend to be frightened and run into the house for shelter, and then as it is late for the cars, and she must wait until the next night you know; and there you can lock her safe up until morning. Then I'll come and finish the business and get the fortune, and then Jim we will get married and set up for ourselves!"

Here the faithless Abigail gave me another embrace, expressive of delight and triumph, and then charging me to remain quiet until she returned, slipped from the room and left me shut up in the darkness. I hesitated whether or not to obey her. My first inclination was, certainly, to creep out, now that the coast was clear, and find my way to my own apartment; and yet I had a fancy to follow the adventure to its end so far at least as to see that the eloping lady came to no mischief. But when I began to question who this adventuress could be, and to remember that, although I had seen a great many young ladies at the tea table in the evening, none of them were particularly handsome. I confess I lost so much of my interest in the matter as to resolve to finish my share of it instantly, retire to bed and leave the incognita to her destinies. I began to grope for the door, not without making some noise against opposing chairs and tables, when the door was suddenly opened and I was horrified by a man's voice murmuring in an eager whisper,

"I say, Sake, confound it when are you and why don't you speak to me?"

My fears told me that the new comer was no other than Jimmy the loitering sweet-heart and confederate of Abigail, or Susan as her name appeared to me. I kept as still as a mouse, intending as soon as he should have kept by me, to slip out of the room. But fate for Jimmy determined otherwise.

"I say Sakey," he murmured, why did you bolt the gate? Why didn't you let me in? Why don't you speak? I know you are here, for I heard you. And now you jade, I have caught you! In fact he had. But no sooner did his fingers come in contact with a whiskered cheek and a velvet collar than he uttered a dismal cry,

"O, Lord, it's a man!" and turned to retreat. But I had the advantage of him, and was nearest the door, just as the scheming Susan, perhaps alarmed at the bustle, came running into the room with a light, but at the sight of me she was so terrified that both she and her light dropped upon the floor, the latter going out in the fall so that I had just time to notice that she

was a boxom of eighteen or twenty, that the door was left wide open, and that the passage to which it led was the exact counterpart of that in the boarding house on which my chamber lay; to which therefore I felt I could now make my way without further trouble. It was under an impulse and with the idea of punishing the traitorous chambermaid, that, as I stepped out I closed and locked the chamber door, for I felt the key was on the outside, and so left her and Jimmy to settle their difficulties as they might, together.

I felt along the passage for the third door, which I had no doubt led to my chamber. I reached it and was in the act of scratching about with my fingers for the knob, when the door was opened, and, to my unutterable confusion I was seized upon by a young female, who, drawing me immediately in an closing the door, said, with a whispering voice broken with merriment, "How quick you are! All dressed already! what an immense big boy you make; where did you get such magnificent whiskers?"

It was now that the idea struck upon me that I had got into the wrong house; for I saw at a glance this was some of my chamber. It was a lady's boudoir, or ante-room to a sleeping apartment, from the open door of which latter apartment a dim ray of light by which it was obscurely illuminated. There was just light enough for me to make out objects, to discover my extraordinary blunder, to see, or part of this perhaps I fancied, that my new friend who received me so warmly and familiarly was a young lady irresistibly charming and beautiful. Oh, what a voice she had; and the touch of her hand set me beside myself, while expressions made it apparent that she was no less a person than the fair incognita, Susan's employer, and that she had mistaken me for Susan dressed in man's apparel.

"Where did you get such magnificent whiskers?" she cried, and she actually pulled them with her fingers in pure admiration. "I never could of believed you could be so changed, by clothes; that you would make such a beautiful young man. I declare I feel as if I wanted you to make love to me!"

There was no resisting such an appeal as that I immediately clasped her in my arms, and ravished a kiss from her lips, by which she was thrown into almost a convulsion of laughter.

"Out, you lussy!" she cried, "men are not so impudent. Bless me, don't be so ridiculous. There now, that's enough. But I wish I could light upon some such handsome young fellow for a sweetheart. I wonder how I shall look in my boys clothes. But come along and help me, for I shall never get the queer things on without assistance."

And here the beautiful creature made as if she would have pulled me along into the chamber; at which in great terror I dropped upon my knees, and, seizing upon her hand, exclaimed,

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"SMITHS" AMONG THE GERMANS.—There is a German Society composed entirely of Smiths. The following is the roll: Smit, big Smit, little Smit, Smit from de holler, Smit from de hill, Smit mit de store, Smit mit de blacksmith shop, Smit mit de lager beer shop, Smit mit de vrow, Smit vat wants a vrow, Smit mit one leg, Smit mit two legs, Smit mit de pig head Smit mit de swell head, Smit mit de prickyard, Smit mit de canal boat, Smit mit de junk store, Smit mit de hardware shop, Smit mit de curly head, Smit de fireman, Smit mit de whiskers Smit mit two vrows, Smit mit de black hair Smit mit no hair.

To cure dyspepsia: Take a new axe put a white hickory handle in it, bore a hole in the top of the handle, fill the hole with gum camphor, and seal it up. Then take the axe and set cord wood, at fifty cents a cord, until the heat of the handle dissolves the camphor.

A down east editor thus logically judges his delinquent subscribers: We don't want money desperately bad, but our creditors do; and no doubt they owe you. If you pay us, we'll pay them, and they'll pay you.

Tea is selling at Ferricksburg, Virginia, at two dollars per pound, and sugar at fifty and sixty cents. It must cost something to steady the nerves of the "mother of Presidents."

You cannot preserve happy domestic pairs in family jars.