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Denton Md.
WILL practice in Caroline and adjacent counties. Office

THE WIVES.

The wives, we think, are quite as deserving of a blessing as the girls, therefore we submit the following:

God bless the wives,
They fill our hives
With little ones and honey;
They ease life's shocks,
They mend our socks,
But—don't they spend the money?

When we are sick
They heal us quick—
That is, if they should love us;
If not, we die,
And yet they cry,
And place tombstones above us.

Of roguish girls
With sunny curls,
We may in fancy dream;
But wives—true wives—
Throughout our lives
Are every thing they seem.

UNION SONG!

Loud the Union Bell is ringing,
Pampered Locos funeral knell,
Gladness to all hearts 'its bringing,
Who still love the Union well.

Now on eve of the election,
By three rival parties torn,
Let us throw aside all section,
By our love of Union borne

Let the hope of victory keep us
Ever steady to our trust;
And the Union men will greet us,
For our cause is true and just—

Till, at length, by ever adding,
Numbers to our Union band;
To the White House we'll escort them,
BELL and EVERETT hand in hand.

Ellen Wharncliffe.

A Tale of the Revolution.

Young Davis remained over night at the house of the good minister, and early next morning took his departure for home, thanking his benefactor for his hospitality, and casting a look of mingled tenderness and gratitude upon his fair deliverer—a glance which Ellen did not fail to return.

Another year has passed away and the spark of war that had been so long kindling had burst forth with the terrible fury of some pent-up-volcano. The soil of Lexington and Concord had been reddened with the blood of patriots, and throughout the wide land the cry was raised "to arms! to arms!" Ellen and Gilbert Davis had often met during the proceeding winter, and an attachment had sprung up between them, as sincere as it was ardent and lasting. But sterner duties now devolved upon the young patriot, and he reluctantly left the bowers of love, and buckling on the trusty armor of his father, which had done good and faithful service on the famous plains of Abraham, the intrepid youth enrolled his name as a volunteer in his country's cause, snatched a hasty embrace from the bright-eyed Ellen Wharncliffe, who cheered him on with her sweetest smile, and hastening back to Cambridge he at once entered the ranks of his fearless countrymen, and prepared to do battle with all his strength in defence of what he conceived to be the RIGHT.

It is a fogy night, and the stars shine but dimly down upon the quiet earth.—The shipping in the harbor are riding lazily at its anchors, the army of the British king is encamped upon the Common and Copp's Hill, and no sound meets the ear, save the occasional hail of some lonely sentinel at the outposts, or the tread of some benighted wassailer as he returns from his club, stupid and overpowered by the strong potations in which he has indulged.

But that silence was an ominous one—one which was destined to be broken in upon at the first blush of morn by the deadly cannon's awful roar. Look upon yonder hill, over which the mists and vapors hang shroud-like and ghostly.—There a handful of brave and determined men are busily engaged throwing up breast works, and preparing themselves for an attack which all know to be inevitable. Officers and privatee toiled alike, and among them none were more zealous than Gilbert Davis, the young volunteer, and the betrothed of Ellen Wharncliffe.

At length the day began to dawn in the eastern horizon, and its first beams revealed to the eyes of the astonished British general a redoubt filled with armed men, and overlooking the town of Boston in which the troops were quartered! It seemed to have risen as if by magic, and the officers could hardly believe their own eyes when called upon to witness the Herculean labors of the patriots during the past night.

To dislodge the Americans from the position which they had taken, now became a matter of the utmost moment to General Gage, and he bent all his powerful energies to the accomplishment of so important an object. Early in the morning the troops were seen defiling through the streets towards the point of embarkation, and everything was bustle and activity. Cannon were roaring from the ships-of-war, bands of music were playing, and the wail of countless bugles rose upon the air. Captain Neville of the dragoons, as well as other cavalry officers, volunteered to lead their commands on foot up the hill, and their services were accepted, and amid the crash of resounding arms, and all the stern outcry of an army upon the point of a deadly engagement, the royal troops were crossed over and at once marched up the steep sides of Bunker Hill.

The provincials are still as death.—There comes no sound from yonder small redoubt—all is quiet—quiet as the grave! But it is an ominous silence that hangs around that grassy fortress, as the British forces flushed with pride and hope come boldly marching up towards the redoubt.

Suddenly a cloud of smoke arose from the hill, the crash and a din of fifteen hundred muskets was heard, and then as the southwest breeze cleared away the pall of smoke, there lay upon the stained grass of that fatal hill a countless hoist of soldiers and officers all mixed together, and struggling in the pangs of death.

Again was the attack renewed, and with a similar result, and as a last restort the village of Charlestown was set on fire, and the flames leaped from house to house, like hungry demons anxions to destroy.—The dwelling of Mr. Wharncliffe being on the outskirts of the village was one of the last to burn, and Ellen and her father stood at an upper window for sometime watching the fight, and the progress of the flames towards their house, determining to fly whenever it should reach them.

Just at this crisis, a body of the British troops under the command of Captain Neville, detatched from the main army to make a flank movement, came marching past the house. Neville's quick eye caught a glimpes of Ellen at the window, and beckoning to one of his servants, he said:

"Waldron, take five men, and go into that house, seize upon that young lady at the window, tie her, and convey her over to my lodgings on Beacon Hill as soon as possible. When there lock her in my room in the fourth story, and station a sentinel over the door with orders to see that she does not escape on his peril."

"But, sir, at such a time as *this*, with the enemy in view, you surely do not mean to detach—"

"Silence, sir! you have your orders, see that you execute them to the letter," thundered the captain; "when you have her secured return here immediately and join in the battle!"

The column of troops swept on towards the scene of conflict, and the sergeant selecting the requisite number of men, at once made a dash into the house of Mr. Wharncliffe, seized upon Ellen before she could make a single effort to escape, and conveyed her over to Boston. As for the clergyman attempting to resist the abduction of his daughter, he was brutally slain before the very eyes of his beloved Ellen, who had no power to save him, and with feelings of grief and horror beheld him stabbed to the heart by one of the soldiers.

In the meantime the battle was raging furiously upon the hill. The ground was strewn with the dead bodies of the British soldiers, shouts and shrieks arose on every side, and above all came the roar of conflagration, as it swept onward like one resistless torrent, burying everything in one wide and utter destruction.

At length the powder of the provincials began to give out, the flank movement of Neville had been successful, and his infuriated soldiers burst within the redoubt. The Americans slowly and sullenly retreated from the soil which they had defended so bravely and so well, using their clubbed muskets over the heads of their enemies wite the most hearty good will. It was this sullenness in retiring, and the disposition evinced to 'give another blow' before retreating, which caused several to be taken prisoners, among whom was Gilbert Davis. Being recognized by Captain Neville, he was at once surrounded, overpowered, and tied hand and foot, and quickly conveyed over to Boston and thrust into prison, where he was left to bewail his fate.

The battle was over, Charlestown was nothing but a mass of ruins, and leaving sufficient troops upon the hill to hold it, many of the officers and soldiers returned to Boston to talk over the events of the day. Among these was Neville, who hastened at once to his quarter, and found that his prisoner was safe. Dismissing the sentinel before the door the captain entered the department, where he found Ellen weeping bitterly.

He told her that he had seized upon her for the purpose of making her his wife.—that he had seen her a year before and becausedesperately enamored of her beauty,—that the busy nature of his avocations did not permit him to spend time in courtship, and that she must decide to become his before the dawn of another morning, or force should be restored to accomplish his object.

Ellen was a shrewd, quick-witted girl, and she saw at once all her danger. She pretended to fall into his plans, drew him into a convereation, during which she ascertained that Davis was a prisoner, where he was confined, and that he would probably be tried as a spy. Worn out with fatigue and excitement, Neville locked the door upon the inside, put the key in his pocket, and throwing himself upon the settee was quickly locked in a sound and dreamless slumber, leaving Ellen watching over him. He had calculated that the key could not be taken from his pocket without awaking him, but in this he was mistaken.

No sooner had his slumber become sound ane unbroken, than our heroine slipped the key from his pocket, and searching his clothes, found the "countersign" or watchword for the night. Then cautiously opening the door so as not to arouse her wearied captor, she stole out into the street, and by the aid of the countersign passed all the sentinels until she came to the prison where Davis was confined. The possession of the "watchword" by Ellen satisfied the officer of the guard that she had a right to pass into the prison, which she did, and found young Davis sleeping soundly and sweetly upon his couch of straw. To arouse him, explain to him how she came there, and to exchange garments with him, was the work of but little more than an instant. Furnished with the countersign by Ellen, Davis sailed forth in female garb from the prison, and with the faithful password hurried onward, passing all the sentinels in safety until at length he arrived in the open country, and thence soon found his way to the American lines.

The next morning, when it was found that Davis had escaped, and in what manner, there was a buzz of excitement throughout the whole army. General Gage sent for the heroic girl, and after hearing the manner in which she had been treated, he placed Captain Neville under arrest, and at once restored Ellen to liberty. He even went so far as to send an officer and ten men to escort her in safety to the house of Mr. Davis, in Cambridge, where she was received with the deepest affection by the parents of the man she had rescued from almost certain destruction.

As for Gilbert Davis, he continued in the army during the war, and ultimately rose to the rank of a colonel, and America could boast of few nobler or truer hearts than his. After the treaty of peace was ratified he married Ellen Wharncliffe and settled down upon the banks of Charles river, where his descendants are at this day residing.

[THE END.]

SPEACH OF HON. J. MORRISON HARRIS.

The Washington States and Union gives the following extract from the able and eloquent speech of Hon. J. Morrison Harris, of Maryland, delevered at the Bell and Everett ratification meeting at Washington, on Wednesday night last:

In reference to the merits of the candidates of the two wings of the Democratic party, Mr. Harris said:—But, gentlemen, I do not understand why, in God's name, it is that the Southern Democracy have so suddenly discovered that Stephen A Douglas is a traitor, and a leper and all that, to the interest of the South. Why, I recollect in the last Congress that Southern Senators and Southern Representatives told me that Mr. Douglas was the only Democrat that ought to be nominated or could be elected. I recollect that only one year ago, some of those Southern Democrats who are now loudest in his condemnation were among the warmest and fastest of his personal friends and his political adherents; and I have no hesitation in saying as my conviction and belief, that Stephen A. Douglas does not harber the first shade of a shadow of feeling inimical to the continued unity of these Southern States.

I believe him to be a firm and fast friend of the Union, and while I repudiate utterly and entirely what I deem to be those dangerous political party heresies, I look upon him with no small degree of personal admiration. I have seen him in yonder Senate chamber, hounded to the death by Southern Democratts. I have seen him vexed by the venerable incumbent of the White House. I have seen the heads of his political friends cut off by the flashing blade of the guillotine, because they chose to be his political friends against the wishes of James Buchanan; and I have seen him present a spectacle that no matter who presents it, will always challenge and receive my personal admiration—the spectacle of a brave man standing up in the face of great obstacles, and fighting his battle with manliness and spirit.

Gentlemen, there is this difference between the two Democratic candidates to me; and one is, that while I admit that Mr. Breckinridge is an honest man, and we all know, who have been associated with him, that he is a high toned and honorable gentleman; yet it seems to me that Mr. Breckinridge in this canvass occupies a false position; that he is in the hands of men who are pulling the wires behind him; and that the whole Breckinridge movement is in the hands, to a large extent, of those men in the South who are open or secret friends of secession and disunion. [Applause.] I do not hesitate to say as my judgment, in the face of my fellow citizens to-night, that I believe there is another policy in the Breckinridge movement South, which is to pull the wires for the election of Abe Lincoln, of Ilinois; and that the ultimate purpose and whole end, so far as they mean to control and can control it, is to bring about a Southern confederacy and secession movement. [Great applause.]

Giving the Sack Literally.

A green, awkward girl, the daughter of welthy parents, in Arkansas, having come to ——, in Massachusetts, to be educated, a young dentist named Brown, conceived a notion that his shortest way to fortune would be to marry her. But then she was the laughing stock of the seminary, because she was so gaunt, mascular, and ungenteel in her dress, and Brown felt that it would require all the nerve to stand the ridicule of several of the young pupils with whom he had flirted until he was satisfied that they had no money or expectation of any. However, he consoled himself with the reflection that he should speedily obtain influence enough over her to enable him to become in a measure, her adviser in the matter of costume, manners, etc. The foremost thought was to her long, lank form, by the aid of crinoline, which she had never worn, and his flattery had no sooner secured him a confidential place in her good graces before he ventured to make her a present of a patent skirt or sack, together with a hint to fix up pretty handsomely for a ball, to which he had invited her.

The night arrived, the party were assembled, and the Arkansas damsel made her grand entree from the ladies' dressing-room, amid the titter of laughter from the schoolgirls and village belles. The hoop sack was shockingly out of shape, projecting in front like the Spouting Horn of Nahant; but that was nothing to the expose it made of her somewhat incongruous black nose, the fascinations of which were somewhat augmented by the yellow rosettes of her white satin slippers (men's size) encasing her delicate feet. To complete Brown's horror, her flaxen head and freckled face were "set off" with a profusion of green and yellow bow-knots, of formidable size, intended to do execution as beau-catcher.

Madder than sixty, the disappointed dentist went through the first dance with her, taking little or no pains to conceal his disgust, and then hurried away to the whist-room to escape the compliments and sarcastic ridicule of his old flames.

The unfortunate partner who was clear grit, was deeply incensed when informed, and some of the sympathizers advised her to 'give him the sack;' i. e., dismiss him at once. "I'll be dodrotted ef I don't do it, 'fore the hull crowd," she replied in a boiling passion: and making straight for the dressing-room, and followed by a bevy of laughing girls, soon emerged again with the hoop-sack in her hand, and threw it at Brown's feet. "Thar, you mean, good for nothing snaker out of old snags! Take your old sack and wear it yourself; and of I ketch you speaking to me again, I'll lick ye within an inch o' yer life! you'd better believe it."

Roars of laughter followed this spirited conduct, and the tooth-puller was fain to make his escape. The next day he left the village and has not returned to it. The Arkansas girl became a pet, and finally made a very respectable appearance in socie[illegible]

An Irishman who had [illegible] water to save [illegible] receiving a sixpence [illegible] reward for [illegible] sixpence [illegible] claimed:—

Well I'm o[illegible] job."

Look Out for the Women.

Young man, keep your eyes open when you are after the women. If you bite at the naked hook you are green. Is a pretty dress or form so attractive; or a pretty face, even? Flounces, boys, are no sort of consequences. A pretty face will soon grow old. *Paint will wash off.* The sweet smiles of the flirt will give way to the scrowl of the termagent. Another and a far different being will take the place of the lovely goddess who smiles and eats your sugar candy. The coquette will shine in the kitchen corner, and with the one sparkling eye and beaming countenance will look daggers at you. Beware! Keep your eyes open, boy, when you are after the woman. If the dear is cross and scolds at her mother in the back room, you may be sure you will get particular fits all over the house. If she blushes when found at domestic duties, be sure she is of the dish-rag aristocracy—little breeding and a great deal less sence. If you marry a girl who knows nothing but to commit woman laughter on the piano, you have got the poorest music ever got up. Find one whose mind is right, and then pitch in. Boy, don't be hanging around like a sheep thief, as though you were ashamed to be seen in the day time, but walk up like a chicken to the dough pile, and ask for the article like a man. That's the way to do it.

Our deVil ha[illegible]ngOne on a pleasure we aro compelled to act In his steaD. Wehad no idea type-setting waS so Hsy or we would have commenced sooner we,re glad we'Ae learNed how as now w[illegible] will not huve To be dependent on his SAtaNiC maJestX any lonGer. our reading is not as lonG as we wisqed baoause [illegible] didint know thai we[illegible]d knOw hom to set tyPH.

Badly Cornered.

A traveler, fatigued with the monotony of a long ride through a sparcely settled section of the country, rode up to a small lad who was engaged in trimming a sickly looking field of corn, and relieved himself thus:

"My young friend, it seems to me your corn is rather small."

"Yes, daddy planted the small kind."

"And it appears to look rather yellowish too"

Yes, daddy planted the yellow kind."

"From appearances my lad, you won't get more than half a crop.

"Just half stranger—daddy planted it on halves."

The horseman gave up in despair and proceeded on his journey. He held no more talk with the boys on his route—he set them down as bores.

A certain linen draper waited upon a lady for the amount of an article purchased at his shop. She endeavored to remind him that she had paid when she called some time ago. He declared that he had no remembrance of the circumstance, on which she produced a receipt. He then asked pardon, and said:—

"I am sorry I did not recollect."

To which the lady replied:—

"I sincerely believe you are sorry you did not re-collect."

A GOOD ONE.—Two young ladies of Philadelphia, were lately spending the summer in North-Eastern New York.—During their visit they took several long rides with the daughter of their host about the country. On one of these occasions, as they had been travelling some distance, and the day was warm, and as a trough of running water stood invitingly by the road side, they concluded to give their pony a drink. One of the city ladies agreed to get out and arrange matters for this purpose. The others remaining in the carriage, and deeply engaged in conversation for some time paid no attention to the proceedings of their companion. When, at last surprised at the long delay, they turned to ascertain the cause, they discovered her endeavoring to unbuckle the crupper. In amazement they inquired. "What in the world are you doing that for?" "Why, I am unbuckling this strap to let the hoss's head down so he can drink."

An Indian being asked what he did for a living, replied—

"O, [illegible]ch."

"I reach" said bystander "do you get paid for it?"

"Sometimes me get shillin' sometimes two shillin'."

"And, isn't that mighty poor pay?"

"Oh, yes, but its mighty preaching."

Can a man see without eyes asked a professor.

"Yes sir," was the prompt response.

"Pray sir, how do you make that out?" cried the astonished professor.

"He can see with one, sir," replied the ready witted youth—and the whole school shouted with delight at his triumph over metaphisics.

A dying West India planter, groaning to his favorite servent, sighed out: "Ah, Sambo, I am going on a long journey."

"Never mind, massa," said Sambo consolidatingly, 'him all the way down hill."

On Monday night last there were no less than six attempts to fire 23 buildings in Charleston, Mass.

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