Homorous.

A Letter Worth Reading.

We will back the following piece of composition against anything ever produced. It was written half a century ago by Sir Boyle Roche, a member of the Irish Parliament in the "troublous times of '98," when a handful of Wexford men struck terror into the hearts of many gallant sons of Mars, as the worthy writer himself. It was addressed to a friend in London.

My Dear Sir:—Having now a little peace and quietness, I sit down to inform you of the dreadful bustle and confusion we are all in from these bloodthirsty rebels, most of whom are, thank God! killed and dispersed. We are in a pretty muss, can get nothing to eat, nor wine to drink, except whiskey; and when we sit down to dinner we are obliged to keep both hands armed. Whilst I write this, I hold a sword in each hand and a pistol in the other. I concluded from the begining this would be the end of it; and see I was right, for it is not half over yet. At present there are such things going on that everything stands still. I should have answered your letter a fortnight ago, but I did not receive it till this morning. Indeed, scarcely a mail arrives safe without being robbed. No longer ago than yesterday the coach with the mails from Dublin was robbed near this town; the bags had been judiciously left behind for fear of accident, and by good luck there was nobody in it but two outside passengers, who had nothing for the thieves to take. Last Thursday notice was given that a gang of rebels were advancing here under the French standard, but they had no colors, and no drums except bagpipes. Immediately—every man in the place, including the women and children—ran out to meet them. We soon found our force much too little; we were too near to think of retreating. Death was in every face, but to it we went, and, by the time half of our little party were killed, we began to be all alive again. Fortunately the rebels had no guns, except sticks and pikes, and as we had plenty of muskets and amunition, we put them all to the sword. Not a soul of them escaped, except those that were drowned in an adjacent bog; and in a very short time nothing was to be heard but silence. Their uniforms were all different colors, but mostly green. After the action we went to rummage a sort of camp, which they left behind them. All we found was a few pikes without heads, a parcel of empty bottles full of water, and a barrile of French commissions filled with Irish names. Troops are now stationed all around the country, which exactly suits with my ideas. I have only time to add that I am in great haste.

P. S.—If you do not receive this, of course it must have been miscarried therefore I beg you to write and to let me know.

PICKETING.

While on my lonely beat, about an hour ago, a light tread attracted my attention, and, on looking up, I beheld one of secesh's pickets standing before me.

"Soldier," says he, "you remind me of my grandmother, who expired before I was born; but this unnatural war has made us enemies, and I must shoot you. Give me a chaw terbacker."

He was a young man, my boy, in the prime of life, and belonged to one of the First Families of Virginia.

I looked at him, and says I: "Let's compromise, my brother."

"Never," says he, "The South is fighting for her liberty, her firesides, and the pursuit of happiness, and I desire most respectfully to welcome you with bloody hands to a hospitable grave."

"Stand off ten paces," says I, "and let's see whose name shall come before the coroner first."

He took his place, and we fired simultaneously. I heard a ball go whistling by a barn about half a mile on my right, and when the smoke cleared away, I saw the secesh picket approach me with an awful expression of woe on his otherwise dirty countenance.

"Soldier," says he, "was there anything in my head before you fired?"

"Nothing," says I, "save a few harmless insects."

"Well," says he, "just listen now."

He shook his head mournfully, and I heard something rattle inside of it.

"That," said he, "is your bullet, which has penetrated my skull, and is rolling around in my brain. I die happy, but there is one thing I should like to see before I perish. Have you a quarter about you?"

Too much effected to speak, I drew the last one I had from my pocket, and handed it to the dying man, who clutched it convulsively and exclaimed, "How beautiful how bright, and good for four drinks!"

The dying soldier then laid down his gun, hung up his cap and coat, blew his nose, and expired. The sight so effected me that I turned my head and walked a short distance away. When I returned the corpse was gone—and my quarter too!"

Perhaps they both went to Heaven?

THE SENTINEL

Is published every Friday morning at **One Dollar and Fifty Cents** per annum, if paid within six months from the time of subscribing or Two Dollars if not paid until the expiration of the year. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the editor.

☞ Advertisements conspicuously inserted at the rate of one dollar per square for the first three insertions, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. Ten lines to constitute a square. If the number of insertions be not marked upon them, they will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly. A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.

☞ Communications, the effect of which is to promote private interests, are matters of charge, and are to be paid for at the rate of fifty cents per square. All communications must be accompanied with the author's name, otherwise they will not be inserted.

☞ Advertisements for Companies or Associations of any kind, denominational, charitable or otherwise, are in all cases to be paid for at the usual rates; and obituary notices or eulogies in addition to the announcement, will be charged at the rate of fifty cents per square.

☞ Office next door to the house on the south-west corner of the Square.

Kimmell House,
ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN,
C STREET, Bet. 4½ and 6th Streets,
Near the National Hotel, and two Squares from the Railroad Depot.
WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.

Fine Parlors for the accommodation of Ladies.

Room and Board, per day - - - $2 00
Room alone per day - - - 1 00
Meals - - - 50
Lodging 25 cts, one month in advance 7 dollars. 50
Omnibus will be furnished free to the city.
The KIMMELL HOUSE is newly and elegantly furnished, and in every way adapted to the comfort of travellers.
A. F. KIMMELL, Proprietor.

THE BEST LIVERY STABLE in the City attached.

GENERAL STAGE OFFICE.
The Stages for all points in the Kennebec Valley, Maine, Boston, Providence and Fall River, Baltimore and Philadelphia, Alexandria and Leesburg, Alexandria and Orange, and Norfolk, will be found at this office.
A. F. KIMMELL, Agent.

A. GREEN'S
EXTENSIVE FURNITURE EMPORIUM.
WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.
THE subscriber would respectfully inform the citizens of Washington and country, that he has now on hand the largest and most extensive Stock of Furniture, which he offers at LOW PRICES, for cash or its equivalent.
Stock of Furniture,
AT LOW PRICES.
Four Mahogany Wardrobes
Four Mahogany Bureaus
Four Mahogany Dressing Bureaus
Four Mahogany Wash Stands
Four Mahogany Bedsteads
Four Mahogany Tables
Four Mahogany Dining Tables
Four Mahogany Card Tables
Four Mahogany Sofas
Four Mahogany Rocking Chairs
Four Mahogany Dining Chairs
Four Mahogany Office Chairs
Four Mahogany Office Tables
Four Mahogany Bookcases
Four Mahogany Clothes Racks
Four Mahogany Cradles
Four Mahogany Washing Stands