Bedford Gazette.

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THE BEDFORD GAZETTE

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At the following terms, to wit:

$1.50 per annum, cash, in advance.
$2.00 " " if paid within the year.
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☞ No subscription taken for less than six months.

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☞ The courts have decided that persons are accountable for the subscription price of newspapers, if they take them from the post office, whether they subscribe for them, or not.

DENTIST.

Will attend punctually and carefully to all operations intrusted to his care. Teeth filled, plugged, regulated, &c., and artificial teeth inserted, from one to an entire set.
Charges moderate, and all operations warranted.
☞ Terms INVARIABLY CASH.
Office on East Pitt street, Bedford, Pa.

DR. F. C. REAMER

RESPECTFULLY begs leave to tender his Professional Services to the Citizens of Bedford and vicinity.

☞ Office in Julianna Street, at the Drug and Book Store. Feb. 17, 1854.

Dr. B. F. HARRY

RESPECTFULLY tenders his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity.

Office and residence on Pitt-Street, in the building formerly occupied by Dr. John Hofius.
June 24, 1853.

LAW PARTNERSHIP.

JOB MANN. G. H. SPANG.

THE undersigned have associated themselves in the Practice of the Law, and will attend promptly to all business entrusted to their care in Bedford and adjoining counties.

☞ Office on Julianna Street, three doors south of "Mengel House," opposite the residence of Maj. Tate.

JOB MANN.
June 2, 1854. G. H. SPANG.

WM. P. SCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW,

WILL attend faithfully to all legal business entrusted to his care *in the Counties of Bedford and Fulton.*
Bedford, Nov. 1, 1847.

John P. Reed,

Attorney at Law, Bedford, Pennsylvania.
Respectfully tenders his services to the Public.
☞ Office second door North of the Mengel House.
Bedford, Feb. 20, 1852.

Cessna & Shannon.

HAVE formed a Partnership in the Practice of the Law. ☞ Office nearly opposite the *Gazette* Office, where one or the other may at all times be found.
Bedford, Oct. 26, 1849.

LAW NOTICE.

W. J. BAER, Attorney at Law:

WILL practice regularly in the Courts of Bedford County hereafter. He may, during Court Weeks, be consulted at his room at the Washington Hotel.
Nov. 23, 1855.

JOSEPH W. TATE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
REAL ESTATE BROKER,

HAS for Sale 10 Farms, and 12,000 acres of Coal- and unimproved land, in Bedford and Fulton counties. Also Lots in the town of Hamilton. Land sold in quantities to suit purchasers. Proposals for timber are invited from Lumbermen. Terms easy.
Aug. 7, 1857.—6m.

W. J. BAER. G. W. BENFOR. B. F. MEYERS.

BAER, BENFORD & MEYERS,
ATTORNIES AT LAW,
BEDFORD, PENN'A.

WILL punctually attend to all business entrusted to their care. ☞ Mr. Baer will be in regular attendance at Court. Office on Juliana street, same as formerly occupied by Wm. M. Hall, Esq. [Jan 28,'58.]

TO BUILDERS.

The subscriber is fully prepared to furnish any quantity or quality of Building Lumber and Plastering Laths. Orders directed to St. Clairsville, Bedford County, will be promptly attended to, by giving a reasonable notice.
F. D. BEEGLE.

NOTICE.

The partnership heretofore existing between James Burns and J. H. Tharp is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All money due the firm is payable to James Burns, and all debts owed or contracted by the firm, will be paid by James Burns.
JAMES BURNS.
J. H. THARP.
Feb. 19, 1858.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

The undersigned appointed by the Orphans' Court in and for the County of Bedford, to report a distribution of the moneys in the hands of Mrs. C. Harmer, Executrix of the last Will &c., of Elwood Harmer, deceased, who was administrator of the Estate of Thomas B. Miller, deceased, will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in the Borough of Bedford, on Wednesday, the 10th day of March, instant, 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, when and where all parties interested can attend.
JNO. P. REED,
Feb. 19. Auditor.

JUST received at Shoemaker's Colonade Store, a large assortment of Boots, Shoes, Hats, &c. [dec.4,'57.]

TO BE HAD AT DR. HARRY'S.

Essence of Jamaica Ginger, which should have a place in every family, for sale at Dr. Harry's.

Miscellaneous.

A BEAUTIFUL STORY.

I witnessed a short time ago, in one of our higher courts, a beautiful illustration of the simplicity and power of truth. A little girl nine years of age was offered as a witness against a prisoner, who was on trial for felony committed in her father's house.

"Now, Emily," said the counsel for the prisoner, upon her being offered as a witness; "I desire to understand if you know the nature of an oath?"

"I don't know what you mean," was the simple answer.

"There, your honor," said the counsel, addressing the court, "is anything farther necessary to demonstrate the validity of my objections? This witness should be rejected. She does not comprehend the nature of an oath."

"Let us see," said the judge; "come here my daughter."

Assured by the kind tone and manner of the judge, the child stepped towards him, and looked confidentially up into his face with a calm clear eye, and in a manner so artless and frank that it went straight to the heart.

"Did you ever take an oath?" inquired the judge.

The little girl stepped back with a look of horror, and the red blood mantled in a blush all over her face and neck, as she answered, "no sir." She thought he intended to inquire if she had ever blasphemed.

"I do not mean that," said the judge, who saw her mistake. "I mean were you ever a witness before?"

"No sir: I never was in Court before." He handed her the Bible open.

"Do you know that book, my daughter?"

She looked at it and answered, "Yes, sir: it is the Bible."

"Do you ever read it?" he asked.

"Yes sir; every evening."

"Can you tell me what the Bible is?" inquired the judge.

"It is the word of the great God," she answered.

"Well, place your hand upon this Bible, and listen to what I say:" and he repeated slowly and solemnly the oath usually administered to witnesses. "Now," said the judge, "you have been sworn as a witness, will you tell me what will befall you if you do not tell the truth?"

"I shall be shut up in the State prison," answered the child.

"Anything else?"

"I shall never go to heaven," she replied.

"How do you know?" asked the judge again.

The child took the Bible, and turning rapidly to the chapter containing the commandments, pointed to the injunction, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." "I learned that," she said, "before I could read."

"Has any one talked with you about your being a witness in court here against this man?" inquired the judge.

"Yes sir," she replied. "My mother heard they wanted me to be a witness, and last night she called me to her room and asked me to tell her the ten commandments, and then we knelt down together, and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against my neighbor, and that God would help me, a little child, to tell the truth as it was before him. And when I came up here with father, she kissed me and told me to remember the ninth commandment, and that God would hear every word I said."

"Do you believe this?" asked the judge while a tear glistened in his eye, and his lips quivered with emotion.

"Yes sir," said the child, with a voice and manner that showed her conviction of the truth was perfect.

"God bless you my child," said the judge, "you have a good mother. This witness is competent," he continued. "Were I on trial for my life, and innocent of the charge against me, I would pray God for such a witness as this. Let her be examined."

She told her story with the simplicity of a child, as she was, but there was a directness about it which carried conviction of its truth to every heart. She was rigidly cross-examined. The counsel plied her with infinite and ingenious questioning, but she varied from her first statement in nothing. The truth as spoken by that child was sublime. Falsehood and perjury had preceded her testimony. The prisoner had entrenched himself in lies, until he deemed himself impregnable. Witnesses had falsified facts in his favor, and villany had manufactured for him a sham defence, but before her testimony, falsehood was scattered like chaff. The little child, for whom a mother had prayed for strength to be given her to speak the truth as it was before God, broke the cunning devices of matured villany to pieces like a potter's vessel. The strength that the mother had prayed for was given her, the sublime and terrible simplicity (terrible I mean to the prisoner and his perjured associations,) with which she spoke, was like a revelation from God himself.

☞ A queen bee will lay 200 eggs daily for fifty or sixty days, and the eggs are hatched in three days. A single queen-bee has been stated to produce 100,000 bees in a season.

A swarm of bees contains from 10,000 to 20,000 in a natural state, and from 30,000 to 40,000 in a hive.

OYSTERS.—There are from eleven to twelve millions of oysters arriving at Philadelphia per week—of this number several hundreds of thousands are opened daily, placed in cans, and sent to the West—more particularly to the Territories. The floating capital invested in the trade is estimated at over six millions dollars per annum.

JACKSON AND BUCHANAN.

The removal of the deposites was Gen. Jackson's own measure, conceived by him, carried out by him, defended by him, and its fate dependent on him. He had coadjutors in every part of the business, but the measure was his own; for this heroic civil measure, like a heroic military resolve, had to be the offspring of one great mind—self-acting and self-poised—seeing its way through all difficulties and dangers, and discerning ultimate triumph over all obstacles in the determination to conquer or perish. Councils are good for safety, not for heroism—good for escapes from perils, not for retreats; but for action, and especially [illegible] and daring action, but one mind is wanted. And thus it was in this case. The majority of his Cabinet was against him. His Secretary of the Treasury refused to execute his will. A few only—a fraction of the Cabinet and some friends—concurred heartily in the act: Mr. Taney, Attorney General; Mr. Kendall, Postmaster General; Mr. Francis P. Blair, editor of the *Globe*, and some few others.

He communicated his intention to the Cabinet, all of whom had been requested to assist him in his deliberations. The major part of them dissented from his design; whereupon he assembled them on the 22d September, [1833] and read to them a paper, in which he absolved them from all responsibility for the act, and assumed it wholly upon himself, requesting them to consider the proposed measure as his own, in the support of which he required no one of them to make a sacrifice of opinion or principle. ITS RESPONSIBILITY WAS ASSUMED BY HIMSELF.

Mr. Clay, Mr. Calhoun, and Mr. Webster were now all united against General Jackson, with all their friends and the Bank of the United States. * * * * The combination was formidable. The bank itself was a great power, and was able to carry distress into all the business departments of the country; the political array against the President was unprecedented in point of number, and great in point of ability. Besides the three eminent chiefs, there were, in the Senate, Messrs. Bibb, of Kentucky; Ezekiel Chambers, of Maryland; Clayton, of Delaware; Ewing, of Ohio; Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey; Watkins Leigh of Virginia; Mangum, of North Carolina; Poindexter, of Mississippi; Alexander Porter, of Louisiana; Wm. C. Preston, of South Carolina; Southard, of New Jersey; Tyler, of Virginia. In the House of Representatives, besides the ex-President, Mr. Clay, Horace Binney, there were a long catalogue of able speakers; Messrs. Archer, of Virginia; Bell, of Tennessee; Burgess, of Rhode Island; Rufus Choate, of Massachusetts; Corwin, of Ohio; Warren R. Davis, of South Carolina; John Davis, of Massachusetts; Edward Everett, of Massachusetts; Millard Fillmore, of New York; Robert P. Letcher, of Kentucky; Benjamin Hardin, of Kentucky; McDuffie, of South Carolina; Peyton, of Tennessee; Vance, of Ohio; Wilde, of Georgia; Wise, of Virginia; —in all, above thirty speakers, many of whom spoke many times; besides many others of good ability, but without extensive national reputations.

The business of the combination was divided; distress and panic the object—and the parts distributed, and separately cast to produce the effect. The bank was to make the distress—a thing easy for it to do from its own moneyed power. The politicians were to make the panic, by the alarms which they created for the safety of the laws, of the Constitution, the public liberty, and the public money. * * * * The end proposed to themselves by the combined parties was, for the bank, a recharter and the restoration of the deposites; for the politicians, an ascent to power upon the overthrow of Jackson. [The overthrow of Jackson!]

The residue of the story is familiar as a household word to the American people. General Jackson triumphed over the bank and politicians over the artificial panic and the real pressure. He rescued the American people from the thraldom of a monster moneyed corporation, under whose iron rod the masses groaned, and before whose presence the very government trembled. The people rallied to Jackson. The politicians and the monster fell; and great was the fall thereof.

Such is the lesson of history upon a single great measure of Democratic policy. *Ex uno disce omnes.* And is not the preservation of this Union as important an object as was the release of the people from pecuniary thraldom? Are not the Democratic masses of our country as sure to rally to the support of James Buchanan against the foes of the Constitution and the assassins of the republic, though he be deserted by legions of timid, cavilling "friends," as they did to Jackson in his struggle with the bank, with the avowed enemies of Democracy, and with its false stampeding friends?

Depend upon it, the odds against Buchanan in upholding the banner of "*The Constitution—the Union—the Democracy*"—formidable as they be, are not near so appalling as the array which confronted the man of responsibility in 1833. The money power is not so great—the moral power is not comparable—and the confidence of the opposition now, compared with what it was then, is the confidence of parricides contrasted with that of honorable men, actuated by deep convictions, and enjoying great popular influence and wide-spread respectability.

The car of Democracy was not impeded by the obstacles it encountered in 1833, nor did it halt in its career by the desertion of false Democrats. It rolled triumphant over the bodies and crushed out the political life's breath both of foe and false friend.

And so it will again, no matter who shall throw himself in its way.

☞ A lady wishing the service of a dyer, was referred to an excellent workman. The lady asked: "Are you the dying man?" "No, ma'am, I'm a living man—but I'll dye for you."

BEAU HICKMAN IN COURT.

The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Mercury has the following in regard to our distinguished financier, Beau Hickman, Esq., who visited New York lately to regulate monetary affairs in that quarter:

A rich scene came off the other day in the Marine Court. Your readers will all remember the celebrated Beau Hickman. Beau has been staying here for some weeks past, at the Florence Hotel, where his bills are paid by his friends in the gambling and sporting lines. On Thursday, Beau was subpœnaed as a witness in the above court. The attorney on the opposite side was a regular Tartar. He prides himself upon his skill in examining witnesses, and claims that he can confuse a witness more successfully than any other member of the bar. One of his methods of doing this is, when the witness hesitates, to snap at him like an angry terrier, worry and abuse him for his hesitation, and then seek to confound and embarrass him.

Before this man Beau was brought up for cross examination. Beau took the stand, and after giving his testimony in a very mild and timid manner, was handed over for cross questioning to this sharp lawyer. He had, in his direct testimony, affirmed that the sharp lawyer's client had 'no money whatever.' The counsellor, with a look at Beau such as a hungry dog gives at a bone, asked:

'How do you know, Mr. Hickman, that my client had no money? Are you the keeper of his pocket-book?'

'He told me so, sir.'

'When did he tell you so?'

'This morning.'

'Where, sir.'

'In this very room.'

'What did he say sir! Come, give us his very words—none of your inferences, sir.'

'I don't like to answer that question.'

'Ho, ho! So you're afraid to answer that question, are you? I knew I should drive you into a close corner. Come, out with it, and none of your shirking here.'

'I should rather be excused.'

'Then I shall appeal to the court to commit you for contempt.'

'Well, sir, if I must answer, he told me this morning that he had no money.'

'Well, sir, what language did he use?'

'Why, I asked him to loan me half a dollar, and he said he couldn't do it, for you had robbed him of every cent of his money, and if he [illegible] get out of your clutches very soon his [illegible]'

A roar of laughter arose in the court which required some trouble to check, and by the time the lawyer had collected his thoughts again the case was decided against him.

THE BENEFIT OF BIRDS.

A writer in a Boston journal, thus speaks of robins, and their value to the farmers:—"Concerning robins, no writer has ever maintained that they subsist exclusively on insects, worms, &c., neither have any—unless the writer in the *Transcript* has done so—ever claimed that they ever fed on anything but fruits or berries. It is generally claimed by ornothologists, that they feed on worms, insects, fruits and berries.' They usually first appear here about the last of March or the first of April, many weeks and months before the earliest fruits and berries ripen, ubsisting then, as formerly stated, on worms and insects—devouring not only earth worms, 'a questionable benefit,'—as asserted, but cut worms, among the most dreadful foes of the farmer, grasshoppers, &c. The writer speaks now of what careful observation has taught him, where and when he enjoyed as he did for many years, an ample opportunity for thus learning these facts. Were it not for the robins, and cat-birds, New England would undoubtedly suffer as does the West from the ravages of grasshoppers; for it should be borne in mind that birds that follow in the progressive movement of civilization are few in the West, as learned from observation, compared with them in the New England and Middle States. Destroy the insectivorous birds of New England, among which are robins and cat-birds, denounced as 'nuisances,' and the insects would soon multiply so as to destroy every green thing, not leaving the grass for the herds and flocks. That some of these birds pick fruits, and others grain, nobody doubts: but the aggregate of the evil suffered from them on the one hand, compared with the pleasure and good services rendered on the other, is really not worth mentioning."

I WOULD I WERE A BOY AGAIN.

We talk of Adam and Eve as having been, before the fall, in a very happy condition, but one thing they missed, they were never children.—*Correspondent Albany Register.*

True. We never thought of that. Adam never played marbles. He never played 'hokey.' He never skated on a pond, or played 'ball,' or rode down hill on a hand sleigh.—And Eve, she never made a play-house, she never took tea tables set out with tea things: she never rolled a hoop or jumped a rope, or pieced a baby quilt, or dressed a doll. They never played 'blind man's buff,' or 'puss wants a corner,' or 'hurly burly,' or any of the games with which childhood sports itself. How blank their age must have been, wherein no memories of early youth came swelling up in their hearts; no visions of childhood floating back from the long past; no mother's voice chanting a lullaby to the ear of fancy in the still hours of night; no father's voice of kindness speaking from the churchyard he sleeps in. Adam and Eve, and they alone of all the countless millions of men and women that ever lived, were never children.

☞ "The morning is breaking," said a servant, as he knocked at his master's door.—"Let it break," was the growling reply: "let it break, it owes me nothing!" And the merchant—a fair sample of a class—"addressed himself again to sleep."

THE LOWER CLASSES.

Who are they? asks the Philadelphia *Argus*. The toiling millions, the laboring men and women, the farmer, the mechanic, the artizan, the inventor, the producer?—Far from it. These are nature's nobility, God's favorites, the salt of the earth. No matter whether they are high or low in station, rich or poor in pelf, conspicuous or humble in position, they are the "upper circles" in the order of nature, whatever the factious distinctions of society, fashionable or unfashionable, decree. It is not *low*, it is the highest duty, privilege and pleasure, for the great man and the whole-souled woman to earn what they possess, to work their own way through life, to be the architects of their own fortunes. Some may rank the classes we have alluded to as only relatively low: and in fact the middling classes. We insist they are absolutely the very highest. If there is a class of human beings on earth who may be properly denominated low, it is composed of those who spend without producing, who dissipate on the earnings of their fathers or relatives without being ro doing anything in aid of themselves.

We are all mariners on this sea of life,
And they who climb above us up the shrouds,
Have only in their overtopping place,
Gained a more dangerous station and foothold,
More insecure.

WHO IS AFRAID OF A LION?

Dr. Livingston says, when the breeding impulse is upon these animals, and a man happens to pass to windward of them, both lion and lioness will rush at him, but under ordinary circumstances the lion is a cowardly animal, and never attacks a man except stealthily, unless wounded. A very curious peculiarity about him is, that at the very last he will not make an attack where he sees anything to produce the suspicion of a trap. A horse belonging to Captain Codrington ran away, but was stopped by the bridle catching a stump. He remained a prisoner during two days, and when he was found the wole space around was marked by the foot prints of lions, which had evidently been afraid to attack the haltered horse from the fear that the whole thing was a snare. It is a common belief (says Dr. L.) that the lion when he has once tasted human flesh, prefers it to any other, but the real state of the case is that a man eater is always an old lion, who has grown too infirm to catch game; he resorts to villages for the sake of the goats, and if a woman or child happens to go out they fall a prey toor. This being his little difficulty.

ANECDOTES OF STUMP SPEAKING.

The system of canvassing and electioneering as it is carried on in the Southwest, affords much that is amusing as well as instructive. We find in the "Editor's Drawer, of Harper for December, a rich joke said to have occurred in a canvass in Tennessee, between the Hon. Cave Johnson and Major Gustavus A. Henry. As the story runs, Major H., in reply to an allusion of his opponent as to his manner of shaking hands, said:

'I will tell you a little anecdote illustrative of the peculiar electioneering abilities of my honorable friend in his intercourse with our intelligent constituents. We were canvassing in a remote part of the district, and, having an appointment to speak near the house of a very influential Squire, we spent the previous night at his house together. It was well known that the Squire controlled all the votes in that precinct, and that his better half controlled him, so that it, was all important to get on the right side of her. We had agreed not to electioneer with the Squire while we staid with him; but I did not think this forbade me to do my best with his family. So I rose about daybreak the next morning, and, thinking that I should make friends with the mistress of the house by bringing water to cook the breakfast, I took a bucket and started off for the spring. I was tripping off on a light fantastic toe,' singing merrily as I went along, when what on earth should I see, as I looked into the barn-yard, but the old woman milking the cow, while my honorable friend, with his face ruddy with morning exercise, and his long locks streaming in the breeze was holding the cow by the tail! I saw in an instant that he had the start of me. I returned to the house discomfitted, and abandoned all hope of a vote in that region."

This reminds us of a good thing that occurred in Marshall county, in this State. A young Fillmore orator, who was also editor of the Fillmore organ in that county, made a speech at the little village of Chulaboma, in the course of which he charged Mr. Buchanan with being in favor of 'squatter sovereignty.' The speaker on the opposite side was the Hon. J. W. C., a distinguished member of the Legislature, and in the course of his reply, he turns to his opponent and inquires, 'Did you say Mr. Buchanan was in favor of squatter sovereignty?' 'I did,' replied the Fillmore man. 'Why, you don't call this squatter sovereignty, do you?' says Mr. C. reading something from a document, 'Of course I do,' was the reply. 'Then,' says Mr. C., turning to the audience: 'allow me to inform the gentleman that what I have read is from Fillmore's Lockport speech.' It is hardly necessary to say that there was no great number of Fillmore votes made there that day. It is said that ever afterwards our editor-orator was remarkably particular how he answered questions put to him in debate.

☞ "Gouge on Banking," is the title of a work issued from the press. A cotemporary remarks that "Banks on Gouging," would be an appropriate title for a work setting forth the operations of the present system.

☞ There is an old fellow in Nashville who snores so loud, that he is obliged to sleep at a house in the next street, to avoid awakening himself."

Selecting Flour.

The following directions for the selection of flour have been given by those long accustomed to dealing in this article. They are useful hints though it requires some experience to select the best flour by the eye alone. We very seldom order home a barrel of flour until we have taken a baking from it and *tried* it, unless it be warranted by a reliable dealer of known good judgment.

The directions are: It must pack into a ball and not fall in powder, when a portion is pressed together in the hands. When a portion is thrown against a smooth *perpendicular* surface it must stick in a lump or at least not scatter in a fine powder. When a little of it is wet and kneaded, it should work dry, elastic, not soft and sticky.—It should be of pure white, without a bluish tint. No minute black specks should be found on a close examination. A slight yellow or straw color is not a bad "sign."

REASONS WHY FARMERS ARE HEALTHIER THAN PROFESSIONAL MEN.—These reasons are:—

1. They work more, and develope all the leading muscles of the body.
2. They take their exercise in the open air, and thus breathe a greater amount of oxygen.
3. Their food and drinks are commonly less adulterated, and far more simple.
4. They do not overwork their brain as much as professional men do.
5. They take their sleep, commonly, during the hours of darkness, and do not try to turn day into night.
6. They are not, commonly, ambitious and do not wear themselves out so rapidly in the fierce contest of rivalry.
7. Their pleasures are more simple and less exhausting.

HONORABLE CONDITION.—Many years ago, in what is now a flourishing city in this State, lived a stalwart blacksmith, fond of his pipe and of his joke. He was also fond of his blooming daughter, whose many graces and charms had ensnared the affections of a susceptible young printer. The couple, after a season of mutual billing and cooing, "engaged" themselves, and nothing but the consent of the young ladys, parent' prevented their union. To obtain this, an interview was arranged, and Typo prepared a little speech to astonish and convince the old gentleman, who sat enjoying his pipe in perfect content. Typo dilated upon the fact of their long friendship, their mutual attachnow, sir, ask your permission to transplant this lovely flower from its parent bed"—but his "phelinks" overcame him, he forgot the remainder of his rhetorical flourish, blushed, stammered, and finally wound up with—"from its parent bed, into my own." The father keenly relished the discomfiture of the suitor, and after removing his pipe and blowing a cloud, replied—"Well, young man, I don't know as I've any objections, provided you marry the gal first."

☞ A party lately made a partial exploration of Spring Cave, Point Pleasant, Ky., on Green river. An entrance to the cave was effected through a narrow passage about thirty feet long, which opened into an egg-shaped room, thirty feet long and fifteen high. The exploring party visited, through various passages, five other rooms, in one of which was a small set-off as if made by man, and on it were three books and several letters, none of which the gentlemen could make out. They also found in this room silvery-looking metal that had been run into lumps. In another room they found human bones. It is the intention of the gentlemen engaged in this exploration to make a more thorough examination of this cave.

☞ Two weavers working in one shop in the village of Houston, were conversing one day upon authorship, when one of them observed that the man *Finis* was a great author; he had seen that writer's name attached to a great many books.

"You must be a stupid blockhead," replied the other; "that man *Finis* is the printer."

☞ Couldn't come it—the old Dutchman who undertook to wallop his son for Jake turned upon and walloped him. The old man consoled himself for his defeat by rejoicing at Jake's superior manhood, thus: "Vell, Shake ish a shmart fello; he can vip his own taddy."

☞ In the county of Norfolk, a lady has six sons, each of which is six feet four inches tall. She says the way she drew them out so was by feeding them on Shanghai chickens. A hint for our short friends.

☞ "Industry must prosper," as the man said, when holding the baby for his wife to chop wood.

☞ "My dear Tom," said old Sheridan one day to his son. "I wish you would take a wife." "I have no objection, sir; whose wife shall I take?" said Tom.

☞ "What makes the milk so warm?" said Betty to the milkman when he brought the pail to the door one morning. "Please, mum, the pump-handle's broke, and missus took the water from the biler."

☞ Not a thousand miles from Oneida Co., a coroner's jury lately rendered a verdict that a certain deceased man "came to his death by excessive drinking, producing apoplexy in the minds of the jury."

☞ I say, Gumbo, can yer answer dis connondefurrum?

Dunno, Ginger, what am it?

Supposin' I gub you a bottle of whisky corked shut with a cork, how would you get the whiskey out without pulling the cork or braking the bottle.

I gubs dat up.

Why push de cork in, yah, yah.