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Select Poetry.

NEVER SAY FAIL.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Keep pushing—'tis wiser
Than sitting aside,
And dreaming and sighing,
And waiting the tide;
In life's earnest battle,
They only prevail
Who daily march onward
And never say fail.

With an eye ever open,
A tongue that's not dumb,
And a heart that's not ever
To

To
How
We
Ah

Le
In storm
Whate'er
Well
And never

Miscellaneous

THE ROBBER OF THE WABASH.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

In the summer of 1832, I was engaged with a young man named Lyman Kemp, in locating land lots along the Wabash, in Indiana. I had gone out partly for my health and partly to accommodate one who had ever been a noble friend to me, who had purchased a great deal of government land. At Davenport he was taken sick, and after watching him a week, in hopes that he would soon recover, I found that he had a settled fever; and, as the physician said he would not be able to move on under a month, I determined to push on alone. So I obtained a good horse, and, having seen that my friend would have everything necessary to his comfort, which money could procure, I left him.

As good fortune would have it, I found a party of six men bound on the very route that I was going, and I waited one day for the sake of their company. At length we set out, with three pack-horses to carry our baggage, and I soon found I lost nothing by waiting, for my companions were agreeable and entertaining. They were going to St. Joseph, where they had mills upon the river, intending to get out lumber the remainder of the season.

On the third day from Logansport we reached Walton's Settlement, on Little River—having left the Wabash on the morning of that day. It was well on into the evening when we reached the little log built inn of the settlement, and we were glad enough of the shelter, for, ere we were fairly under cover, the rain commenced to fall in great drops, and thickly, too. And more still I had to be thankful, for my horse began to show a lameness in one of his hind legs, and when I leaped from the saddle, I found that his foot pained him very much, as I could tell by the manner in which he lifted it from the ground. I ordered the ostler to bathe it with cold water, and then went into the house, where we found a good substantial supper, and comfortable quarters for the night—that is, comfortable quarters for that country at that time.

About ten o'clock, just after I had retired, and just as I was falling into a grateful snooze, I was startled by the shouts of men and barking of dogs, directly under my window. As the noise continued, I arose, threw on my clothes, and went down. "What is it?" I asked of the landlord, who stood in the entry-way.

"Ah! don't you know, stranger?" said the host, returning, "You've heard of Gustus Karl, perhaps?"

"Who, in the West, at that time, had not heard of him!—the most reckless, daring, and murderous robber that ever cursed a country. I told the host that I had heard of him often."

"Well," he resumed, "the infernal villain was here only this afternoon, and murdered and robbed a man just up the river. We've been out after him; but he's got us the slip. We tracked him as far as the upper creek, and there he came out on the bank, fired at us, and killed one of our horses, and then drove into the woods. We set the dogs on, but they lost him."

"And you've come back horseless," I said. "Yes," the landlord growled. "But," he added, with a knowing shake of his head, "he can't run clear much longer. The country is in arms, and he'll either leave these hunting's or be dropped."

"What sort of a man is he?" I asked.

"The very last man in the world you would take for Gus Karl. He is small—not a bit over five feet six; with light curly hair, a smooth white face, and not very stout. But, Lord love ye, he's quick as lightning, and his eye's got fire in it. He dresses in all sorts of shapes, but generally like a common hunter. Oh! he's the very devil, I do believe."

After the tub full of whiskey and water which the host had provided, was all drunk, the crowd began to disperse, and shortly afterwards I went up again to bed; and this time I slept on uninterrupted till morning.

I had just eaten my breakfast, and had gone out to the front door, when a horseman came dashing up to the place, himself and animal all covered with mud. It had been raining all night. The first thing the new comer did was to inquire for me. I answered at once to the name, and he then informed me that Lyman Kemp could not live, and that he wished to see me as soon as possible.

"The doctor says he must die," said the messenger, "and the poor fellow now only asks for life long enough to see you."

"Poor Lyman!" I murmured to myself. "So young—so hopeful—with so many friends and fond relatives in his far-off home—and taken down to die in a strange land." I told the man I would set out on my return as quick as possible. He ate some breakfast and resumed his journey, being bound as far up as the Pottawattomie border.

My bill, and then sent for my horse; and the disappointment awaited me, I found the animal's foot swollen very badly, and he could hardly step upon it. I had been good I should have been better by him; but I knew that in some cases the mud would be deep. I went to the host and asked him if he could lend or sell me a horse. He could do neither. His only spare horse had been shot by the Wabash robber. There was not a horse in the place to be obtained for any amount of money. I returned to the stable and led out my horse, but he could not even walk with any degree of ease. I could not use him. I was in despair.

"Look 'ee," said mine host, as I began to despair, "can't you manage a canoe?"

"Yes—very well," I told him.

"Then that's your best way. The current is strong this morning, and without a stroke of the paddle, 'twould take you along as fast as a horse could wade through the mud. You shall have one of my canoes for just what it is worth, and you can sell it again at Logansport for as much."

I caught the proposition instantly, for I knew it was a good one.

"If you don't shoot the rapids," added the landlord, "we can easily shoulder the canoe, and pack it around. Tisn't far."

I found the boat to be a well fashioned "dug-out," large enough to bear four men with ease, and at once paid the owner the price—ten dollars—and then had my baggage brought down. I gave directions about the treatment of my horse, and then put off. The current was quite rapid—say four or five miles an hour—but not at all turbulent, and I soon made up my mind that it was far better than riding on horse-back. The banks of the river were thickly covered with large trees, and I saw game in plenty, and more than once I was tempted to fire the contents of my pistols at the boldest of the "war-mints," but I had no time, so I kept on. Only one thing seemed wanting, and that was a companion, but I was destined to find one soon enough.

It was shortly after noon, and I had eaten my dinner of bread and cold meat, when I came to a place where the river made an abrupt bend to the right, and little further on I came to an abrupt basin where the current formed a perfect whirlpool. I did not notice it until my canoe got into it, and found myself going round instead of going ahead. I plied my wood paddle with all my power, and soon succeeded in shooting out from the current; but, in doing so, I ran myself upon the low sandy shore. The effort had fatigued me not a little, and as I found myself thus suddenly moored, I resolved to rest a few minutes.

I had been in this position some ten minutes when I was startled by hearing a footfall close by me, and on looking up I saw a man at that side of my boat. He was a young looking person, not over two-and-thirty, and seemed to be a hunter.—He wore a wolf-skin shirt, leggins of red leather, and a cap of bear-skin.

"Which way are you bound, stranger?" he asked in a pleasing tone.

"Down the river to Logansport," I replied.

"That's fortunate. I wish to go there myself," the stranger resumed. "What say you to my taking the other paddle, and keeping you company?"

"I should like it," I told him frankly; "I've been wanting company."

"So have I," added the hunter. "And I've been wanting some better mode of conveyance than these worn out legs, through the deep forest."

to give my companion a closer scrutiny. I sat in the stern of the canoe, and he was at about midships, and facing me.—His hair was of a light, faxen hue, and hung in long curls about his neck; his features were regular and handsome; and his complexion very light. But the color of his face was not what one could call fair. It was a cold, bloodless color, like pale marble. And for the first time, too, I now looked particularly at his eyes. They were grey in color, and had the brilliancy of glaring ice. Their light was intense, but cold and glittering like a snake's. When I thought of his age I set him down for not much over thirty.

Suddenly a sharp, cold shudder ran through my frame, and my heart leaped with a wild thrill. As sure as fate—I knew it—there could be no doubt—I had taken into my canoe, and into my confidence, Gustus Karl, the Wabash Robber. For a few moments I feared my motions would betray me. I looked carefully over his person again, and I knew I was not mistaken. I could look back now and see how cunningly he had led me on to a confession of my circumstances—how he had made me tell my affairs, and reveal the state of my finances. What a fool I had been! But it was too late to think of the past. I had enough to do to look for what was evidently to come.

I at length managed to overcome all my outward emotions, and then I began to watch my companion more sharply and closely. My pistols were both handy, and I knew they were in order, for I had examined them both in the forenoon, when I thought of firing at some game. They were in the breast pockets of my coat, which pockets had been made on purpose for them, and I could reach them at any instant. Another hour passed away, and by that time I had become assured that the robber would make no attempt upon me until after nightfall. He said that it would be convenient that we were together, for we could run all night, as one could steer the canoe while the other slept.

"Ay," I added, with a smile; "that is good for me, for every hour is valuable.—I would not miss meeting my friend for the world."

"Oh you'll meet him, never fear," said my companion.

Ah! he spoke that with a meaning. I understood it well. I knew what that sly tone and that strange gleaming of the eye meant. He meant that he would put me on the road to meet poor Kemp in the other world! I wondered only now that I had not detected the robber when I first saw him, for the expression of his face was so heartless, so icy—and then his eyes had such a wicked look—that the most unscrupulous of rogues could not have failed to detect the villain at once.

During the rest of the afternoon we conversed some, but not so freely as before. I could see that the villain's eyes were not so frankly bent upon mine as he spoke, and then he seemed inclined to avoid my direct glances. These movements on his part were not studied, or even intentional; but they were instinctive, as though his very nature led him thus. At length night came on. We ate our supper, and then smoked our pipes, and finally my companion proposed that I should sleep before he did. At first I thought of objecting, but a few minutes' reflection told me that I had better behave as though he were an honest man; so I agreed to his proposition. He took my seat at the stern, and I moved further forward and having removed the thwart upon which my companion had been sitting, I spread my cloak in the bottom of the canoe, and then having placed my valise for a pillow, I lay down. As soon as possible I drew out one of my pistols, and under the cover of a cough, I cocked it.—Then I moved my body so that my right arm would be at liberty, and grasping my weapon firmly, with my finger on the guard, I drew up my mantle, slouched my hat, and then settled down for my watch.

Fortunately for me the moon was up, and though the forest threw a shadow upon me, yet the beams fell upon Karl, and I could see his movements. We were well into the Wabash, having entered it about three o'clock.

"You will call me at midnight," I said drowsily.

"Yes," he returned.

"Good night."

"Good night—and pleasant dreams. I'll have you further on your way than you think ere you wake up again."

"Perhaps so," thought I to myself, as I lowered my head, and pretended to lower myself to sleep.

For half an hour my companion steered the canoe very well, and seemed to take but little notice of me; but at the end of that time I could see that he became more uneasy. I commenced to snore with a long, regularly-drawn breath, and on the instant the villain started as starts the hunter when he hears the tread of game in the woods.

But hark! Ah!—there was before one lingering fear in my mind that I might shoot the wrong man; but it was gone now. As the fellow stopped the motion of the paddle, I distinctly heard him mutter:

"O-ho, my dear sheep—you little dreamed that Gus Karl was your companion. But he'll do you a good turn. If your friend is dead, you shall follow him, and take your traps to pay your passage to heaven!"

I think these were the very words. At any rate, they were their drift. As he thus spoke he noiselessly drew in the paddle, and rose to his feet. I saw him reach up over his left shoulder, and when he brought back his hand he had a huge bow-knife in it. I could see the blade gleam in the pale moonlight, and I saw Karl run his thumb along the edge, and then feel the point! My heart beat fearfully, and my breathing was hard. It was with the utmost exertion that I could continue my snoring, but I managed to do it without interruption. Slowly and noiselessly the foul wretch proceeded to approach me. Oh! his step would not have awakened a hound—and his long, gleaming knife was half raised. I could hear the grating of his teeth as he nerved himself for

the stroke. The villain was by my side, and measured the distance from his hand to my heart with his eye. In his left hand he held a thick handkerchief all wadded up. That was to stop my mouth with. Every nerve in my body was now strung, and my heart still as death. Of course my snoring ceased, and at that instant the huge knife was raised above my bosom!—Quick as thought I brought my pistol up—the muzzle was within a foot of the robber's heart—he uttered a quick cry—I saw the bright blade quiver in the moonlight, but it came not upon me. I pulled the trigger, and the fear was past. I had thought that the weapon might miss fire, but it did not. There was a sharp report, and as I sprang up and backed, I heard a fierce yell, and at the same time the robber fell forward, his head striking my knee as it came down.

Weak and faint I sank back, but a sudden tip of the canoe brought me to my senses, and I went aft and took the paddle. As soon as the boat's head was once more right I turned my eyes upon the form in the bottom of the canoe, and then I saw it quiver—only a slight spasmodic movement—and then all was still.

All that night I sat there at my watch and steered my little bark. I had my second pistol ready, for I knew not surely that the wretch was dead. He might be waiting to catch me off my guard, and then shoot me. But the night passed slowly and drearily away, and when the morning broke the form had not moved. Then I stepped forward and found that Gustus Karl was dead! He had fallen with his knife true to its aim, for it struck very near the spot where my heart must have been, and the point was driven so far into the solid wood that I had to work hard to pull it out, and harder still to unclasp the marble fingers that were closed with dying madness about the handle.

Swift flowed the tide, and ere the sun again sank to rest I had reached Logansport. The authorities knew the face of Gustus Karl at once, and when I had told them my story, they poured out a thousand thanks upon my head. A purse was raised, and the offered reward put with it, and tendered to me. I took the simple reward from the generous citizens, while the remainder I directed should be distributed among those who had suffered most from the Wabash robber's depredations.

I found Kemp sick and miserable. He was burning with fever, and the doctors had shut him up in a room where a well man must soon have suffocated.

"Water," I called. "Water," he gasped.

"Haven't you had any?" I asked.

He told me no. I threw open the windows, sent for a pail of ice-water, and was on the point of administering it when the old doctor came in. He held up his hands in horror, and told me it would kill the sick man. But I forced him back and Kemp drank the grateful beverage. He drank deeply and then slept. The perspiration poured from him like rain, and when he awoke, the skin was moist, and the fever was turned. In eight days he sat in his saddle, by my side, and started for Little River. At Walton's settlement I found my horse wholly recovered, and when I offered to pay for his keeping the host would take nothing. The story of my adventure on the river had reached there ahead of me, and this was the landlord's gratitude.

REPTILES OF TEXAS.

We all remember the delightful descriptions which early writers gave of the territory comprised within the limits of the State of Texas. Its health, salubrity and beauty may be all that poets delight to paint; but on its magnificent plains, and in its illimitable forests, are animals, such as toads and frogs, and "such small deer," of which Goldsmith never dreamed in his Animated Nature. A late writer thus speaks of the reptiles of Texas:

The cattle are not the whole occupants of the prairie, by any means. Droves of wild horses are not unrequited, and deer are in countless numbers. The small brown wolf is quite common, and you occasionally get a glimpse of his large black brother. But Texas is the paradise of reptiles and creeping things. Rattle and moccasin snakes are too numerous even to shake a stick at. The bite of the former is easily cured by drinking raw whiskey till it produces intoxication; but for the latter there is no cure. The tarantula is a pleasant institution to get into a quarrel with. He is an aspid with a body about the size of a hen's egg, and his legs five or six inches long, covered with hair. He lies in his path-tracks; and, if you see him, move out of his path, as his bite is absolutely certain death; and he never gets out of the way, but can jump eight or ten feet to inflict his deadly bite. Then there is the centipede, furnished with an unlimited number of legs, each leg formed with a claw, inflicting a separate wound. If he walks over you at night, you will have cause to remember him for months to come, as his wound is of a particularly poisonous nature, and is very difficult to heal. The stinging lizard is a lesser evil, the sensation of its wound being likened to the application of a red-hot iron to the person; but one is too thankful to escape with life to consider these lesser evils as annoyances. But the insects! flying, creeping, running, digging, buzzing, stinging—they are everywhere. Ask for a cup of water, and the rejoinder is "Will you have it with a bug or without?" The horned frog is one of the greatest curiosities here, and is perfectly harmless. It has none of the cold slimy qualities of his northern brother, but is frequently made a pet of; Chameleons are innumerable, darting over the prairie with inconceivable swiftness, and undergoing their peculiar change of color of the object under which they may be. The woods on the banks of the bayous are perfectly alive with mocking birds, most beautiful, and feathered game is very abundant and very tame, and is scarcely ever sought after. The only variety that I have seen are quails, partridges, snipe, mallard, plover and prairie hens.

A YANKEE STORY.

About half-past eleven o'clock on Sunday night, a human leg, enveloped in blue cloth, might have been seen entering Deacon, Caiphas Barberry's kitchen window. The leg was followed, finally, by the entire person of a live Yankee, attired in his Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes. It was, in short, Joe Mayweed who thus burglariously won his way into the Deacon's kitchen.

"Wonder how much the old Deacon made by orderin' me not to darken his door again?" soliloquized the young gentleman. "Promised him I wouldn't but I didn't say nothin' about winders. Winders is as good as doors ef there ain't no nails to tear your trousers onto. Wonder ef Sally will come down?—The critter promised me. I'm afeared to move about here, cause I might break my shins over somethin' or nother and wake the old folks. Cold enough to freeze a Polish bear here. O, here comes Sally."

The beautiful maid descended with a pleasant smile, a tallow candle, and a box of lucifer matches. After receiving a rapturous greeting, she made a rousin' fire in the cooking stove, and the happy couple sat down to enjoy the sweet interchange of vows and hopes. But the course of true love ran not a whit smoother in old Barberry's kitchen than it does elsewhere, and Joe, who was just making up his mind to treat himself to a kiss, was startled by the voice of the Deacon, her father, shouting from the chamber door:

"Sally! what are you getting up in the middle of the night for?"

"Tell him it's morning," whispered Joe.

"I can't tell a fib," said Sally.

"I'll make it truth, then," said Joe; and running to the huge old-fashioned clock that stood in the corner, he set it at five.

"Look at the clock and tell me what time it is," cried the old gentleman.

"It is five by the clock," said Sally; and corroborating her words, the clock struck five.

The lovers sat down again and resumed their conversation. Suddenly the stair case began to creak.

"Good gracious! it's father," exclaimed Sally.

"The Deacon, by thunder!" cried Joe.—"Hide me, Sally!"

"Where can I hide you?" cried the distracted girl.

"Oh, I know," said he. "I'll squeeze myself into the clock case."

Without another word, he squeezed himself into the clock case, and closed the door.

The Deacon was dressed, and seating himself before the cooking stove, pulled out his pipe lighted it, and began deliberately to smoke.

"Five o'clock, eh?" said he. "Well, I shall have time to smoke three or four pipes and then I'll go and feed the critters."

"Haden't you better feed the critters first?" suggested the dutiful Sally.

"No; smokin' clears my head and wakes me up," said the old Deacon, who seemed not a whit disposed to hurry his enjoyment.

"Bur-whiz-ding! ding! ding! ding!" went the clock.

"Tormented lightning!" cried the Deacon, starting up and dropping his pipe on the stove.

"What'n airth's that?"

"It's only the clock striking five," returned Sally tremulously.

"Whiz! ding! ding! ding! ding!" went the clock furiously.

"Deacon Barberry!" cried the Deacon's wife who had hastily robed herself, and now came plunging down the staircase in the wildest state of alarm, "what in the great universe is the matter with the old clock?"

"Goodness only knows," replied the old man. "It's been a hundred years in the family, and it never carried on so afore."

"Whiz! ding! ding! ding! ding!" went the old clock again.

"I'll bust itself," cried the old lady, shedding a flood of tears, "and there won't be anything left of it!"

"It's bewitched!" said the Deacon, who retained a leaven of good old New England superstition in his nature. "Any how," said he, after a pause, advancing resolutely towards the clock, "I'll see what's going on in it."

"Oh! don't!" cried his daughter, seizing one of the old Deacon's coat tails, while his wife clung to the other. "Don't choused his life of the women together."

"Let go my raiment!" shouted the old Deacon. "I ain't afeared of the powers of darkness."

But the women wouldn't let go; so the Deacon slipped out of his coat and while, from the sudden cessation of resistance, they fell heavily to the floor, he pitched forward and seized the knob of the clock. But no human power could open it, for Joe was holding it on the inside with a death-like grasp.

The old Deacon began to be dreadfully frightened. He gave one more tug, when an unearthly yell as if a fiend, in distress, burst from the inside, then the clock case pitched head foremost on the floor, he fell headlong to the floor, smashed its face, and extinguished the lamp—the Deacon, the old lady and Sally fled upstairs, and Joe Mayweed, extricating himself from the mass of splinters, effected his escape in the same way by which he entered.

The next day all Appleton was alive with the story how Deacon Barberry's clock had been bewitched, and although many believed his version, some, and especially Joe Mayweed affected to discredit the whole affair, and hinted that the Deacon had been trying the experiment of tasting frozen cider, and that the vagaries of the clock case existed only in a distempered imagination.

However, the interdiction taken off, Joe was allowed to resume his courting, and won the assent of the old people to his union with Sally, by repairing the clock until it went as well as ever.

Humorous.

A Colored discourse.

A correspondent of the Knickerbocker, who writes from Mansfield, Ohio, sends the following "Discourse," for the entire authenticity of which he vouches without reserve taking taken it down from the thick-lips of the reverend orator himself.

"My tex, brodern and sisters, will be foun in de fus chapter ob Genesis, and twenty-seben verse."

"So de Lor' made Adam. I tole you how he make him; He make him out ob clay, an' sot 'im on a board an' he look at 'im an' he say, 'Fustrate;' an' when he get dry, he brethe in 'im de braff ob life. He put 'im in de garden ob Eden, and sot 'im in one corner ob de lot, an' he tole him to eat all de apples, 'ceptin' dem in de middle ob de orchard; dem he wanted for he winter apples."

Byrne bye Adam be lonesome. So de Lor' make Ebe. I tole you how he make her. He gib Adam lodlum, till he got soon' sleep, den he gouge a rib out he side an' make Ebe; an' he set Ebe in de corner ob de garden, an' he tole her to eat all de apples, 'ceptin' dem in de middle ob de orchard; dem he wanted for he winter apples."

Wun day de Lor' go out a visitin', de debble he cum along; he dress 'imself up in de skin ob de snake; an' he find Ebe an' he tole her, "Ebe! why for you no eat de apples in de middle ob de orchard?" Ebe says, "Dems de Lor's winter apples." But de debble says: "I tole you fur to eat dem, case dey's de bes apples in de orchard." So Ebe eat de apple, an' gib Adam a bite; an' de debble go way.

Byrne bye de Lor' cum home, an' he miss de winter apples; so he call "Adam." Adam he lay low, so de Lor' call again, "You, Adam!" Adam say, "heo Lor'" and de Lor' says, "Who stole de winter apples?" Adam tole 'im he don't know—Ebe he spec; So de Lor' call: "Ebe!" Ebe she lay low; de Lor' call again, "You Ebe!" Ebe say, "heo Lor'" De Lor' say "who stole de winter apples?" Ebe tole him don't know—Adam, she spec. So de Lor' kotch 'em boff, an' he throw dem ober de fence, an' he tole 'em, "Go work fur your libbin'."

A negro in Boston had a severe attack of rheumatism, which finally settled in his foot. He bathed it, and rubbed it, and swathed it—but all to no purpose. Finally, tearing away the bandages, he stuck it out, and with a shake of his fist over it, exclaimed—"Ache away, den, ole feller—ache away. I shant do noffin more for 'er 'till she ketch 'em stan' it as lone as you ken."

The man who was crossing the river, and who was thrown from the boat with a large horse and a small pony, was emphatically "quick witted." He seized upon the pony's tail, (that being the nearest to him,) for he couldnt swim a yard. Some one on shore cried out, "Catch hold of the tail of the big horse!" "No, no, he answered, "no time to swap horses now."

On Sunday a lady called to her little boy who was tossing marbles on the sidewalk, to come into the house. "Don't you know you shouldn't be out there, my son? Go into the back yard, if you want to play marbles—it is Sunday."

"Well, yes. But ain't it Sunday in the back yard, mother?"

"We won't indulge in such a horrid anticipation," as the hepecked husband said when the parson told him he would be joined to his wife in another world, never to be separated from her. "Parson, I beg you won't mention the unpleasant circumstance again," said he.

"Mother, send for the Doctor." "Why my son?" "Cause that man in the parlor is going to die—he said he would if sister Jane did not marry him, and Jane said she wouldn't."

"John," said a gentleman to his butler, either you or I must quit the house." "Very well, sir," said John, "where will your honor be after going to?"

"Come here, my dear; I want to ask you all about our sister. Has she got a beau?" "No it's the jaundice she's got; the doctor says so."

"Here's your money, doll. Now tell me why your master wrote eighteen letters about that paltry sum?" said an exasperated debtor to a boy sent with a dun.

"I'm sure, sir, I can't tell sir; but if you'll excuse me, sir, I think it was because seventeen letters did not fetch it."

"Now, George you must divide the cake honorably with your brother Charles." "What is honorably, mother?" "It means that you must give him the largest piece."

"Then, mother, I'd rather that Charley should divide it."

Marriageable young women are in great demand out West. A Yankee writer from that section to his father, says, "Suppose you get our girls some new teeth and send them out."

An Indian out West was heard to make the following exclamation, on seeing one of our fashionable (hooped) ladies "Ugh, much wig-wam!"

Dan Rice says that the people were so nice when he performed at Niblo's, he was obliged to call the garters, stocking suspenders.

The young lady who was lost in thought has at last been found. She declares that she only forgot herself while hugging an idea, which turned out to be a man!

"I wonder what makes my eyes so weak," said a fop to a gentleman. "You needn't wonder—they are in a weak place," replied the gentleman.