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Popular Song.

ANNIE LAURIE.

Maxwellton Bays are bonnie,
Where early in the dawning,
And it's there that Annie Laurie,
Gie'd me her promise true,
Gie'd me her promise true,
Which ne'er I forgot will be,
And for Bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me down and dee.

Her brow is like the snow-drift,
Her throat is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest,
That e'er the sun shone on,
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her e'e;
And for Bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me down and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying,
Is the fa' of her fair feet,
And like the winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet,
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's a' the world to me,
And for Bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me down and dee.

Annette, the Heiress; or, the Foraging Party.

A TALE OF THE LAST WAR.

BY J. H. INGRAHAM.

Edward Ogilvie was the youngest of five brave brothers who served their country, both on the field and on the sea during the last war. Their mother was a widow of comfortable estate, who dwelt in a pleasant homestead facing the waters of Boston Bay. Large elms overshadowed the roof, and broad fields interspersed with woodlands surrounded the mansion, while beyond was the property of Squire Harwood, a man of substantial wealth, who had an only daughter of eighteen, who was a belle and an heiress. The road from the homestead of the widow Ogilvie wound along the sea-beach with a hedge and green fields bordering it on one side, and the white sparkling sand and blue waves on the other. The distance between the two mansions was little less than a mile, and about half way between was a bridge of stone, spanning a small rivulet, that had a course of a dozen miles from the interior.

It was about an hour before sunset, near the close of the war, in the month of October, that Edward Ogilvie was crossing the bridge on his visit to Annette Harwood, the beauty and heiress, for the charms of the rustic life had taken captive the young student's heart, and every evening for the last month he had directed his steps in the direction of her abode. Edward was in his twentieth year, of good figure, and of a pleasing but somewhat diffident address, and with that calm meditative aspect peculiar to students—for such was this young man. Annette was not loved without giving her heart in return to Edward; but the Squire, although he had observed, with apparent indifference, this mutual attachment, had a mind of his own touching a matter so interesting to the lovers themselves.

Edward had got upon the bridge where he used to linger a few minutes as he crossed, to watch the flowing sea rush through the arch up the creek and gaze upon its expanse of waters; or from the opposite side of the bridge, contemplate the dark mist, as it hid itself amid overhanging trees in a dell where stood a mill belonging equally to the two mansions.

Edward had paused a moment on the bridge to watch the effect of the purple light of the western sky reflected upon its mottled bosom, when his eyes were arrested by a sail in the eddy. He continued to watch it for a few moments, and then went on his way, from time to time glancing seaward to admire the stately and slow motion of its trackless passage over the ocean. As he came near the dwelling of Squire Harwood, he discovered that her course was towards the land, but seeing Annette on the piazza, he forgot the vessel to hasten to her. The meeting was more like that of brother and sister than of lovers; that is, it was affectionate, frank and free from restraint.

"We shall have a lovely evening to walk, the sunset will be so pleasant," said Annette, whom he would stop to describe if our pen could do justice to her beauty. "We will, however, say that the color of her eyes, was a deep sea blue, and they sparkled like waves glancing in the sun light, her lips had doubtless once been a pair of cherries, stolen from Cupid, to make her mouth the prettiest mouth imaginable. Her smiles were sunshiny, her form was sylph-like and blooming with youth, her voice full of music, and every motion graceful as a fawn's. She was good-humored, intelligent, and suitably grave, and was just the maiden to ensnare a student like Edward Ogilvie.

"Yes, Annette, the air is rich with golden tints and soft as a June evening. Suppose we ramble towards the village, and listen to the martial music of the soldiers as they march from the grounds?"

"I should like it of all things. My father says our company, the Blues, made the finest show of any on parade, to-day."

"He was at the review, then?"

"Yes, and acted as a colonel or major, I believe. At any rate, he has just come home on horseback, in full uniform, with a sword by his side, and looks as brave, I tell you, as a crusading knight. He told me to hold my little tongue, and so I have for a full minute."

"And the longest time you ever held it. Netty," said the Squire, coming out of the house with his chap-ain in his hand, and his sword unbelted and beneath his arm. "Ah, Edward, good evening, man. Fine day we have had for the general muster."

"Yes, sir. Are the troops dismissed yet?"

"Not all."

"We were going up the road to the hilltop, to listen to the music, father," said Annette.

"No, no! stay at home, child," said the Squire gravely. "I suppose Master Edward has asked you to go?"

"I did, Mr. Harwood; I thought the walk might be pleasant."

"Humph! Look you, young man," said Squire Harwood, bluntly; "military music is not made for the amusement of studious youths after idling the day over musty books, nor merely to please a lassie's ear. It is the voice of the spirit of liberty, and calls the young men of the land to fight her battles, and the maidens to make them clothes to fight in, and colors to fight under." You, I see, like my Annette, and so far as I can see, she likes you back again.—Now, Edward, you are a very correct young man; that I know, but you see, I haven't but one daughter, and don't mean that she shall marry a man, who, excellent as he may be, through all this war has never drawn a blade nor pulled a trigger in defence of his country. My brothers are all brave fellows and are serving her with honor. You stay at home to pour over dictionaries in the day time, and come to make love to Annette by moonlight.—Now, I have nothing against you as I said before, but I have made up my mind that Annette shall not marry a man that hasn't had a hand in the war against the English. If you are of a mind to follow the example of your brothers, and let me hear something you have done, I can tell my neighbors with pride that you shall have my consent to marry Annette; for her's I dare say, she has given you long ago. A text, you know, is as good as a sermon, Master Edward. So if you want my daughter, you know how she is to be won."

Thus speaking, Squire Harwood took Annette under his arm, and bowing very kindly but firmly to the astonished lover, disappeared within the house.

Edward remained standing a moment upon the spot where they had left him, as if trying to realize what had passed. He then turned away in silence, his cheek burning with the glow of a mortified and sensitive spirit.

The profession he had in view was that of a clergyman; although not deficient in courage and patriotism, he had suffered his brothers to take the field and the deck, while he remained at home. The words of the Squire sank into his spirit. He walked slowly homeward, very sad, and filled with the painful idea of losing her who was so very dear to him. He stopped and speaking aloud, said firmly—

"If Annette is only to be won by taking up arms, I will enlist to-morrow! It is honorable to serve one's country. I am not yet a clergyman, and I can therefore act freely. This is the last day the reproach shall be thrown upon me, that I remain dallying at home while my brothers are abroad exposing their bosoms to the weapons of their country's foes!"

While he was speaking he saw that the ship, which he had noticed half an hour before at a distance, had drawn close in with the land, and had dropped anchor close in with the inlet.—The sun had already set, yet he could see her distinctly and discovered that she was a merchant ship. He remained for some time watching her and listening to the distant drum of a detachment of the militia of the town and neighborhood, which was retiring homeward from the muster field. The sound of the drum had died away in the distance beyond the mill, and the long dashing of the waves against the bridge fell upon his ear.

"Well, to-morrow, I, too, shall march to the sound of life and drum! I will enlist as a private and make my way up. Annette shall be won!"

He paused, thinking he heard the sound of oars. He looked seaward, but the twilight rendered objects too obscure to detect any boat approaching. Yet each moment the fall of the sweep came nearer and nearer, and he was soon enabled to see a barge-pulling in towards the bridge. He saw that the boat contained at least twenty men. It moved slower as it drew nearer land, and a person standing up in the stern directed the landing. It struck the shore close by the bridge within the inlet; and almost beneath where he stood. When the party embarked he saw that half of them were seamen, and the other half marines, and that all were well armed. They were commanded by a young midshipman, who forming them into a column, marched them up the bank and the bridge, Edward as they came near, drew himself up in the limb of a tree, and was concealed by the foliage, while he observed with surprise their stealthy movements.

"How far is the grist mill hence, Sambo?" asked the young officer, looking about him, after his party had got on the bridge, all but one to guard the boat.

"The grist mill am about a third of a mile up the creek, and the other one where the most grist is about a mile. There is a good path along the shore," answered a man in the true Yankee intonation, but speaking with manifest reluctance.

"If you deceive me, darkey, you are a dead man," said the midshipman, very positively.

"I know that well nuff, so I tell you the truth, though I hates to, mighty! I knows all 'bout dis place' cos I used to live here once.—Ober dar is where Squire Harwood lives, and ober dat way am wider Ogilvie, an' I wish dis nigger were safe in dar kitchen! I nubber cook again in Boston ship nor no odor one arter bein' taked prisoner by the British, as I dis time! I wish I may nubber see blue water agin, if I gets my liberty dis time."

"Hist with your noise! each of you march forward in silence. We are in an enemy's country and must be cautious."

"Yes, guess you better," said the negro sulkily. "Hidde country people knew you were skulkin arter corn, flour, sheep and oxen, to keep from starvin' to death, as we have been for a week past, deble one of you get back to your boat!—So I advise you massa, to keep a sharp eye to windward! Guy! how mad all em be in de mornin', when dey find out you land here in a prize-ship, wid only two guns aboard and thirty men, and carry off clear to Halifax de grist from dese two mills, and sheep, and turkeys too, for our Lieutenant's dinner! Dey swear, too, and expect de Squire swear enuff for a whole regiment!"

"Forward!" cried the midshipman. Silence, all of you, and advance swiftly and with caution."

They filed off the bridge, and taking the path along which the negro led the way, they were soon lost to the sight of Edward in the gloom of the overhanging banks of the creek.

"These men, then, are English," he reflected, as he left himself down upon the bridge, "the vessel is a prize bound for Halifax, with a midshipman, and two and thirty men—twenty here and ten on board. My course is decided on! It will take them an hour to visit both mills. Half of that time is enough for me. I shall know where to seek the militia party with file and drum, and if I can find twenty men among them willing to place themselves under my orders, I will win Annette before to-morrow's sunrise."

As he spoke, he glided noiselessly away from the bridge, and after getting beyond the hearing of the men in the boat, he flew like the wind across a meadow in the direction of what was called the Cross Road, a cluster of village habitations, the principal of which was a large country tavern, where he knew he should find assembled many of the militia men who had borne a part in the review in the neighboring town. This inn was about half a mile from the bridge, on a road in the rear of Squire Harwood's farm across which, trapping fence after fence, Edward Ogilvie was now flying with the speed of a deer.

The tavern as he came near was so quiet, that he feared the men he sought had retired to their respective homes. Seeing a light in the top, however, he hoped to find some persons there. Through the window, as he approached the door, he saw the bar-room was nearly filled with men. The next moment he was in their presence. His manner was divested of all excitement, and a spirit, calm and resolute, beamed from his eyes. There were at least twenty men in the apartment, most of them with knapsacks and bayonet belts upon their persons, and some leaning upon their muskets, while the guns of the party were stacked in the room.—Some of them were smoking others, others drinking, and all listening to a long yarn, told by one of the party, of certain exploits by himself, personally, at the battle of Plattsburg.

On Edwards' entrance the landlord first noticed him.

"Ah—so you enter a tavern on training day, Mr. Ogilvie. Glad to see you. Though you are not much of a fighting man, I like you for your country's sake, who are all serving their country. But there must be persons as well as soldiers, and every man to his trade."

All eyes were now turned upon the young man. Advancing a little way into the room, he said:

"I am glad to find so many of you here assembled. If the brave men among you are willing to place yourselves under my direction for the next two hours, I will lead you where you can win in both honor and prize-money!"

"Spoken with spirit!" exclaimed several of the men.

"That rings like your brother George," said the landlord.

"But what is it?" cried all, crowding round him.

"Will you be led by me? There is danger of life and person; but I ask no man to follow me where I fear to lead."

"The man has courage, if he is a student!" remarked one to the other, with surprise.

"What have you discovered?" demanded two or three of men.

"Will you follow me and obey my orders, if I can place in your hands, as prisoners, twenty English seamen and an officer, who have just landed?"

"Yes; lead on!" was the general response, and the men commenced arming themselves.

Briefly Edward told them what he had witnessed. All was enthusiasm. Among the militia there was a young man whom he despatched to Squire Harwood. In twenty minutes the Squire was on the spot, mounted on his horse, and armed with his broadsword. Five of his farm men had followed him. Others came from all quarters.

Edward with great coolness and skill, took upon himself the conducting of the whole affair. He suggested that the Squire with thirty men, should cut off the foraging party and take them prisoners.

"And what are you going to do?" asked the Squire. "You are not going to keep out of danger?"

"No, sir. If there are twenty brave men here who will volunteer to go with me, I will proceed to their boat, take possession of it, and embark to their ship. In the night we can board her without difficulty, and we shall be taken as their own party. Once on board, the ship will easily fall into our hands, for most of the prize

crew are ashore. Who will volunteer?"

This bold proposition at first startled them; but in less than five minutes twenty of them had volunteered, and in two minutes more he was at their head leading them to the bridge, while the 'Squire' with his detachment, proceeded to cut off the retreat of the enemy.

The result was in all respects successful. The English party at the hills surrendered after a brief skirmish, and were taken to the tavern as prisoners within an hour after the Squire had left it. Edward and his brave band boarded the ship without suspicion, and after a short conflict were master of the ship. He took her by the aid of the released American crew into Boston harbor the next day; and we need not add that, within less than three months, he was rewarded with the hand of the beautiful Annette Harwood.

AN INDIAN WAR FINISHED.

OFFICIAL REPORTS.

Operations in Washington Territory.

HANGING OF TWELVE INDIANS!

[From the Washington Union of Nov. 14.]
HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE PACIFIC,
Fort Vancouver, (W. T.) October 2, 1858.

SIR:—Since my letter of the 23d ultimo, to the Adjutant General, I have received a report from Major Garnett of September 24th, announcing his return to Fort Vancouver, with the columns under his command after a march of five hundred and fifty miles.

He reached a point fifty miles north of the fort on the Okanogan sending out from point to point in his course expeditions to scour the valleys to the right and left to the distance of fifty miles. The Indians would not meet in battle but by great enterprise he succeeded in taking and doing justice upon the greater number of those who attacked the miners. The hostile chiefs, Owhi and Quachin fled the country either unable to unite the tribes of war or despairing of meeting the troops with success. The Major destroyed much of the provisions and seized much of the stock of these Indians; and in the general opinion has so impressed them that further hostilities are not apprehended. The hostile Indians sent some fresh stock to the Salmon-river Indians for protection or for sale. The impression already made by the troops was salutary that these Indians believed the battle to be the Indian agent and the Indian who brought them from the hostilities was surrendered by the friendly Indians and executed by the order of Major Garnett. This short campaign of forty four days has illustrated the capacity of the commander and the energy of the officers and soldiers and amply repaid the Government. From Colonel Wright I have dated to the 25th of which I give the following summary:

On September 17th, he made a pacification with the Couer d'Alene whom he found anxious to submit to any terms as the price of peace. On September 23rd the Spokans arrived at his camp in the same spirit and yielded ready submission to the same demands. The terms granted were in general terms, such as were stipulated in my letter of June 25th, to the agent of the Couer d'Alenes Rev. Father Jost who wrote to me at their request before the troops were put in motion. These are, the surrender of the authors of the attack upon Col. Steptoe, the delivery of all property taken by them, the free and unmolested passage of all whites through their country and hostages for good behavior.

On the same day (25th) Owhi principal chief of the Yakimas who had been driven from his country by Major Garnett entered Colonel Wright's camp. He was placed in irons.—His son Quachin arrived the next morning.—This man was implicated in the murder of the Indian agent, Bohn, previous to the outbreak of 1856 and since then has been the most determined in hostility. He was executed. On the 25th the howitzers abandoned by the troops in the Spring were recovered and also the remains of Captain Taylor and Lieut. Gaston who fell at that time. Col Wright marched for the Pelouze on the same day. All engaged in the hostilities have been beaten and all except these have been driven to terms. It is not probable that they single-handed will make a stand, and I am prepared to find in the next despatches from Col. W., their submission. The short and on our side, bloodless campaign is over. The sudden assembling of the troops took the Indians by surprise; their energy and superior arms threw them into consternation; the expenditure of life and treasure in a long war, has been saved; peace is obtained, and a control over the most warlike of the Pacific tribes, which need never be lost. The energy and good leading of Col. Wright and Major Garnett are seen in the fruits obtained. Their officers and men received their commendation. They have proven good soldiers, patient, enduring and active. I commend the zeal of all concerned to the General-in-chief.

I am, sir, very respectfully your obedient servant,
N. S. CLARKE,
Col. 6th Infantry, Brevet Brig General Commanding.

Lt. Col. L. Thomas, Adjutant General Headquarters of the army, West Point, New York.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE PACIFIC, Puget Sound, W. T., October 10, 1858.—SIR: The results anticipated at the date of my last letter (October 2d) in relation to the Pelouze Indians have been realized.

On September 3d, the Pelouze submitted to the demands of Col. Wright, and gave hostages for their good behavior. Some of these people known to have been murderers and robbers, were then executed. There are now no hostile Indians; the work of the troop is finished and I am enabled to withdraw to the seaboard the

summer reinforcements for operations elsewhere.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
N. S. CLARKE,
Col. 6th Infantry, Bt. Brig. General, Commanding.

Lieut. Col. L. Thomas, Assistant Adjutant General Headquarters of the Army, West Point, N. Y.

HEADQUARTERS EXPEDITION AGAINST NORTHERN INDIANS. Camp thirty-five miles southwest of Couer d'Alene Mission, Washington Territory, September 21, 1858.—SIR, I have the honor to submit a resume of operations since my communication of the 15th instant.

On the 17th instant, the entire Couer d'Alene nation having assembled at my camp near the mission, I called them together in council. I then stated to them the cause of my making war upon them. I made my demands specifically.

1st. That they should surrender to me the men who commenced the attack on Lieutenant Colonel Steptoe, contrary to the orders of their chiefs.

2d. That they should deliver up to me all public or private property in their possession, whether that abandoned by Lieutenant Colonel Steptoe or received from any other source.

3d. That they should allow all white persons to travel at all times through their country unmolested.

4th. That as security of their future good behavior they should deliver to me one chief and four men, with their families, as hostages, to be taken to Fort Walla Walla.

After a brief consultation, they announced their determination to comply with all the demands, in every particular, in sincerity and good faith.

All of the Couer d'Alene nation, with the exception of some six or eight, were present at the council; and, as an evidence that they had previously determined to make peace on any terms, they brought with them their families and all the property that they had belonging to the Government or to individuals, ready and willing to submit to such terms as I should dictate. The chiefs and head men now came forward and signed the preliminary articles of a treaty of peace and friendship, and in the course of the day fulfilled, as far as practicable, my demands by delivering up horses, mules, and camp equipage.

The chiefs and head men now expressed great grief and apparently sincere repentance for their misconduct which had involved them in a war with the United States. I have never witnessed such unanimity of feeling, nor such manifestations of joy, as were expressed by the whole Couer d'Alene nation—men, women, and children—at the conclusion of the treaty. They know us, they have felt our power, and I have faith that henceforth the Couer d'Alenes will be our staunch friends.

I marched from the Couer d'Alene mission on the morning of the 18th, having with me the prisoners, hostages, and many other Couer d'Alenes as guides, &c. Our route lay down the right bank of the Couer d'Alene river for thirteen miles, where I encamped at a point where the river has to be ferried. I occupied most of the 19th in crossing the troops, animals and stores, assisted by the Indians with their canoes. Leaving camp on the 19th we pursued our march, still in the mountain, and the trail obstructed by fallen trees, until we struck the St. Joseph's at the thirteen miles and encamped.—Again we found a river which could not be ferried, and our two boats with the Indian canoes were instantly called into requisition. By sunset the general supply train was crossed, and recommencing at daylight this morning, by 12 M., the rear of the columns was ready to move.

I shall march to-morrow for the vicinity of Lieutenant Colonel Steptoe's battle ground to obtain the abandoned howitzers and with the expectation of meeting the Spokans and Pelouzes. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
G. WRIGHT,
Colonel 9th Infantry, Commanding.

A GOOD ONE.—"Hog in! Hog out!"—A good one is told of a worthy deacon in the city of S., in Northern Ohio. The deacon was the owner and overseer of a large pork-packing establishment. His duty it was to stand at the head of a scalding trough, watch in hand, to "time" the length of the scald, "Hog in" when the just slaughtered hog was to be thrown in the trough, and "Hog out" when the watch told three minutes. One week the press of business compelled the packers to work unusually hard, and Saturday night found the deacon completely exhausted. Indeed he was almost sick the next morning when church time came but he was a leading member and it was his duty to attend the service if he could. He went, but soon fell asleep in his pew and his mind wandered off into the "land of dreams."

The occasion was one of unusual solemnity as a revival was in progress. The minister preached a sermon well calculated for effect. His peroration was a climax of great beauty. Assuming the attitude of one intently listening, he recited to the breathless auditory:

"Hark! they whisper, angels say—
"Hog in!" came from the deacon's pew, in a stentorian voice. The astonished audience turned their attention from the preacher. He went on however, unmoved:

"Sister spirit, come away!"
"Hog out!" shouted the deacon—"Ally four."

This was too much for the preacher and audience. The latter smiled, some snickered audibly, while a few boys broke for the door, to "split their sides" laughing outside within full hearing. The preacher was disconcerted entirely—sat down—arose again—pronounced a brief benediction and dismissed the anything else than solemn minded hearers. The deacon soon came to a realizing sense of his unconscious interlude, for his brethren reprimanded him severely; while the boys caught the infection of the joke, and every possible occasion afforded an opportunity for them to say "Hog in! Hog out!"

A FAILURE.—Col. Moore, a veteran politician of the Old Dominion, enjoyed great personal popularity on account of his affability of manner, and of course could always carry a big vote whenever he was up for an office. He generally spoke to everybody he met, and usually succeeded in convincing them that he knew them well. He met his match one morning, however, when on meeting a countryman he shook hands heartily with him and commenced—

"Why, how do you do, Thir, I am very glad to thee you; a fine day, Thir. I thee you still ride your fine old gray, Thir?"

"No, sir; this horse is one I borrowed this morning."

"Oh! ah! well, Thir, how are the old gentleman and lady?"

"My parents have been dead about three years, Thir."

"But how ith your wife, Thir, and the children?"

"I am an unmarried man, Sir."

"There enough. Do you thill live on the old farm?"

"No, Sir; I've just arrived from Ohio, where I was born."

"Well, Thir, I gueth I don't know you after all. Good morning, Thir."

FIFTEEN MILE RACE.—Thursday afternoon last a fifteen mile foot race was run at Chelsea, Massachusetts, by Louis Bennett, of the Cattaraugus tribe, Albert Smith, of the Tonawandas and two white men. Both the latter gave out, one on the first, and the other on the fifth mile. There was a sharp run between the Indian and Smith lagged on the fifteenth mile when Bennett passed him, making fifteen miles in one hour and twenty-nine minutes and fifty seconds. Both Indians have frequently run foot races over the Cold Spring Course.—Buffalo Advertiser.

PRIZE FIGHTERS SENTENCED.—In the Hudson County Court, New Jersey, a few days ago, Judge Ogilvie presiding, the following named persons, convicted of being engaged in a prize fight were sentenced:—Henry H. Huzzard and John Clifford as principals, the first was fined \$50 and costs and the latter sent to the State prison for seven months. John Hickey and John Hall, abettors in the prize fight were fined \$25 each.

SENSIBLE.—A bill has been introduced into the Legislature of Georgia, to prevent the use of any Latin phrase in any of the Legislative acts of that State. We think this a very good idea. If the laws are printed in plain English it will not require a classical education to enable the whole to read them to understand them.

A poet asked a gentleman what he thought of his last production, "An Ode to Sleep." The latter replied: "You have done so much justice to the subject that it is impossible to read it without feeling its whole weight."

A farmer in Chattanooga county, Ga., warns the public against feeding cattle with green Chinese Sugar cane. He says it will kill a cow in thirty minutes.

At the Fourth of July celebration in Marion county, Illinois, a young lady offered the following toast: The young men of America: Their arms our support. Our arms their reward.

The times are said to be so hard in Halifax, that the two editors of the newspaper published there, smoke the same cigar, taking it by turns.

The children are so dirty in a place on Cape Cod, that a mother frequently goes into the street and washes the faces of half a dozen children before she finds her own.

A driver of a coach stopping to get some water for the young ladies in the carriage, being asked what he stopped for replied, "I am watering my flowers." A delicate compliment.

We become familiar with the outside of men as with the outside of horses and think we know them while we are ignorant of all that is passing within them.

A few nights since, in New York, a sereneating party, after spending an hour in producing the most delicate strains, were informed by a polite watchman that "nobody lived there."

An exchange tells of an excitable gentleman who at a fire, headed a line of fire buckets and as fast as they were passed to him he threw the buckets and all into the fire crying out all the while, "Pass on more buckets!"

The young lady who does not apologize when you find her at work in the kitchen, but who continues her task until it is finished will be most likely to make a good wife.

"That motion is out of order," as a chairman of a political meeting said when he saw a ruffian raising his arm to throw a rotten egg.

You had better find out one of your own weaknesses than ten of your neighbor's.

The name of Sausages in German is "Wurst." This is decidedly the "Best" name we have ever heard for them.

"Scatter the germs of the beautiful," as the poet said when he kicked his wife and children out of doors.

A Miser grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor, by seeming rich.

We suffer more from anger and grief, than from the very things for which we anger and grieve.