



THE BEDFORD GAZETTE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING BY MEYERS & BENFORD, At the following terms, to wit: \$1.50 per annum, in advance. \$2.50 " " if not paid within the year. \$2.50 " " if not paid within the year. No subscription taken for less than six months. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publishers. It has been decided by the United States Courts, that the stoppage of a newspaper without the payment of arrearages, is prima facie evidence of fraud and is a criminal offense. 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.

POETRY.

"LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE."

"A life on the Ocean Wave!"

The man who wrote it was green; He never has been to sea, And a storm he has never seen.

He never has been aroused From the morning's gentle daze By the sound of splashing water, As it fell from the horrid hose!

He never has heard a man Scrubbing right over his head, With a noise sufficient to raise From the grave the slumbering dead.

He never has seen a fat woman Growing thinner day by day, And leaning over the vessel's side, Throwing herself away;

While people look carelessly on, Though in tears the woman may be, And unfeeling say it is nothing at all, Only the roll of the sea.

And O! he has never been sea-sick And crept into bed in his coat, While every motion increased his ruminations, And his ruminations were all in his throat.

That man may have sailed in a boat, In some puddle, or on a sound; But if he has been to sea and wrote Such a song, he deserves to be drowned.

[N. Y. Spirit of the Times.]

CAPTAIN R. B. MARCY—HIS LAST WINTER'S EXPEDITION.

[From the Washington Union.]

This officer is now in this city under orders for special duty. The expedition of Captain Marcy from Fort Bridger to New Mexico last winter, on which he was despatched by General Johnston, for the procurement of horses, mules, and cattle for the army at Camp Scott, was one of the most remarkable on record. The route he pursued, which lay in a pretty direct line across the Utiy and Rocky Mountain chains, had been traversed before in the summer time by hunters and trappers, but had always been set down, even by those hardy men, as impracticable in the winter season. The old mountaineer Bridger pronounced the expedition impracticable. Captain Marcy set out from Fort Bridger, however, on the 27th November last, with forty soldiers, twenty-two citizens, thirty days' rations, and sixty-five mules, and reached Fort Massachusetts, New Mexico, six hundred and thirty miles from Camp Scott, with the loss of but a single man, on the 17th of January, performing the journey in the depth of winter.

Immediately after entering the mountains, (we derive our information from official papers,) the snow became so deep that it was impossible for the animals in their jaded state to make any progress through it. Forty men were accordingly placed in advance of the mules to break a track for them. This course, which was pursued from day to day, enabled the party slowly to force its way up the western slope of the mountains; but the snow rapidly increased in depth as they advanced, when, as they approached the summit of the mountains, it lay about five feet deep upon the level, and here the leading men were obliged to crawl on their hands and knees to prevent sinking to their necks.

The progress of the party was necessarily very slow, and although they labored most faithfully every day from daylight till dark, yet they advanced only nineteen miles in five days. The animals finding no forage, except the pine leaves, became weaker continually. Many of them had died, and those remaining were reduced to a state bordering on starvation. The majority of the men had worn out their shoes before one-half of the journey was performed, and, owing to their exposed condition, several had their feet badly frozen, rendering it exceedingly painful for them to march or to sleep.

On the 3d of January the rations were all consumed, and the party were reduced to the necessity of subsisting upon such animals as became exhausted and could perform no further service. This meagre and unwholesome diet with men who were undergoing the most intensely severe labor that the human system is capable of sustaining, soon told upon them, and after a few days they became weak and emaciated, while the amount of labor they could perform sensibly diminished. Yet this little band of excellent soldiers, all of whom had volunteered for this severe service, performed the hard

task allotted them cheerfully and with alacrity, and not one of them uttered a murmur or manifested the slightest insubordination. The brave men had undertaken the difficult and dangerous service for the laudable purpose of procuring food and animals for the comrades they had left at Camp Scott, who, there was good reason to believe, from the famished condition of the small number of animals which remained to them after the long march from Fort Leavenworth, and the attacks of the Mormons on the train, would be in a condition of want before the party could return.

It is known that Captain Marcy obtained the desired supplies in New Mexico, except American horses, and that he returned safely to Camp Scott with his welcome purchases. The return route of the expedition was from Fort Union over the Raton Mountains; thence skirting the western base of the Rocky Mountains, across the head waters of the Arkansas and South Platte rivers to Bridger's pass at the Laramie river; thence along Bryan's trail to Sage creek; thence north across to Bitter creek and down that to Green river, and to Camp Scott—the whole making a distance of seven hundred and forty miles.

It is a noticeable fact in regard to this road, that it affords a passage from the waters of the Atlantic to those of the Pacific without going over a mountain. The ascent to the summit level of the Rocky Mountain chain is here so very gentle as to be almost imperceptible, and for sixty miles upon the plateau forming the dividing ridge the eye cannot distinguish which course the water takes.

It will be remembered that great apprehension was felt lest the Mormons who, in strong parties, were sent out to waylay Capt. Marcy, should succeed in stampeding the animals and cattle he was bringing in from New Mexico. This officer, however, had effectually provided against any such disaster. He had enlisted in his party, while in New Mexico, all the experienced hunters, mountain and frontier men that could be found, and thus was prepared to meet the offensive by anticipating the enemy and stampeding their own horses and mules. There is no doubt that they would have astounded the Mormons by completely succeeding in this project, had they fallen in with him in their scouting excursions.

Capt. Marcy is the author of the valuable report on Salt Lake Valley, which has been published by the government, in a large volume, and to which the country is indebted for nearly all its accurate information in regard to the Mormon country.

REMARKABLE LEAP OF A LOCOMOTIVE.

The Cincinnati Gazette graphically describes a remarkable incident which occurred at the Little Miami Railroad Depot on last Wednesday morning, as follows: About fifteen minutes before six o'clock, the engine "Washington," belonging to the Marietta and Cincinnati road, started down the track, some half or three quarters of a mile, for the purpose of bringing the empty cars to the depot preparatory to making up the 6.15th train, the engine being under the control of a man employed about the yard and not the regular engineer. About half a mile from the depot, the man in charge discovered an engine of the Little Miami road backing down to the depot for the purpose of taking out the morning train for Cleveland. Fearing a collision, the person in charge of the Marietta engine, reversed, and jumped from the machine. A minute after, the two engines came together, when the impetus given to the Marietta engine, together with the force of the reversed power, started it towards the depot with the velocity of a rocket. The down grade gave it additional headway, and it bounded along the track like a fiend incarnate, belching forth fire and smoke to the distance of twenty or thirty feet from the track, and literally bounding from the iron rails, threatening destruction to every thing that impeded its progress. Experienced judges of the speed of railway trains, who saw this engine on its lightning travels, say that it could not have been going at a less rate than seventy-five to one hundred miles an hour! Its final bringing up shows that their calculations could not have been far out of the way.

Upon the track in the depot the morning train, consisting of some four or five cars had been made up, and with about one hundred passengers had got upon the track. Almost before the persons standing by could realize that an engine had entered one end of the depot, the iron steed had bounded through the entire length, demolished an eighteen inch brick wall, timbers and all, at the rear, leaped across two road tracks—one about ten feet below the other—without touching either, and imbedded itself in a huge pile of coal in the yard of J. Cochran! The distance leaped, from the wall of the depot to the lamp of the engine, could not have been less than seventy-five feet! All this distance, through the demolished wall of the depot, it dragged the tender loaded with wood, without breaking the couplings.

Davy Crockett happened to be present at an exhibition of animals in the city of Washington, where a monkey seemed to attract his attention, and he observed: "If that fellow had a pair of spectacles, he would look like Major Wright, of Ohio." The Major happened to be just behind Crockett, and tapped Davy's shoulder. Turning around Davy very formally remarked: "I'll be hanged, Major, if I know whose pardon to ask, your's or the monkey's."

MEETING OF THE MONSTERS.

BY ULTRA MARINE TELEGRAPH.

At a meeting of the monsters of the deep, held at Cape Breton, yesterday afternoon, the Prince of Wales was chosen President. He stated the object of the meeting to be to decide upon the merits of the Atlantic Cable, it probable infringement upon the rights of original settlers, and generally to consider what it all meant. Suddenly, he said, they found this cable thrust down among them, which was calculated to deceive the small fry, as they deemed that it was something to eat. He himself had rubbed his nose against it, but could make no impression upon it. It was a little matter, but still it was to be looked at as opening a way in their domain, and he wished for a free expression on the opinion of the meeting. He was convinced that though they were fish they wouldn't be scaly about the matter, and if everything was satisfactory, he for one would say, let it slide.

Thomas Cod, Esq., was one that had been deceived by the line, and had, in his efforts to bite it, broken out several of his front teeth. [A voice in the crowd—Go to the dentist and get some new ones, and charge them to the telegraph company.] He heard the suggestion, and perhaps should profit by it, but his feelings were outraged by the deception.

J. Shark, Esq., of the detective force, said that as he was chasing a delinquent muller, he came in contact with the line, and received a severe injury in his head. He begged the company to look at the wound. [He removed a large piece of kelp and revealed a deep mark over his right eye.] He confessed that he had been staggered by the blow, and asked if the company would see anybody injured in that way.

Sergeant Swordfish, of the Marines, declared that he had been startled by what he had heard. The domain of the main had been invaded, and he, for one, was ready to throw away his scabbard, and go and saw off the cable.

King Fish, Esq., took the same view of his military friend, and went in for cutting off.

Mr. Horse McFrel thought there was cause to suspect anything in this line they couldn't see the end of. For his part he thought all respectable fish should raise their tongues and sounds against it.

Jolly Porpoise, Esq., rose to speak, when every fin ceased to vibrate, and a universal smile spread over the audience. He said he had not come to make a speech, but to give the opinion that he might say something, as he usually did when he spoke. He was for introducing pacific measures, even though this was in the Atlantic. [Laughter.] He was not one to believe that that line was going to affect any fish that was not a chowder head. [Hear, hear.] If fish could confine themselves simply to cold water, there would be no danger. For his part he was disposed to blow for the new line. [Cheers.]

Mr. O'Shun Shadd had come to listen rather than take any active part in the business of the meeting, but he and his companion, Mr. Bluefish, from a summer visit to the Glades, had learned to respect Yankee prowess, and would say that if enterprising class of animals had anything to do with the present mysterious arrangement, he wouldn't oppose it, because it would do no good. It was bound to go.

Mr. Bluefish responded, "That's so!" and a young Tautog, whose ancestors had fallen at Compton, wiped away a briny tear, as he endorsed the response.

Mr. Deepsea Cod didn't see much cause for uneasiness, although he could not feel a direct interest in the matter, as, thanks to science, he was now master of a little bit of his own, which occupied him, in which his interest was concentrated. The city of "Liver" he had just heard in the crowd, did not affect him. He threw back the imputation, and would say that through his liver many human lights had been kept from going out. He was a philanthropist, and was willing to sacrifice himself as long as it would pay.

Mr. Big Blackfish did not apprehend much trouble from it, only he was opposed to all innovations.

He didn't believe in any new fangled notions at all, and thought that by consenting to let the cable remain, they were encouraging the vagaries of the fish out of water. He would move the passage of the following resolution:

Resolved, That the long line across our territory is an infringement, and should not be allowed.

This resolution was discussed by Messrs. Cod, Haddock, Dolphin, and others chiefly in opposition, when the resolution was lost.

It was then voted that the cable be allowed to remain, and the proceedings were ordered to be published, to be furnished through the cable, a battery of electrical eels having volunteered their services for the occasion.

After thanking the president for the polite and impartial manner in which he had discharged his duties, the meeting dissolved in deep water. —Boston Gazette.

A PRINTER IN COURT.

A suit came off the other day in which a printer named Kelsey was a witness. The case was an assault and battery that came off between Brown and Henderson.

Mr. Kelsey, did you witness the affair referred to?

Yes, sir.

Well, what have you to say about it?

That it was the best piece of punctuation I have seen for some time.

What do you mean by that?

Why that Brown dotted one of Henderson's eyes, for which Henderson put a period to Brown's breathing for about a half a minute.

The Court comprehended the matter at once, and fined the defendant fifty dollars.

NELSON LEE'S ACCOUNT OF WHAT HE SAW AMONG THE CAMANCHES.

The Albany Knickerbocker notices the return to that city of Nelson Lee, who was taken prisoner by the Camanche Indians in 1856, near Eagle Pass, while on his way from Texas to California. He furnishes the following:

Lee's life was spared because the Indians could not manage a repeating watch which he carried. The watch saved his life. In the Camanche camp Mr. Lee found no less than twenty-eight captured white women and some thirty or forty children. A day or two after he arrived in camp, they made an English woman named Anna Haskin, in a most cruel manner. They tied her naked to a tree, and in the presence of her two daughters, Margaret and Harriet Haskin, inflicted the most revolting cruelties upon her. Before Mrs. Haskin was finally despatched, she was tortured for nearly half a day, during which time the Indians became excited with liquor, and danced about her like so many demons. They took sharp pieces of flint and cut her flesh in all possible directions. Mrs. Haskin and her daughters were captured while on their way to the Mormon settlement at Salt Lake. The daughters still remain with the Indians. Their ages are 17 and 19. Lee made his escape in the following manner: He was accompanying the chief of the Camanches to a lodge some miles distant. During the tramp they met a party of Indians. The Indians gave the chief a skin filled with liquor. The chief drank of the spirits and became excited. Arriving at a creek he dismounted and stooped down to drink. At this moment Lee seized his tomahawk, split his head open and killed him instantly. He then took the chief's rifle, mounted the chief's horse, and put for Mexico. When he reached Mexico he was completely naked, while his feet and legs were so swollen from being cut by the cactus plant, that he could go only some eight miles a day. The last hundred miles he did on foot, his horse having died of exhaustion. The Mexicans treated him very kindly, and gave him money and clothing to reach home. The clothes he now wears in Albany are those given him by the Mexicans.

PENN'S DEED FROM THE INDIANS IN 1682.

This indelible witness that we, Packenham, Jarckham, Sikals, Partnessott, Jervis, Essepauk, Felktroy, Hekellappan, Eeonus Machidona, M-theonga, Wass Powery, Indian Kings, Sachamones right owners of all lands from Quing Quingras, called Duck Creek, unto Upland, called Chester Creek, all along by the west of Delaware river, and so between the said creeks backward as far as a man can ride in two days with a horse, far and in consideration of the following goods, to us in hand paid by William Penn, proprietor and Governor of the province of Pennsylvania and Territories thereof, viz:

20 guns, 20 fathoms mitchcoat, 50 fathoms strand water, 100 bars of lead, 40 tomahawks, 100 knives, 48 pair of stockings, 1 barrel of beer, 20 barrels red lead, 100 fathoms of wampum, 30 glass bottles, 30 powder spoons, 109 awl blades, 300 tobacco pipes, 100 hands of tobacco, 20 tobacco tongs, 50 steels, 300 flints, 30 pairs of scissors, 30 combs, 60 looking glasses, 200 needles, 1 skipple of salt, 30 pounds of sugar, 5 gallons of molasses, 20 tobacco boxes, 100 Jewsharps, 20 hoes, 30 gimblets, 30 wooden screw boxes, 100 strings of beads, Do hereby acknowledge, &c. Given under our hands, &c. at Newcastle, second day of the eighth month, 1682.

The above is a true copy from a copy taken from the original, by Ephraim Morton, now living in Washington county, Pa., formerly a clerk in the Land Office, which copy he gave to Wm. Stratton, and from which the above was taken in Little York, this 7th day of December, 1813.

Care of the Eyes.—Crawford, the celebrated sculptor, had an inveterate habit of reading in a reclined position; one eye had to be taken out in consequence of a cancerous tumor forming behind it, and his life has paid the forfeit, after years of suffering and the expenditure of a large amount of money. Prescott, the historian, in consequence of the disorder of a nerve, by which the eyes were rendered useless for all writing purposes, could not use a pen, as he was unable to see when it failed to make a mark for want of ink; nor could he distinguish the lines on the edges of his paper; yet, with disadvantages, he wrote all his historicals, using an agate stylus on carbonated paper, being guided as to the lines and edges by brass wires drawn through a wooden frame; but with all these hindrances he has made himself one of the most readable of modern historians, and earned a fortune besides. To avoid these calamities we urge, upon the young especially, never to use the eyes by any artificial light where nicety of sight is required, nor to use them in any strained position, or while riding in rail-cars or carriages. We urge upon parents, in view of the many incurable eye diseases to caution their children against reading by twilight; that is not before sunrise nor after sunset. It would be greatly better not to allow them to read or sew by any artificial light; but, if that is unavoidable, let it be imperative that they cease at nine o'clock at night in summer, and by ten at farthest in winter. It is a most inexcusable folly, and will sooner or later bring its punishment, to read or sew by gas, or lamp, or candlelight, and then sleep after daylight next morning as a habit. To persons of all ages it is a most injurious practice. —Hall's Journal of Health.

A gentleman in an eating house the other day, looked in vain for a bill of fare. Not finding one, he inquired of a waiter: "Will you bring me a programme?" "Yes, sir, he replied, will you have it boiled or roasted?" "I will have it boiled," said the gentleman, feeling it might be rather indigestible, declined both propositions.

BRING OUT YOUR POUND CAKE.

Among the company of a grand five dollar ball given at New Orleans last spring in honor of some public event, was a green'un, who had never seen anything of the kind upon so grand a scale and was totally at loss to understand the ridiculous, new fangled dances which prevailed. Paying an enormous price for a ticket and having been fasting for some time in anticipation of the fête, his whole thoughts were directed to the enjoyment in that line in store for him. He strode up and down the saloon with his hands in his pantaloons pockets accosting every waiter he encountered with:

"Boy, look here, is supper most ready?"

At last supper was announced, and in rushed our hero in advance of everybody, and seating himself about the centre of the table began to beckon every waiter whose eye he could catch, but no one to his indignation, approached him until after the ladies had been seated and served when he was asked whether he would take some ham.

"Ham!" exclaimed he, with most profound astonishment, "Do you 'spose sir, I can eat five dollars worth of ham? Bring us some of your pound cake and such like!"

Dr. O. W. HOLMES.—A writer in the Boston Transcript says: "While every newspaper in this country has been full of the Autocrat's praises, has quoted his poetry, his puns and his epigrams, we learn that literary men in England give him even higher commendation.—Several London journals have alluded to these papers in high terms, but from private sources we have more reliable opinions. At a dinner party in London some months ago, Thackeray spoke of this series of papers as among the foremost in modern literature, and adding with emphasis, that no living Englishman could have written them. Wilkie Collins after alluding to these articles, and to the new essays of Emerson, said that with such contributions the Atlantic Monthly need not fear competition anywhere in the civilized world. And recently Charles Reade, alluding to the Atlantic Monthly, held this language: 'The stories are no worse than Blackwood's and Fraser's, &c., and some of the other matter is infinitely beyond our monthly and trimestral scribbles, being genuine in thought and English in expression; whereas what passes for criticism here is too often a mere mixture of cuckoo and hen-haw, a set of conventional phrases turned, not in English, but in Norman French and the jargon of the schools. After five-and-twenty years of these...'

Some Nones.—Deacon C., of Hartford, Conn., is well known as being provided with an enormous handle to his countenance, in the shape of a huge nose; in fact it was remarkable for its great length. On a late occasion, when taking up a collection in the church to which he belonged, as he passed through the congregation every person to whom he presented the box seemed to be possessed by a sudden and uncontrollable desire to laugh. The deacon did not know what to make of it. He had often passed it round before, but no such effect had he witnessed. The deacon was fairly puzzled. The secret, however, leaked out. He had been afflicted a day or two with a sore on his nasal appendage, and had placed a small piece of sticking plaster over it. During the morning of the day in question, the plaster had dropped off; the deacon seeing it, as he supposed, on the floor, picked it up and stuck it on again.—But, alas for men who sometimes make great mistakes, he picked up instead a piece of paper which the manufacturers of spool cotton paste on the end of every spool, and which reads "Warranted to hold out 200 yards." Such a sign on such a nose was enough to upset the gravity of any congregation.

Few persons are perhaps aware of the extent and value of the British opium trade with China, though every one knows that the first war of England with China was waged for the purpose of the protection of that trade.—From authentic sources we know that the value of the opium brought into their ports by British vessels from the British East Indies is over fifty millions of dollars a year. The incidental value of the traffic is still greater to England, for the opium answers the purpose of specie in the purchase of teas and other commodities of China. The revenue derived from the importation of teas, which are the proceeds of the opium, is about as large as the entire receipts of the United States from customs during the past year.

A NOVEL WAGER.—We have noticed a great many silly election bets, but here is one mentioned by the Troy papers which beats all.—A gentleman named Fanshaw, residing in Saratoga county, offered to allow one Sanderson to burn down his cow-house, if Judge Parker failed to get 15,000 majority for Governor. Mr. Sanderson won the privilege of touching off the cow-house. Mr. Sanderson touched off the cow-house, and the cow-house was burned to the ground. In burning the cow-house, Mr. Fanshaw also burned two cows, worth \$30.—Sanderson admits that his friend had a perfect right to burn the house, but not the cattle.—For doing this latter, Fanshaw has commenced a suit against Sanderson.

YANKEE ALL OVER.—Bavard Taylor says that a Yankee in walking in St. Petersburg on a muddy day met the Grand Duke Constantine. The sidewalk was not wide enough for two to pass and the street was very deep in filth, whereupon the American took a silver rouble from his pocket shook it in his closed hand, and cried out, "Crown, or Tall?" "Crown," guessed the Grand Duke. "Your Highness has won," said the American, looking at the rouble, and stepping into the mud. The next day the Yankee was invited by the Grand Duke to dinner.

John did you ever bet on a horse-race?" "No, but I've seen my Sister Bet on an old mare."

CATO says, "the best way to keep good acts in memory is to refresh, them with new."

"A great man will neither trample upon woman, nor cringe before a kiel."

The gay attire of the coxcomb makes him a leader rapier in a golden sheath, a cock-leg in a silk stocking.

Napoleon having entered one of the cities of Italy, the church wardens recommended to him the reliques of their church.

"Sire, will you deign to take our apostles under your protection?"

"Your apostles; are they wood?"

"No, sire."

"Of what are they, then?"

"Of silver, sire—of solid silver."

"Solid silver!" replied Napoleon, quickly, "yes I shall help them to fulfill their mission; it has been ordained that they would go throughout the world, and they shall."

Having said so, the Emperor sent the twelve Apostles to the mint at Paris.

"Will you help me out of this mud hole?" said a traveling druggist, who had just been compelled to stop his team in a mud hole, because they couldn't pull it out.

"No, I can't stop," said the Yankee, who was heavily loaded, and was fearful that he would be too late for the cars.

"I would take it as a great favor, besides paying you," said the druggist.

"What are you loaded with?" asked the Yankee.

"Drugs and medicines," was the reply.

"I guess I'll try and get you out, then, for I am loaded with tombstones." They were seen traveling together after that.

WHERE THE SHIP TIMBER COMES FROM.—Maine is thought by many to be covered with forests, and here and there a cleared spot where civilization has made advances; and yet our ship-builders go out of the State to get nearly all the wood used in construction of our ships. The oak comes from Virginia and Maryland, the yellow pine from Pennsylvania, while the knees are brought from Canada and the Provinces, leaving very little as the product of the Maine forests. —Both Times.

SIR WALTER SCOTT ON CARD PLAYING.—"To dribble away life," says Sir Walter Scott, "in exchanging bits of painted pasteboard round a green table, for the paltry concern of a few shillings, can only be excused in folly or superannation. It is like riding on a rocking horse, where your utmost exertion never carries you a foot forward; it is a kind of a mental treadmill where you are perpetually climbing, but where you can never raise an inch."

A YOUTHFUL MOTHER.—The official return of the Overseers of the Poor, in the town of Taunton, mentions that Elizabeth Drayton was eleven years old on the 24th day of May, 1858, and became the mother of Horace White Drayton on the 1st day of February, 1858—three months and twenty four days before she was eleven years old.

An impatient Welchman calling to his wife, said:

"Come, come, isn't breakfast ready? I've had nothing since yesterday, and to-morrow will be the third day."

This is equal to the call of the stirring housewife, who aroused her maid at four o'clock, with, "Come, Bridget, get up! Here 'tis Monday morning; to-morrow's Tuesday, and the next day's Wednesday—half the week gone—and nothing done yet."

HOURS OF SLEEP.—Nature requires five, Custom gives seven! Laziness takes nine, And wickedness eleven!

"A lady wishing a seat in a crowded hall, a handsome gentleman brought a chair. 'You are a jewel!' said she. 'Oh, no! I am a jeweller; I have just set the jewel.'"

"Father I want you to buy me a gun." "A gun, Willie! What are you going to do with a gun?" "Oh, I am going to fight Tommy Day; he says Susy Lake likes him better than she does me."

"Some one inquires in the name of Mrs. Partington, 'Why can't the Captain of a vessel keep a memorandum of the weight of his anchor, instead of weighing it every time he leaves Port?'"

"I tell you, Susan, that I will commit suicide if you won't have me." "Well, Thomas, as soon as you have given me that proof of your affection I will believe that you love me."

"A paper calling itself literary and miscellaneous, advertises that it intends to swallow up everything around it like a great maelstrom." "We have little doubt that it will prove a great 'take in.'"

"A lady asked a noted doctor if he did not think the small bonnets the ladies wore had a tendency to produce congestion of the brain." "Oh no," he replied, "ladies who have brains won't wear them."

"We think it is an undeniable truth that the Africans, let them go to what part of the world they may, retain more unequivocally than any other people the odor of nationality."

"'Gone a ducking' is the term used for a young fellow in Arkansas, who goes to sit up with a young woman."

"John did you ever bet on a horse-race?" "No, but I've seen my Sister Bet on an old mare."

CATO says, "the best way to keep good acts in memory is to refresh, them with new."

"A great man will neither trample upon woman, nor cringe before a kiel."

The gay attire of the coxcomb makes him a leader rapier in a golden sheath, a cock-leg in a silk stocking.