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Poetry.

ITALY.

Italy's setting sun, they say,
 Hath naught to match its gentle ray—
 That naught in other climes can vie,
 With the hues of its evening sky:
 A thousand tints are glowing there,
 As if a thousand waves of light
 Were rolling o'er the misty air,
 To lave the golden isles of night;
 While beauty's spirit walks the earth
 In every form of loveliness,
 That wins from sorrow, woe to mirth,
 And smiles o'er all, as if to bless.
 'Tis beauty all—beneath, above;
 An Eden formed for peace and love;
 Yet ruin stands by beauty's side,
 A hoary groon by youthful bride;
 And for their cold sad bridal strain,
 Hark to the clank of thralldom's chain!

II.
 Ah! what avails, O Italy!
 The beauty of thy land and sky,
 And thy renown in years gone by?
 Since this is all thy name to claim,
 An heriship in thy mighty fame,
 Romans in nothing, save the name;
 And great in nothing, save the boast
 Of glory past, and empire lost;
 And rich in nothing, save the strain
 Thy bards have sung—nor sung in vain!
 For there is power in words of song,
 Repeated oft, and treasured long,
 To rouse with its soul-stirring numbers,
 At last, a nation from its slumbers!

III.
 Is that the sky, whose azure plain,
 Wide as itself, saw Rome's domain?
 Is that the sun that looked upon
 No land that Rome made not her own?
 It meets not now a Roman's glance—
 Sees now no realms won by his lance!
 The glorious Roman—where is he?
 Whose proudest boast was, "Rome is free!"
 The conquering Roman—doth he tread
 The soil which none but heroes bred?
 Within thy breast, there's his grave,
 Above, the footstep of the slave.

IV.
 Italia!—long the battle field
 Of nations; 'thou the victor's prize,
 The only duty was to yield;
 Who'er might fall, thou couldst not rise—
 Musing an hour on thine and thee,
 I hoped that thou might'st yet be free!
 That hope was lost when Austria won;
 And sank with the declining sun,
 That saw thy broken legions' flight
 From Novara's disastrous fight!

V.
 Sweet land! even as a lover clings,
 At parting, with fond lingerings,
 I leave unto thee—to what end?
 For words will ne'er thy shackles rend.
 And yet, he, who hath pondered long
 Thy tale of wars and tide of song,
 May well be pardoned, if he be
 Too prone to dwell on thine and thee;
 Thou wast his earliest love—the bride
 Of his young thoughts, for whom he sighed;
 Sighed that thy beauty should be lure
 The spoiler's eye to lust inure;
 He loved thee for thy glories ray;
 And mourned that glory in decay,
 Reversed thee for thy past renown,
 And wept that e'er thy star went down!

VI.
 Land of Music, of Poetry, Passion, and Love!
 With all beauty below, and all brightness above!
 Where the leaf is most green, and the wave is most
 clear;
 Where the tints of the rainbow forever appear;
 Where the breeze ever bears, as it wanders along,
 The sweetness of fragrance, the echoes of song;
 Where the eyes of the maiden are darkest and bright-
 est;
 And their words and their hearts are the softest and
 lightest;
 Where there love is all fire and their veins all
 flame,
 Now burning to hate, and now melting with shame;
 Where Revenge is a duty, and Murder scarce crime,
 Land of Evil and Good! and in both most sublime!
 Land of Beggars and Nobles, the boast of their line!
 Where the blood of dead heroes remains in the vine!
 Land of Glory—theo' past; land of Memory's spell!
 Land of Greatness—theo' lost; land of Beauty, fare-
 well!

The rumor that Mr. Griffith, postmaster at Auraria, has been murdered by a mob of disappointed gold seekers, while on his way to take possession of his office, is untrue.—Henry Allen is postmaster at Auraria, and has resided there for some time.

It is stated that the Austrians suffered so much from sickness, that they were carrying back as many disabled men as after a pitched battle.

The Wheeling Times says the mountains near Uniontown are on fire, destroying much wood and rails.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE WITH A LION.

It was a warm, pleasant evening in November, and our ship was off the coast of Tripoli. A party of us, who sat upon the quarter-deck, had been conversing upon various subjects concerning the vast desert to the southward of us.

"I think you have traveled across the desert?" said one of our number, addressing the captain.
 "Not exactly," replied Captain Bushwick. "Some years ago I spent a few months in Abyssinia, and the country south of it."
 "Was it then you had your adventure with the lion?"
 "Ah—you've heard of that scrape, eh?"
 "Only that you had such an adventure, captain. Your mate told me you had met the animal."

"Well, I have; and if you would like to hear the yarn, I will tell it."
 A vote was immediately and unanimously carried that Captain Bushwick had permission to relate his adventure; and without further preliminaries he proceeded:

"It is now five-and-twenty years since I took the notion to travel among the African natives. I had an uncle living in Mocha, engaged in trade there, and I had gone out to see him. He was going into Abyssinia on business, and I accompanied him. Our party consisted of six—my uncle and self, and four Nubian servants. These Nubians were faithful fellows, and long tried, and were, moreover, strong and fearless, having lived with my relative several years. When the business was over, I proposed that we should take a trip to the southward, and see the country. The Nubians were anxious to go, and, after a deal of persuasion, my uncle consented to the arrangement.

"On the seventh day we reached a large lake upon the extreme southern border of Abyssinia, where we pitched our tent, and then went hunting for game, we having been informed that we should find plenty of both fish—much more so than I had expected—and fowl in this region. Our luck was moderate, my uncle was bent on returning, but I was determined to have a few more trials.

"The only boat we had been able to find was a small canoe, fashioned from a log, and one morning I declared that I would take a cruise in it if some one would accompany me. The canoe would not carry more than two of us with any degree of safety; and as all four of the Nubians offered to go, I was obliged to make my own selection. So I took Lari, the youngest of the lot, but the brightest and most cool and brave in the presence of danger. I took my rifle and pistols, while Lari took his rifle and spear; and thus equipped, we set out.—The canoe was easily managed while we kept our proper places, and all went on finely until afternoon. It was very warm and sultry, and I had removed my pistol-belt, and laid it in the bottom of the boat with my rifle. Lari had just proposed turning back, when I saw a large flock of birds settle down upon a tree close by the shore, and I bade my companion to help me paddle in that direction. He did not object, for he wanted a shot at them himself.

"We had become to within a dozen fathoms of the shore, when a quick, loud cry from Lari startled me from my aim, and in the next instant the canoe struck upon some hard substance.
 "A rock?" I asked.
 "A hippopotamus!" the Nubian shouted, springing back toward me.

"Hardly had the words escaped his lips before a huge black head was lifted above the gunwales, and as I cast my eyes over into the water, I saw the whole body of the monster.—It was as large as an elephant, but ten times more hideous in look. Its mouth was opened to a distance of three feet, or more, and its great teeth, all of a foot in length, looked like destruction itself. He seized the bow of our boat in his capacious jaws, and crushed it like an egg shell. With all the force I could muster I leaped into the water and struck out for the shore. I never swam faster, though when I reached the land I found that the hippopotamus had not followed us, having sunk to the bottom, probably as soon as he had destroyed the canoe.

"We were in a quandary. We had come quite twelve or fifteen miles from the camp, and we must foot it back the best way we could. If we could have followed the shore, the task would have been easy enough, but this we could not do, for a deep, dark swamp overgrown with reeds and bushes, and gnarled trees, lay between us and our tent, so we must strike up into the wood upon the higher land and make the best of it. Our only weapons were two knives and Lari's spear. The latter he had grasped as he started from the boat, but the rifles and pistols were at the bottom of the lake. I bade my companion take the lead, and he did so.

"For three hours we tugged on through a thick, matted forest, and at the end of that time we reached the end of a wide expanse of rocky desert. There were clumps of bushes scattered over the place, but they looked dry and parched. Here we took an observation, and finally decided to keep down on the right hand side of the rocky plain, knowing that the lake must lie in that direction. By the time we had passed over half the length of the barren waste the sun was behind the trees. A little while afterwards, just as the dark shadows spread over the whole width of the plain, Lari uttered a low 'hiss' and placed his hand upon my arm.

"Do you hear anything?" he asked me.
 "I listened a moment and told him, 'Yes, perhaps they are coming after us.'
 "Who are they?" said he.
 "Our party," I answered.
 "That fellow walks on four feet, and has a weight equal to all the men we have left behind. Hark again!"

"I did so, and could now plainly distinguish the tread of some heavy animal.
 "Is it a lion, do you think?" I asked.
 "Lari hesitated a moment, and then, grasping me by the arm, he pointed into the wood.
 "Look!—See!—There!" he cried, whirling me half around as he spoke.

"I did look—and I saw a sight—a sight that made my hair stand and my heart leap. Not a rifle!—not even a pistol!—and yet there—not twenty yards distant—was a huge Nubian lion crawling toward us. I could see his eyes burn; I could see his long tail sweep the grass; and I could see that he was advancing for a spring.
 "He's hungry," said the Nubian, or he would not be coming on in that way."
 "Then he'll attack us," I suggested.
 "Of course he will."
 "And not a weapon for defense!"
 "I have my spear," returned Lari. "Now to the back of those bushes—quick—and let him come. Have your knife out in case of need."

"I hardly knew what my companion meant, but I saw, just upon our left, a clump of bushes bearing a small red berry. They were not over four feet high, and occupied a space some eight feet long by four wide. When we had gained a position behind them, I looked for the lion. He had stopped as he saw us take this covert, but we were hidden from his sight, as there were openings in the foliage through which both parties could obtain a view of each other.
 "We are gone!" said I, trembling with fear, as I saw the huge monster settle upon his belly and move toward us.
 "Perhaps not," whispered Lari, without taking his eyes from the lion. "Keep still—don't move, for your life!"
 "But what can you do with that spear?" I asked.
 "Perhaps nothing—but wait and see!"

"I did wait; but though it was only a few moments, yet it was a season of terrible suspense to me. I am not a coward, nor was I ever one; but come to be situated as I was then, with a full-grown lion before you, not twenty yards off and only a little patch of bushes as an apology for a shelter, through which the beast could watch your every movement, and with that unearthly purring, roaring growl, hardly perceptible in tone, but making the air tremble with its intensity—have all this, as I had it then, and if you don't tremble, then you are made of sterner stuff than most men.

"Once I cast my eyes upon Lari, who was at my right, and I saw that he was as calm as a rock. His great brown eye was fixed upon the lion with a burning gaze, and his teeth were set like the jaws of a vice. He was upon his right knee, with his left foot braced before him, and his long spear, which he held with a firm grasp, had the end of the shaft set against the hard ground behind him, with the sharp steel head elevated just to the top of bushes.
 "Hiss!" he uttered, gathering himself for an effort; and as I turned I saw the lion cautiously advancing upon his belly. When about five yards off he stopped and gathered himself for a spring. I saw his huge claws settle into the ground, and I saw his saggy head start upward, as he left his couch. With my heart as still as death I bowed my head and shrank down toward the earth. I heard a shock—a momentary struggle—a crashing sound, as of the breaking of wood—and then I was knocked over by a heavy body coming in contact with my shoulder. With a powerful effort I struggled from beneath the weight and gained my feet.

"The first thing I saw was Lari, for it was he who had fallen against me. The next was the lion, who lay only a few feet off, with the head of the spear buried deep in his throat, the shaft being broken off about midway. He was roaring with a deep hoarse sound, and tearing the dirt up with his claws.
 "I think that found his heart before it broke," said Lari, as he gained his feet. "If the shaft had held I would have pinned him through the heart, and sent him twenty feet over behind us. But, I tell you, he's a heavy one to lift."
 "The monster was dead in a few minutes, and we then held an examination. The lance-head had entered the lower part of the throat, directly beneath the fore-shoulder, and gone clean through the heart.
 "You must have had a good aim," said I.
 "But it was a good mark," replied Lari.—"When I saw him coming, I had just turned the point right for his heart, and he killed himself!"

"It was all very simple, and it may have been very easily done; but, I assure you, a man must have a pretty steady nerve to do it effectually.
 "We could not move the lion then, nor could we stop to take his skin off, for it was very nearly dark. So we resolved to wait until morning, and then have help.
 "When we reached the lower corner of the waste, we saw a glimmering of water through the trees; and, upon pushing our way down, we were lucky enough to find ourselves only a few rods from the tent. On the next morning we all went out together, and found the lion just as we had left him. His body measured, from the end of his nose to the insertion of his tail, eight feet and nine inches, and when standing, he must have been nearly five feet high. We took off his skin very carefully, and when I reached home I had it stuffed and set up. It looks very innocent now as my children pat it with their hands; but I never look at it without thinking of the time when it looked terrible enough to me."

—The Williamsport Gazette, Governor Packer's home organ, last week raised the names of Wright and Rowe to its mast-head.
 —The arrangements of Austria were so gollossal that it was expected by the end of May, she would have 750,000 men under arms.

HOW OLD IKE WAS CURED OF LOVIN' WIMMIN.

DEAR SPIRIT:—In one of my rambles among the mountains of Pennsylvania, I made the acquaintance of one of the old hunters of that region, and some few years after, was in company with him, hunting on the Eastern, or Blue Ridge, some twenty odd miles distance west of Carlisle.

"Isaac Cassin" "Old Ike," as he was most generally called, had, for forty years, lived in the woods. Privation and exposure had not improved his looks, nor soured his disposition. He was hard-featured, but kind hearted.
 We had been camped on the Ridge for some days, and, although with only pretty fair luck in hunting, were well pleased with what we had. There were five of us in all, and you may, therefore, well believe, that where so many were in one camp, there would be no lack of "yarning" in the evenings. Our camp did not differ, in the extent of "yarn business," from other camps, and every night was entertained with some reminiscence of the past, such as hunters talk about, that is, of sin, fur, feathers, and fun. In lieu of an account of our success in hunting, I propose to give you some of the "yarns" of the camp, and to begin with, "how Old Ike" was cured of lovin' wimmin."

"Talkin' 'bout courtin'," said "Old Ike," "talkin' 'bout courtin' put me in mind of old times, and how I war cured ov lovin' wimmin. I war young then, an' the weather hadn't spoiled my perty. You needn't laff, Jerry, 'kase what I say ar' true to the handle. I war a perfect boss 'mong the gals then, an' nary one on 'em but used to spread 'sar feathers afore me, an' try to 'lach me to 'em; but it war no go; I war so all fired skeery 'bout tangling myself. For a long time, you see, I war feerd to pay much 'tention to eny on 'em, an', tho' I war neerly bustin' to hug 'em, an' liked to be with 'em, I couldn't bring my mind up to more'n keep 'em company. Well, you see I used to think ov 'em most all night, an' after while, 'gin to look like a shadder. I war in lov', true as natur, with one ov 'em, and sometimes used to court her more'n a little. She war a perfect beauty, with dark bar an' black eyes, an' the sweetest lips an' the prettiest teeth, an' the sweetest gownd—all red, 'cept the yaller stripes, an' they war a little the yallerest you ever did see. Oh! I'll be dod rotted she war n't an angel. But thar war a nother gal thar, who war mighty much in lov' with me; but I couldn't give ner no comfort, 'kase I couldn't bear her, no how, for she war a long-eared, red-headed, speckled-faced critter, what war so cussed ugly, her dad couldn't keep the bark on his shanty, an' the nabors war feerd for her to cum to their houses, 'kase, of she look'd inter a barrel of vinegar, it war sure to turn inter ackerfortis, an' that war no use in that country, 'cept to make bad whiskey.—Well, you see, this ugly gal, just out'en 'trairiness an' to spite my prospects, must go for to fall in lov' with me, an' I war feerd amost to go to see the gal I lov'd, 'kase red-head might do some devilment, an' so, you see, I got to be 'most a shadder thinkin' on it. Wherever I went, thar war redhead; couldn't go no war, but she war thar, an' war my tickler cuss."

"One day, I had been up the mountain, an' run out'en powder, an' had to go down to ole Jake Hollan's store for some, an' just as I got inter the door, I seed red-head a comin'. What war I to do? I couldn't go back, 'kase then I'd meet her—I'd just as soon meet the devil, an' I couldn't hide, 'kase thar war no place to hide in. I asked ole Jake thar war any hidin' place 'bout there, for thar comes that old red-headed cuss right down hyar, an' ef I don't get some place to hide in, she'll be the death ov me sure." "No indeed," said ole Jake, "no place hyar to hide in; you had better take to the woods." "I wouldn't have her in hyar for a thousand dollars; she'd be my ruination. Take to the woods. I couldn't take to the woods. She war right in the way, an' thar she war a comin' right 'cross the buckwheat patch, an' 'peerd mad as thunder; her bar a flyin', the freckles on her face hig as hen's eggs, an' red as her bar, she war so pizen mad. No bonnet, no shoes, no stockings; her gownd so short and so ragged, it peerd like it war only made for a fly-net; an' 'bout half an acre of Jake's buckwheat been spiled every time she put her foot down. Thar she war a comin', an' I couldn't stan' it any longer. I jest broke for the woods on a two-forty trot; but it war no use. She headed me off, an' I made for the road, an' down the road wore nor a quarter 'oss. It war no use; she war a gainin' on me, an' less than two minutes, would be right 'long-side. 'Neck or nothing; more steam ole 'oss,' I said, 'or she'll ketch up to you.' I piled on the rosin, poured ile on the fire, shoved in the wood, an' raised the steam till my biler war ready to bust; but it war no use; that short gownd didn't stop her runnin', no how. The faster she runned, the higher the ole fly-net raised, till she looked like a runnin' umbrella. She war gainin' sure.—Down the road I biled, and she biled after; an when I cum to the turn of the road, thar war the gal I loved stanin' in her door a lookin' up the road at the dust, and thinkin' a hurricane war a comin'. I seed she war skeer'd, an' war 'bout to shut the door, an' ef she did, I know'd I war a goner; so I piled on more steam, an' made for the fence. It war a pale fence, as runn'd all round the house. My gal seed me a comin' and she seed red-head a comin', too, so she jest held the door part open for me to git in. Up to the fence I cum, an' at one jump, I war over it, an', the next jump, I war in the house, an' the door shut an' bolted. My gal a stanin' at the door, an' a dozen more nice gals a stanin' round, an' all ov 'em a laffin to kill, an' thar war me right in the middle ov 'em, safe and sound, but a pantin' worse nor any steam-engin. All the gals were lookin' at me, an' the more they looked, the more they laff'd. I war tired most to death, an' sot down on the hominy stone, which war stanin' on one side ov the

room; but I war no sooner down an' I war up for it 'peerd the stone war all ice it war so cold; one look at the gals a stanin' round laffin; one look out the winder, whar I seed the seat ov my trowsers a hangin' onto the fence, and I bolted from the house worse nor a greased streak of lightning; an' the last I ever heerd ov eny of them people war old red-head a squeelin', "Don't set down under no chestnut-tree." In 'bout ten minits, I war in the woods, an' hyar I've been ever sence, a wearin' leather, an' everlastin' cured ov lovin' wimmin."

Yours truly,
 JERRY.

THE DISAPPOINTED PIKE'S PEAK ARMY.

Hundreds of weary, weather-beaten sufferers from the plains, arrive at Leavenworth daily, and through every steamer for St. Louis, anxious to escape from the scene of so much destitution, suffering and poverty. The coaches of the Leavenworth City and Pike's Peak Express Company present a cheerless array of empty seats, and the wheels of business, which, at the numerous outfitting points on the river, were running around so prosperously a month ago, have well nigh come to a dead lock.

It has been estimated that no less than 15,000 returning emigrants, principally from New York, Illinois and Indiana, have taken passage down the river the past fortnight. Not more than one-half of them ever passed the half-way house to the mines; nor is this fact to be wondered at. Fevers, especially gold fevers, are very easily started, and not unfrequently just as easily stayed. Ten returning disappointed gold-seekers will do more to allay the mania at home and cause a panic among the few faithful ones that remain behind than five hundred intending emigrants could counteract. Cor. St. Louis Democrat.

SQUIBS FROM PRENTICE.

The Atlantic Monthly says that "woman is a link between earth and heaven." So is a sausage tossed into the air.

Mrs. Swissheim in her letters to young ladies says that "every country girl knows how to color red with madder." This we believe to be an ethnological fact, as we have always noticed that with all girls the madder they get the redder they are.

A great deal is written at present about the seat of war. Byron in one of the stanzas of his Child Harold, personifies War and describes his hair, his eyes, his hands, and his feet, but says nothing about the seat of War.

A pushing politician in Maine boasts of having been the drawer of the liquor bill in that State. Is he sure that he isn't the drawer of a good deal of the liquor itself?

HORRIBLE.

The St. Louis Democrat contains a letter from a correspondent at Cherry Creek which gives a horrible tale of starvation on the Plains. Three brothers, named Blue, from Whiteside county, Ill., were overtaken by starvation, and one of them died. The remaining two, in their desperation, were compelled to satisfy their hunger by eating of the body of their dead brother.

A letter from a St. Joseph correspondent, states that the inhabitants of that city are in much fear of the depredations of the returning Pike's Peakers, and that the Mayor has taken some precautionary measures to protect the life and property of the citizens.

TERRIBLE CALAMITY IN TEXAS.—The Dallas (Texas) Herald of the 11th inst. says:

"A gentleman just from Fort Worth reports a most painful calamity that occurred last Thursday evening, near night, on the west fork of the Trinity, about seven miles above Fort Worth. A gentleman living very near West Fork on returning home during the heavy rain that was falling, found his house was being rapidly surrounded with the flood that was rushing down the low lands bordering on the stream. He had a wife and seven children; took two of them on his shoulders, and carried them over the water to a shed on the premises, placed them upon it, and started back for the other children and his wife. He had not gone far when a cry from the shed drew his attention; he looked back, and discovered it floating off with his two children on it. He rushed after it, and, after following it nearly half a mile, succeeded in placing his children upon a place of safety. Night was rapidly coming on, and he returned to save his wife and children, but, alas! he found not even a vestige of his home—no sign of wife or child, and, to add to the horrors of the scene, darkness was fast settling down upon the rushing flood, whose appalling roar deadened the cries of his family, even if they then lived. The unhappy father has heard nothing from them yet, and every effort made to find their bodies has proved unavailing.

"The rise of the water is represented as being unparalleled in the history of the country for its suddenness and volume."

REMARKABLE FREAK OF LIGHTNING.—On Friday afternoon, when the thunder storm prevailed, the lightning struck the carpenter's shop of Edwin Taylor, on Water street, under rather peculiar circumstances. A hole, nearly a foot in diameter, was made through the flat roof of the building, and the splinters from the boards were scattered in the room below. A number of men at work in the shop experienced no sensation when the lightning struck, and there are no other traces of the fluid than the hole referred to in the roof. There are high chimneys of iron rising above the building, which ought to be pretty good conductors.—Why this thunder-bolt should have shunned them, and struck the roof, is more than we can understand, and how the bolt found its way to the earth after striking, is no less a mystery. Rochester Union, May 30.

VALUABLE INFORMATION.

Posts made from the limbs and upper parts of the tree always last the longest.
 A bushel of guano weighs 70 pounds. The fact furnishes a test of its purity.
 Scotch snuff put in holes where crickets come out, will destroy them.
 A small daily ration of raw meat will induce cooped hens to lay.
 Be aware of drinking cold water while in a heated condition.
 Sow long orange carrots, two pounds of seed to the acre; drilling them eighteen inches apart. Hoe and clean as soon as they show the third leaf.
 Boiling water poured on peas sufficiently to cover them for a minute, kills the bugs inside.

WHAT IS A GOOD COW.
 We think a cow that comes up to the standard of that owned by Otis Hunt of Eaton Village, New York, will pass for a good one. He gives the following statement of the amount of butter made from her:
 "Amount made from April 7 to July 8, 191 pounds; amount made during the month of June, 74 pounds; amount made during the year, 515; besides furnishing all the milk and cream used in a family of four persons (and occasional visitors) all the time."
 The breed of this good cow is given as "native," and the quality of milk and butter excellent.

The following is too good to be lost—of a schoolmaster and pupil:
 "Joseph, where is Africa?"
 "On the map, sir."
 "Mean, Joseph, in what Continent—Eastern or Western?"
 "Well, the land of Africa is in the Eastern Continent; but the people, sir, are all of 'em South."

"What are the products?"
 "Of Africa, sir, or down South?"
 "Africa, you blockhead!"
 "Well, sir, it hasn't got any; it never had any."
 "How do the African people live?"
 "By drawing."
 "Drawing what—water?"
 "No, sir, by drawing their breath."
 "Sit down, Joseph."
 "Thomas, what is the equator?"
 "Why, sir, it is the horizontal pole running perpendicularly through the imaginations of old astronomers and old geographers."
 "Go to your seat, Thomas."
 "An old race horse, sir."
 "Silence. Next, Jack, what is an eclipse?"
 "An eclipse is a thing as appears when the moon gits off on a bust, and runs agin the sun, consequently, the sun blackens the moon's face."
 "Class is dismissed."

ANTI-SLAVE TRADE MEETING AT VICKSBURG. The citizens of Vicksburg, Mississippi, held a mass meeting on the 21st instant, to express the public sense regarding the course of the late convention in that place in reference to the opening of the slave trade. Strong resolutions were passed. The Wing says: "The speeches of Judge Sharkey, William C. Smeedes, Esq., Col. T. S. Martin, Rev. Dr. Marshall, and others, were rapturously applauded, which plainly showed that the popular heart was with the conservative cause, in favor of maintaining the laws of the land and respecting the rights of humanity, as against the introduction of 'Guinea niggers' to reduce the price of labor."

"Bob, where is the state of matrimony?"
 "It is one of the United States. It is bounded by hugging and kissing on one side and cradles and babies on the other. Its chief products are population, broomsticks and staying out late at night. It was discovered by Adam and Eve while trying to find a northwest passage out of Paradise. The climate is sultry till you pass the tropics of housekeeping, when squally weather commonly sets in with such power as to keep all hands as cool as cucumbers. For the principal roads leading to this interesting State, consult the first pair of blue eyes you run against."

At a banquet of officers in Milan after various toasts had been drunk in allusion to the impending war, a zealous young Austrian officer proposed the following: "To the Austrian Army! The French and Sardinian battalions shall break against it like this brittle glass!" So saying, he tossed the glass, which he had just emptied, into the air, that it might fall heavily upon the table. It did so, but without breaking. The young soldier stood agast.

Mr. — and his wife were sitting, a few days since, quite close to each other, in their home; the husband feeling somewhat loverlike, although for years a married man, put his arm around his wife and saluted her affectionately. The wife pushed him away saying: "You should not do such things when the door is open and people are passing. They will think we are not married if they see us kissing each other."

The city of Nashville, Tenn., was visited on Monday night by a terrific storm of wind and rain, which resulted in the loss of about \$20,000 worth of property. A few hours afterwards a half block of buildings on Main St., valued at \$250,000, was consumed by fire.

Sammy, my son, do you know that you have broken the Sabbath?"
 "Yes, daddy," said his little sister, "and mother's big iron pot too, in five or six pieces."

The Arabs allow a man to divorce himself from a wife who does not bake good bread.