

# Bedford Gazette.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

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VOLUME 56.

NEW SERIES.

## NEW AGRICULTURAL SETTLEMENT. TO ALL WANTING FARMS, A RARE OPPORTUNITY IN A DELIGHTFUL AND HEALTHY CLIMATE 25 MILES SOUTH- EAST OF PHILADELPHIA, ON THE CAM- DEN AND ATLANTIC RAILROAD, NEW JERSEY.

An old estate consisting of several thousand acres of productive soil has been divided into Farms of various sizes to suit the purchaser. A population of some Fifteen Hundred, from various parts of the Middle States and New England have settled there the past year, improved their places, and raised excellent crops. The price of the land is at the low sum of from \$20 to \$30 per acre, the soil of the best quality for the production of Wheat, Clover, Corn, Peaches, Grapes and Vegetables. IT IS CONSIDERED THE BEST FRUIT SOIL IN THE UNION. The place is perfectly secure from frost—the destructive enemy of the farmer. Crops of grain, grass and fruit are now growing and can be seen. By examining the place itself, a correct judgment can be formed of the productiveness of the land. The terms are made easy to secure the rapid improvement of the land, which is only sold for actual improvement. The result has been, that within the past year, some three hundred houses have been erected, two mills, one steam, four stores, some forty vineyards and peach orchards, planted, and a large number of other improvements, making it a desirable and active place of business.

THE MARKET.  
As the reader may perceive from its location, is the BEST IN THE UNION. Products bringing double the price than in locations away from the city, and more than double the price in the West. It is known that the earliest and best fruits and vegetables in this latitude come from New Jersey, and are annually exported to the extent of millions.

In locating here, the settler has many advantages. He is within a few hours ride of the great cities of New England and Middle country where every improvement of comfort and civilization is at hand.—He can buy every article he wants at the cheapest price, and sell his produce for the highest. (In the West this is reversed.) He has schools for his children, divine services, and will enjoy an open winter, and delightful climate, where fevers are utterly unknown. The result of the change upon those from the north, has generally been to restore them to an excellent state of health.

In the way of building and improving, lumber can be obtained at the mills at the rate of \$10 to \$15 per thousand. Bricks from the brick yard opened in the place, every article can be procured in the place; good carpenters are at hand, and there is no place in the Union where buildings and improvements can be made cheaper.

The reader will at once be struck with the advantages here presented, and ask himself why the property has not been taken up before. The reason is, it was never thrown in the market; and unless those statements were correct, no one would be invited to examine the land before purchasing. This all are expected to do. They will find that the settlement, such is the extent of the settlement that they will no doubt, meet persons from their own neighborhood; they will witness the improvements and can judge the character of the population. If they come with a view to settle, they should come prepared to stay a day or two, and be ready to purchase, as locations cannot be held on refusal.

There are two daily trains to Philadelphia, and to all settlers who improve, the RAILROAD COMPANY GIVES A FREE TICKET FOR SIX MONTHS AND A HALF-PAY TICKET FOR THREE YEARS.

THE TOWN OF HAMMONTON.  
In connection with the agricultural settlement, a new and thriving town has naturally arisen, which presents inducements for every kind of business. The shoe business could be carried on in this place and market to good advantage, also cotton business, and manufacturers of agricultural implements or Commodities for casting small articles. The improvement has been so rapid as to insure a constant and permanent increase of business. Town lots of a good size, we do not sell small ones, as it would affect the improvement of the place, can be had at from \$100 and upwards.

The Hammonton Farmer, a monthly literary and agricultural sheet, containing full information of Hammonton, can be obtained at 25 cents per annum.

Title indisputable—warranted deeds given, clear of all incumbrance when money is paid. Route to the land: leave Vine Street wharf, Philadelphia for Hammonton by Railroad, 7 1/2 A. M., or 4 1/2 P. M. Fare 90 cents. When there inquire for Mr. Byrnes, staying at Mr. Byrnes, a principal until they have decided as to purchasing, as he will show them over the land in his carriage, free of expense. Letters and applications can be addressed to Landis & Byrnes, Hammonton P. O., Atlantic Co., New Jersey, or S. B. Coahen, 202 South Fifth Street, Philadelphia. Maps and information cheerfully furnished.  
Aug. 12, 1859—6m.

## Allegheny Male and Female Seminary, RAINSBURG, Pa. FACULTY.

E. J. OSBORNE, A. B., Principal, Prof. of Languages and Philosophy.  
Wm. S. Smith, Prof. of Mathematics.  
Jas. H. Miller, Adjunct Prof. of Mathematics.  
Rev. B. F. Stevens, Lecturer on Moral Philosophy &c.  
Wm. A. Stephens, Prof. of English Grammar &c.  
Dr. J. Hughes, Prof. of Anatomy &c.  
Mrs. E. V. Osborne, Preceptress, Teacher of Drawing, Penmanship &c.  
B. F. Drott, Prof. of Instrumental Music.

Price of Tuition for term of 11 weeks.  
Common English Branches \$3 25  
Higher Branches, including common, each 80  
Latin and Greek, each 2 00  
German and French, each 2 50  
Book-keeping and Commercial calculations 1 50

ORNAMENTAL.  
Drawing 2 50  
Colored crayon, and water colors, each 3 00  
Oil painting 5 00  
Hair and wax flowers, each 3 00  
Pell work 3 00  
Embroidery 1 50  
Piano music, with use of instrument 10 00

Board \$1 75 per week including room rent, fuel, furniture &c. This is one of the best, and cheapest institutions in the country. The whole expense per term need not be more than twenty-five dollars.—Second Quarter of summer session commences August 4, 1859.

Teachers will be instructed free of charge in the Normal Department.  
For particulars, address the Principal.  
E. J. OSBORNE, A. B.  
Rainsburg, Bedford co., April 22, 1859.

THE HAMMONTON FARMER—A new paper devoted to Literature and Agriculture, also setting forth full accounts of the new settlement of Hammonton, in New Jersey, can be subscribed for at only 25 cents per annum. Include postage stamps for the amount. Address to the Editor of the Farmer, Hammonton, P. O., Atlantic Co., New Jersey. Those wishing cheap land of the best quality, in one of the healthiest and most delightful climates in the Union, and where crops are never cut down by frost, the terrible scourge of the north, see advertisement of Hammonton Lands.

## THE BEDFORD GAZETTE IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, BY B. F. MEYERS,

At the following terms, to wit:  
\$1.50 per annum, cash, in advance.  
\$2.00 " " if 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 *ipso facto* evidence of fraud and is a criminal offence.  
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.

### Original.

[For the Gazette.]

### WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

But few the hours, the fleeting hours,  
That I have spent with thee;  
Yet grateful memory recalls  
Those hours of mirth and glee.

One simple boon I ask of thee,  
If ought else thou wilt give;  
'Tis that some kindly thought of me,  
May in thy memory live.

That when you shall open the lids of this book,  
And look on the verses you told me to write,  
You will think of a word or a phrase I have spoken,  
And fall to condemn what I've traced here to-night.

COLD-SPRING, Sept. 5th, 1859.

# Read!

## THE BRITISH ABOLITIONISTS NOMI- NATE MR. SEWARD FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

We publish here a remarkable article from the London Daily News, the organ of the Exeter Hall Abolitionists, and the faithful chronicler of the proceedings of anti-slavery tea parties in the provincial towns of England, in which Mr. William H. Seward is formally nominated by the abridged British abolitionists, as their candidate for the next presidency of the United States. The News makes no concealment of the causes to which the New York senator is to attribute this distinction. He has afforded every possible evidence in his own country of his absolute and hearty condemnation of the institutions of the South, which are incompatible with the liberties of the Republic at large, and which threaten its existence; and, therefore, he is entitled to the sympathy and support of the British abolitionists "in the objects to which he is pledged."

As the News does not furnish "the evidence" to which it alludes in such laudatory language, we take leave to supply the omission by copying the following extract from Mr. Seward's famous speech at Rochester, N. Y., in the month of October, 1858:

"Our system of government is a war of antagonistic systems; a conflict between slave-labor and free labor, and it is a mistake to think the collision accidental, unnecessary, or interested fanatical agitators. It is an irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces, and it means that the United States must and will, sooner or later, become either entirely a slaveholding nation or entirely a free-labor nation. Either the cotton and rice fields of South Carolina and the sugar plantations of Louisiana will ultimately be settled by free labor, and Charleston and New Orleans become marts for legitimate merchandise, or the rye and wheat fields of Massachusetts and New York must again be surrendered by their farmers to slave culture and to the production of slaves, and Boston and New York become once more markets for trade in the bodies and souls of men."

There is such an evident affinity between the above sentiments and those expressed in the News, that we are convinced the editor of that paper could not have written as he did without a personal understanding with and by the consent of the New York senator; and we therefore hold and hope the American people will hold Mr. Seward responsible for that article.

No American who has a single spark of patriotism can read the article without feelings of indignation at its arrogant interference in American affairs, and the manifest concord that it manifests as existing between the abolitionists of this country and those of Great Britain to bring about a severance of the Union for the profit of British capitalists. Mr. Seward has certainly sold himself to this infamous combination. Until now we were at a loss to explain Mr. Seward's sudden visit to England. It is apparent; and we may confidently expect the free use of British gold in the next presidential election for the purpose of compassing the villanous purpose which he and the British abolitionists have in view.

This is a fruitful theme for comment and reflection. We shall recur to it often. We shall warn the democracy of the approach of their deadliest and bitterest foes, and show them how necessary it is, if they love their country and the Union, which is the source of our greatness and prosperity, to unite as one man to defeat the unholy aspirations of the most traitorous conspirators of which history contains any record—Constitution.

[From the London News.]

It is probable that no man in London—or let us say no foreigner in London—is more deeply interested in the appointments of the new ministry than Mr. Seward, at present so often mentioned in society here. It is understood that Mr. Seward is to be the free-soil candidate for the presidency of the United States, and probably the first anti-slavery President. This is sufficient well known, we believe, to save him from the danger to which many American gentlemen are subject, of leaving this country without having obtained any clear idea of what our feelings are about those powers which, in the face of the most solemn engagements, keep up the slave trade. Mr. Seward has afforded every possible evidence in his own country of his absolute and hearty condemnation of the institutions of the South, which are incompatible with the liberties of the Republic at large, and which threaten its existence. There is no occasion to consider his feelings, as in the case of an unknown man whom it would be inhospitable to remind of the faults of his country. He has shown that his patriotism consists in desiring and striving for the freedom, virtue, peace and happiness of his nation; and that, in pursuing those objects, he is as hearty an enemy of slavery and the slave trade as any man of any other country can be. Let him, then, fear what we think and feel. Let him have our sympathy in the objects to which he is pledged—whether as President or only as senator; and above all, let him have sound reason for hoping that our new Foreign Secretary will work cordially with an American President or minister who will do his duty in regard to the African slave trade, and also hold to strict account any official who tampers with the obligations to which the American government is sworn.—Lord John Russell made an ineffaceable impression on the minds of all American citizens during the short term of his being Foreign Secretary, in 1853, by his letter to Mr. Everett on the Monroe doctrine. If the statesman who wrote that letter should be in our Foreign Office, with the same mind and spirit in him, when the first anti-slavery President goes to the White House, the history of the African slave trade will be brought to a speedy close. In the hope of some such beneficial conjunction of authority and of views, we feel that this is the time to say a few words as to the present aspect of the great question which must be decided, in some way or other, by the next election, whether the new President be Mr. Seward or another.

Not a few citizens in America, nearly all men elsewhere, are dismayed and confounded at the re-opening of the African slave-trade at various points of the southern States. There are living before us now, advertisements of the sale of gangs of newly-imported negroes, as well as the remarkable declaration of the grand jury in Captain Corrie's case at Savannah, alluded to by our own correspondent in the letter we published on the 21st ultimo. We have abundance of reports of the meetings of southern conventions and other party assemblages, in which the members avow their purpose of imposing slave institutions by law on the whole federal republic—extending the Dred Scott decision over the Union, in defiance of the refusal of any number of the States. We see all this going on; but we do not, therefore, believe that the prospects of liberty for whites and blacks are less favorable than they were, but quite the contrary. The action of the slave States, in their present turbulence, is simply revolutionary; and the act of some of them in re-opening the African slave trade seems to be intended as a revolutionary manifesto. The election of 1860 will probably decide the fate of that traffic, and of the institution which occasions the traffic, as far as the American Government is implicated in it.

These demonstrations are met by counter-demonstrations in the North, which the South denounces as revolutionary also—and with justice if there is a real Federal Government at Washington. The resistance to the fugitive slave law spreads and deepens. The Ohio story is a good sample of what is going on less conspicuously and on a smaller scale elsewhere—citizens of respectability and eminence fined and imprisoned for choosing to ascertain the legal rights of captured fugitives; and the captors lodged in jail, on the other hand, on the charge of kidnapping free citizens: the federal and State courts passing opposite decisions, and their respective officials battling vehemently on behalf of each: these are phenomena which show to all eyes that present arrangements cannot continue to exist. All rational men are aware that the inevitable change must involve the fundamental radical principles on which the southern polity is grounded. The Churches present a spectacle analogous to that of the law courts; and so do the anniversary meetings of all the bodies—religious, philanthropic, political and commercial—by which the social interests of the nation are carried on. We have no space for remarks on the demonstrations of all these gatherings, though a few paragraphs would show that a revolutionary spirit has this year animated them all, though working in different directions. We can notice only one association; and we select it on account of the ease with which Englishmen will comprehend its significance.

When the attempt was made to force the stamp act on the American colonies, and the "stamp-master" who had obtained that appoint-

ment, refused the request of several cities and towns to resign his office, it became a question how to concentrate public sentiment so as to obtain some effectual action. The association of "The Sons of Liberty" was formed in 1770; and under their guidance the first great revolution proceeded to its memorable issue. Their first act was to cut batons from the forest trees on the road by which the stamp-master was to pass to the courts, and to inform him that they were the government and not the King at Westminster. In Ohio, last month, the procedure was revived. A senator, Hon. Joshua R. Giddings, whose reputation is as high as that of any citizen in the Union, has proclaimed a new association of "Sons of Liberty" in defence of the liberties and the laws of the State, as against the intolerable new law and tyranny of the remote central authority. Mr. Buchanan and the Congress at Washington are to the people of Ohio what George III. and the Parliament at Westminster were to the people in New England in 1770. The constitution of the society (which was immediately signed by a large number of the best known and most esteemed citizens) cannot be cited here; but its short closing paragraph will indicate the aim it proposes, and the pledge it involves as to rectifying the policy at Washington on the first occasion.—"Appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, we declare that no person shall be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law; when we have power to prevent it." It may seem safe to take a stand on so plain a constitutional provision, declared in the very terms of the Constitution, and sustained by the laws of Ohio, but as Mr. Buchanan's government and the whole policy of the South enforces an opposite principle and method, the "Sons of Liberty" are revolutionary now as their predecessors were—no more and no less. Mr. Seward comes among us when both sections of his countrymen are not only preparing for revolution but actually engaged in it, and he may be the man who his fellow-citizens may choose to be the exponent of the principle which Europe believes will triumph. Let him see that we have a faith and hope on the subject.

### BURLING, THE NEW YORK DUN.

The Boston Post's account of this man gives but a faint picture of him. I will give you one from real life.

Ten years ago I was seated in my office at No. 12 Wall Street, busily driving the quill, when I heard a quiet step behind and then a mild voice inquiring if I had the transcript of a certain judgment against one J. G. O.—The proprietor of the great Peg-gue-wah-wah-wah Company for selling Indian medicine. I looked up and saw a man whose twisted foot and palsied arms were quite familiar to me, but of whose name or calling I knew nothing.

"Yes," I replied, "I have the transcript."  
"Well, I want it," he said; "I'm going to collect it for the creditors."  
"Going to collect it?" I exclaimed, "why the judgment is perfectly worthless. Executions, and proceedings after judgment, and all ordinary means of grace, have long ago been exhausted upon O. He is hopelessly insolvent, and besides, the most adroit scamp of a swindler I ever encountered."

"What is that to me?" broke out the visitor, in a gruff, strong voice, quite different from his flat tones. "Perhaps you don't know who I am. I am Burling, the man about town.—You a lawyer, and not know me? Sheriffs are good for nothing; constables are good for nothing; ex-cutions and creditor's bills are good for nothing. Give me the transcript—here's the order for it—I'll make the money out of him."

I scurried round my chair and started at the man. "And will you be so good, Mr. Burling," I asked, "to tell me what is your patent plan for superseding officers and writs, and for speezing blood out of turnips, and cash out of the President of the Peg-gue-wah-wah Company?"

"How I do it, you mean. Why I dun 'em at their houses, I dun 'em in the street, I dun 'em at the theatre, I dun 'em in church, I catch 'em early in the mornins and stick 'em all day; follow 'em up wherever they go; 'em to meals and eat with 'em; go to bed with 'em; give 'em no peace night or day, Sunday nor week day, stick to them like death to a dead nigger. A man owes a debt, he won't pay it. I follow him up all the week so he can't do any business, nor go to sea his sweetheart, nor walk in Broadway, nor eat with any appetite, nor sleep without dreaming. I'm after him with the devil to help run him down. All this won't do? Very well. When he goes to church on Sunday, he finds me in his pew. (Your Sheriffs can't work Sundays—I do my best business then.) The congregation rises, and he rises, takes out his book, opens at the place, and there he finds the bill 'Flee stuck there, and gets so mad he can't say amen."

"Sheriffs and constables," continued he, getting loud and fierce, "won't go of a Sunday morning to a person's house and follow him to church and walk up the broad aisle with him before all the congregation, and go up the pulpit stairs close to his heels and slip into the pulpit after him before he can shut the door, and take a seat by his side, and get up when he gets up, and when he opens the Bible, open John Jones' bill full length, and lay it down over the chapter and verse, and tell him:—'There's that bill of horse hire, pay it before you preach! Bot that's what I did—and I got my money too.'"

"And what commission did you charge?"  
"Fifty per cent." Rather strong," I suggested, "but still your mode of procedure was strong. Do you often get as much as fifty per cent?"  
"When I earn it, I get it. Dr. C. of Broadway, sent me to dogn a fellow, who lived back in a yard, and kept two bull dogs that he left loose when anybody came to collect honest

debts. I went to him with a horse-pistol in each hand and Dr. C.'s bill in my teeth, and made him pay up. What did Dr. C. offer me for getting his sixty dollars?—he offered me one dollar. I won't take it, says I. Get out of my office, or I'll kick you out says he, and he kicked me out of his door and down the steps into Broadway. I goes across to the hotel and hires a great arm-chair out of the bar-room, and takes it across the street, and plants it on the curbstone right opposite Dr. C.'s door, and I lays the bill I had made out on a full sheet of foolscap across my knees, hanging down so everybody that went by could read in large black sanded letters:

Doctor C—

To J. Burling, Dr.

For collecting of Richard Roe—

Commission - - - - - \$30.00

And all the crowd kept stopping to read, so that there was all the while two or three hundred people standing on the Doctor's pavement and reading first my bill and then his sign, and making their jokes. I had hired the chair for the whole afternoon, but he hadn't stood this more than fifteen minutes before he comes to the door, and says, come here, you rascal, and I went in and took thirty dollars of his money, and left the bill receipted.

"But my friend, don't your impudent ways often get you into some scrapes; are you not afraid some one will some day break your head?"  
"Break whose head?" he thundered; didn't Col. S. of New Orleans, a man that's killed seven men in duels, when I went to dun him at the Astor House—didn't he grab me by my breeches, and hold me out the fifth story window, and shake me there above the pavement, and say shall I let you fall and break your neck on the stones, or take you in and kick you down stairs?"  
"Well," said I, anxiously, "what did you do then?"

"What did I do? I said pay me that money! and didn't he pull me in and pay me every cent?"  
The intensity of his manner, as he thus related his exploits, cannot be rendered on paper—especially when he exclaimed with closed teeth and the fingers of his round hand clenched—"pay me that money!"

He took the transcript, and limped out. In another day the hapless debtor, and over-matched for all the regular thumb-screws of the law, came in to beg pitiously I would call off the blood-hound. I told him it was the creditor's affair, not mine. Next day I met Burling at the corner of Cortland street, looking mild and happy, and asked him how he succeeded. "I haven't got it yet," was the reply. "He hasn't found me out, but he has just paid me five dollars to let him dine at the hotel down there, without my company. We've taken all our meals together for the last two days, and he began to find his appetite fail."

Whether the five dollars was credited on the judgment, or pocketed as a personal perquisite, I never knew.

### BOOTH, THE TRAGEDIAN.

In the early and palmy days of his theatrical career, Booth and several friends had been invited to dine with an old gentleman in Baltimore, of distinguished kindness, urbanity and piety. The host, though disapproving of theatres, and theatre-going, had heard so much of Booth's remarkable powers, that curiosity to see the man had overcome all scruples and prejudices. After the entertainment was over, lamps lighted, and the company resorted in the drawing-room some one requested Booth, as a particular favor, and one which all present would, doubtless, appreciate, to read aloud the Lord's Prayer.

Booth expressed his willingness, and all eyes were turned expectantly upon him. Booth rose slowly and reverently from his chair. It was wonderful to watch the emotion that convulsed his countenance. He became deadly pale, and his eyes, turning tremblingly upwards, wet with tears. As yet he had not spoken. The silence could be felt. It had become absolutely painful, until at last the spell was broken, as if by an electric shock. In his rich toned voice, from white lips, he syllabled forth, "Our Father, which art in Heaven," etc, with such a pathos and solemnity that thrilled all hearts. He finished. The silence continued. Not a voice was heard or muscle moved in this vast audience until from a remote corner of the room a subdued sob was heard, and the old gentleman, (their host) stepped forward with streaming eyes and tottering frame, and seized Booth by the hand. "Sir," said he, in broken accents, "you afford me a pleasure for which my whole future will feel grateful. I am an old man, and every day from my boyhood to the present time, I thought I had repeated the Lord's Prayer, but I have never heard it before, never."

"You are right," replied Booth. "To read that prayer as it should be read has, caused me the severest study and labor for thirty years, and I am yet far from being satisfied with my rendering of that wonderful profusion. Hardly one person in ten thousand comprehends how much beauty, tenderness, and grandeur can be condensed in a space so small, and in words so simple. That prayer itself illustrates the truth of the Bible, and stamps upon it the seal of divinity."  
"So great was the effect thus produced," says our informant, who was present, "that conversation was sustained but a short time longer in subdued monosyllables, and almost ceased; and soon after, at an early hour, the company broke and returned to their several homes, with thoughtful faces and full hearts."

HE DOESN'T TAKE A PAPER.—The man that doth no paper take,  
Grudging eight shillings once a year,  
Will never a good husband make,  
Because his wife can never know what is going on in the world, and his children will very ignorant appear.

The last line is rather long for a good jingle, but the moral is sublime.

### ARTEMAS WARD'S GOURTLING.

'Twas a calm still night in Joon, when all nature was hushed & nary Zeller disturbed the serene silence. I sot with the objk of my heart's affections on the fence of her daddy's pasture. I had experienced a handkercher arter hur for sum time, but darsant proclaim mi pash-un, wal we sot there on the fence a swinging of our feet 2 & fro & blushing as red as the Bauldiville skule house when it was first painted & looking very cimpul, I make no dowl. My left arm was okuped in baluistin myself on the fence while my right arm was wound afekshnitly round Suzanner's waste.

Sez I, "Suzanner, I thinks very much of you."  
"Sez she, "how you do run on."  
Sez I, "I wish there was winderstu mi sole soz you could see some of my feelins," & I side-deply.

I pawsed here, but as she made no reply to it I continued on the following strain:  
Ar, cood yer know the sleepis nitas I parse on yer account, how vittles had seet to be attractive to me & how my limbs is shrunk up, you woudn't dowl me not by no means. Gazon this wastin form and these sunken iz." I cried, jump up & I shud have continued sum time longer probly, but unfortunately I lost my balance & fell over into the pasture ker smash, taring my close and severely damagin myself generally. Suzanner sprang to my assistance & dragged me 4th in double quick time. Then drawing herself up to her full hite she sed:  
"I won't listen to yer noncents any longer. Jest you sa rite out what you are driven at. If you mean gittin hitched, I'm in."

DICK LAZYBONES SELLING HIS DOG.—Dick Lazybones was the owner of a large dog, which cost as much to keep as two pigs would have done; and the dog, besides, was useless; nay, he was worse than useless, for, in addition to the expense of keeping, he took up house room, and greatly annoyed Dick's wife. "Plague take the dog!" said she; "Mr. Lazybones, I do wish you would sell him, or kill him, or do something or other with him: He's more plague than his neck is worth, always lying in the chimney corner, and eating more than it would take to maintain three children. I wonder you will keep such a useless animal." "Well, well, my dear," said Dick, "say no more about it. I'll get rid of him one of these days." This was intended as a mere get off on the part of Dick; but as his wife kept daily dining in his ears about the dog, he was at length compelled to take some action on the subject. "Well, wife," said he, one day, as he came in, "I've sold Jowler." "Ah! have you, indeed?" said she, brightening up at the good news "I'm glad of it. How much did you sell him for, my dear?" "Fifty dollars!" "What! fifty dollars for that dog! How glad I am! That will buy us a cow. But where's the money, my love?" "Monet," said Dick, shifting his cigar lazily to the other corner of his mouth, "I didn't get any money!—I took two puppies, at twentyfive dollars a piece."

A GOOD JOKE is told of Beecher and Park Benjamin, though it is probably not true. One of their lecturing expeditions, they were riding in the same railway car. Getting into conversation about preaching, Beecher was so courtous as to ask him to come to Brooklyn, some sabbath morning, and hear him. "I do not know where your meeting house is," said Benjamin; "how shall I find it?" "Oh," replied Beecher, "all you have to do is to come over one of the ferries, and follow the crowd." "I would come," continued Benjamin, "but for one reason." "Ah! what is that?" asked Beecher. "Because," said Benjamin, with a merry look out of his eyes, "I make it an invariable rule never to go to any place of amusement on Sunday."

AWFUL CONDITION.—"Well, there is a row over at our house."  
"Over at airb's the matter, you little sarpint?"  
"Why dad's drunk, mother's dead, the old cow's got a calf, Jerusha's married a printer and run away with the spoons. Pete swallowed a pin, and Lew's looked at the Aurora Borax, till he's got the delirium triangles."  
"Good gracious! I'll have to go over and see 'em."  
"That ain't all, neither."  
"What else, upon airb?"  
"Rose split the batter-box and broke the pan-cakes, and one of the Maltese kittens has got her head into the molasses cup and can't get it out, and oh, how hungry I am."

Signing the pledge.—Joe Snopes was induced in a lucid moment to sign the pledge. Joe was a wild, frolicking dog, and his firmness in keeping his promise was a wonder to all his friends. At a wedding, one day, Joe was found behind the door taking a right good drink—a long pull, and a strong pull.  
"Why," said Bob Pitts, "I thought you had signed the pledge, Joe?"  
"So I have," said Joe; "but all signs you know, fall in dry weather."

Some one was telling an Irishman, that somebody had eaten ten saucers of ice cream; whereupon Pat shook his head. "So you don't believe it?" "I believe in the crame, but not in the saucers."  
Joe and Bill Benton went to New Orleans with a flat-boat of corn. Joe wrote to his father thus:  
"No Orleans, Gone 5—Deer Dnd markets is dull corn is mighty to and Bills dnd.  
Your affectionate son,  
J. B."

A man named Oats was up recently for beating his wife and children. On being sentenced to imprisonment, the brute remarked that it was very hard a man was not allowed to thrash his own oats.