

Bedford Gazette.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 1, 1861.

WHOLE NUMBER 2946.

VOL. 4, No. 29.

VOLUME 57.

NEW SERIES.

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.
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HERE AND THERE.

Nelly, my neighbor—Nelly, my pet!
What are you thinking of, Nell?
Isn't it fair to ask, my lass?
Wouldn't it do to tell?
Gazing out into the far, far west,
What do you watch to see?
Over the Kenish cliff's white crest,
Nought but the seabird seeking her nest,
Nought but the wave in a breaking unrest
Is out in the west for me.

Willie, the handsome never do well,
What is the matter with Will?
Isn't it fair to ask, my lad?
Wouldn't it do to tell?
Out in Australia working away,
Wonders never will end?
You! the idiot dog of your day,
And dandy longer, in this array—
Pastan jacket and bonnet gray—
To what does this changed life tend?

Nelly is waking before the dawn,
And a name that is not her own
Is first in prayer and first in her heart,
As she kneels to the Heavenly Throne.
And Willie—his long day's labor done—
Sits on the side of the hill,
And his thoughts go down with the setting sun
And the prize of his struggle is nearly won.
On that evening calm and still.

Looking at Nell, and thinking of Will,
What is the governing spell?
Isn't it fair to ask, my friends?
Wouldn't it do to tell?
Will was a trifle—hope for the best,
Nelly was poor—we'll see!
The bird has come back to her rocky nest,
The only noon—but the wave is at rest,
Who knows what else may come out of the West!
Nelly—true Nell! for thee?

THE RESTORED.

A THRILLING REVOLUTIONARY TALE.
God is everywhere. His words are on our hearts. He is on the battle field or in the peaceful home. Praise be to His holy name.
It was on the wilds of Wissahicon, on the day of battle, as the noon day sun came through the thickly clustered leaves that two men met in deadly conflict near the reefs which rose like the rock of some primeval world, at least one thousand feet above the dark waters of the Wissahicon.
The man with the dark, brown face, and darker grey eye, flashing with deadly light, and a muscular form clad in the blue frock of the revolution, is a continental named Warren.
The other man, with long black hair drooping along his cadaverous face, is clad in half military custom of a tory refugee. This is a murderer of Paoli, named Dehaney.
They met by accident and now they fought, not with sword and rifle, but with long and deadly hunting knives they struggled; twining and twisting on the green sward.
At last the tory is down, down on the turf, with the knee of the continental upon his breast the oarped knife flashed death in his face.
"Quarters! I yield," gasped the tory, as the knee was pressed upon his breast, "Spare me, I yield."
"My brother," said the patriot soldier in that tone of deadly hate, "My brother cried for quarters on the night of Paoli, and even as he clung to your knees you struck that knife into his heart. O, I will give you the quarters of Paoli."
And as his hand was raised for the blow and his teeth were clenched with deadly hate, he paused for a moment, then pinning the tory's arms and with a rapid stride dragged him to the verge of the rocks, and held him quivering over the abyss.
"Mercy!" gasped the tory, turning ashy pale by turns, as that awful gulf yawned below.
"Mercy! I have a wife and a child at home, spare me."
The continental with his muscular strength gathered for the effort, shook the murderer once more over the abyss, and then hissed this bitter sneer in his face.
"My brother had a wife and two children. The morning after the night of Paoli that wife was a widow, those children were orphans. Would you not like to go and beg your life of widow and her orphans?"
The proposal made by the continental in mockery and bitter hate, was taken in serious earnest by the terror-stricken tory. He begged to be taken to the widow and her children, and to have the privilege of begging his life. At that moment's serious thought, the patriot soldier consented. He bound the tory's arms still tighter, placed him on the rocks again, and led him to the woods. A quiet cottage, embosomed among trees, broke on their eyes. They entered the cottage. There, beside the desolate hearth-stone, sat the widow and children.
She sat there, a matronly woman of about 23 years, with a face faded by care, a deep dark eye, and long black hair hanging in a disheveled state about her shoulders. On one side was a dark-haired boy of some six years, on the other side a girl one year younger, with light blue eyes. The Bible—an old and venerable

volume—lay open upon the mother's knee.— And now the pale faced tory flung himself upon his knees and confessed he had butchered her husband on the night of Paoli, and begged his life at her hands.
"Spare me for the sake of my wife—child!" He had expected this pitiful moan would touch the widow's heart, but not one relenting gleam softened her face.
"The Lord shall judge between us," she said in a cold icy tone that froze the murderers heart. "Look, the Bible is in my lap; I will close the volume, and this boy shall open it, and place his fingers at random upon a line and by that you shall live or die."
This was a strange proposal, made in good faith of a wild and dark superstition of olden times. For a moment the tory, pale as ashes, was wrapped in deep thought—then in a fainting voice he signified his consent.
Raising her dark eyes to heaven, the mother prayed to the Great Father to direct the finger of her son. She closed the book—she handed it to that boy whose cheek reddened with loathing as he gazed upon his father's murderer.— He took the Bible opened its holy pages at random, and placed his finger upon a verse.
There was a silence. The continental soldier, who had a sword to avenge his brother's death, stood with dilating eyes and parted lips. The culprit kneeling upon the floor, with his face like discolored clay, felt his heart leap to his throat.
Then in a clear, bold voice, the widow read this line from the Old Testament. It was short, yet terrible:
"That man shall die!"
Look! the brother springs forward to plunge a knife in the murderer's heart; but the tory, pinioned as he is, clings to the widow's knees. He begs that one more trial may be made by the little girl, that child of five years old, with golden hair and laughing eyes.
The widow consents. There is an awful pause. With a smile in her eye, without knowing what she was doing, the little girl opens the Bible as it lay on her mother's knee; she turned her face away and placed her finger upon a line.
The awful silence grows deeper. The deep drawn breaths of the brother, and broken gasp of the murderer, alone disturb the stillness; the widow and dark haired boy were breathless. The little girl as she caught a feeling of awe from those about her, stood breathless, her face turned aside, and her tiny fingers resting on the lines of life and death.
At length gathering courage, the widow bent her eye upon the page and read, it was a line from the New Testament:
"Love your enemies."
O, look of terrible majesty and childlike love—of sublimity that crushes the heart with rapture, you never shone more strongly than there in that lonely cot of the Wissahicon when you saved the murderer's heart.
Now look how wonderful are the ways of heaven. That very night as the widow sat by her fireside—sat there with a crushed heart and hot-eyes, thinking of her husband who now lay mouldering in the drenched soil of Paoli—there was a tap at the door. She opened it, and that husband living, though covered with wounds was in her arms.
He had fallen at Paoli, but not in death; he was alive, and his wife lay panting on his bosom.
That night there was a prayer in the wood embowered cottage of Wissahicon.

IS TRUTH STRONGER THAN FICTION.

A Yankee pedler, who had stopped in a coffee house to refresh himself one hot day, says the Yankee Blade, heard a very strange old gentleman remark, in answer to a friend who had been relating some marvelous story said to be true, "truly, truth is stronger than fiction. So Jonathan, stepping up and slapping the astonished guest on the back said:
"You're mistaken right that, old 'oss, 'tain't so, and to prove it I'll wager you juleps for the crowd that I can tell one fiction that'll just go ahead of any truth that you heard tell on."
"Good," said the old gentleman, "I'd like to hear any fiction that can go ahead of Christopher Columbus."
"Pshaw! Christopher Columbus ain't a circumstance," said Jonathan; "but here goes:
"Onst I was standing by a big river, out in Sahary desert that was dried up. The shone sun so all-fired hot, that I was obliged to tie my handkerchief over my eyes to keep them from being blinded; and as I was standin' thar I happened to look down the river and seed a big boat with out any bottom come floatin' up stream, with a hull full of fellers on her: one of 'em had no eyes, t'other no arms, nother no legs, and the last chap in the stern of the boat had no mouth! Gosh! I never seed such a sight before: I was scared like blazes; and just stood lookin' at 'em. Presently the chap as had no eyes looked down and seed a ten cent piece at the bottom of the river and the feller who had no arms bent over and picked it up, then handed it to the chap who had no legs, and he jumped out of the boat and waded to shore, went to a grog shop that wasn't there, but a pint of whiskey and handed it to the feller who had no mouth and he drank it up; and all the rest got drunk and the last I seed of 'em the feller what had no mouth was singing Hall Columbia; while the chap what had no legs was dancin'; the no-eyed shap was readin' a text on the psalm book, and the feller what had no arms was clapping his hands and waving his hat like blazes, and I left just about that time."
"Juleps for the crowd, and charge to me?" roared the old gentleman, as he bolted out of the back door!

Alexander Hamilton Stephens was born on the 11th of February, 1812, and was consequently 49 years of age on the day he took the oath as first Vice President of the Confederate States of America.

NEW YORKERS ELEVEN YEARS CAPTIVE AMONG THE SNAKE INDIANS.

On Saturday morning the Western train brought to this city a man and woman who related a story that, if true (and there is no reason to doubt it), has few equals even in France. The persons were husband and wife, their name Kimball, and they formerly resided in the neighborhood of Syracuse, N. Y. Their story was substantially as follows:
In 1848, in company with a party of sixty-three, the Kimbells started for California by the overland route. In the party was their father, and old man, and three sisters. They passed on westward in the usual manner without accident until the 17th day of July. They were then on the plains, far from any settlement, and as they were pursuing their way were suddenly surprised by a large party of Indians. The little party was immediately put in as good condition for defense as the time would permit—the females being placed in the center. Down came the Indians like a whirlwind, but they met a resistance as obstinate as desperation could produce. The white men fought for their wives, and fought nobly—so well, indeed, that when the contest was ended, there were of the party of sixty-three but thirteen left, including men and women. The Indians took what plunder they wanted, tied the prisoners in pairs, and continued their rambling expedition. The next day they halted and prepared to dispose of their prisoners.
The old man Kimball was made to "run the gauntlet" for his life. He was too feeble for escape, and, wounded and completely exhausted, was tied to a stake and burned. The younger Kimball was then brought to the desperate trial. He was strong and active, and successfully underwent the ordeal. The Indians pleased with his prowess, allowed him to make a second trial for the life of any female he might choose. The poor man was almost in despair; his wife and three sisters were sitting on the ground, and he was called upon to choose the one he would save, with the certainty that death by torture would be the fate of the others. He chose his wife and saved her. The Indians murdered his sisters in his presence. It was a poor privilege he had so dearly bought. They were obliged to perform menial duties for their captors, and the woman was often treated with brutality. Following the Indians from place to place without an opportunity to escape, they lived till 1859, when their party met a United States surveying company. Kimball told his story to the whites, and one of them an old resident in the country, offered his aid in effecting their escape.— The offer was gladly accepted, and the attempt, after many months of intense suffering, was successful.
Kimball and his wife reached this city on Saturday without money. The railroad authorities had passed them thus far on their journey. Depot officer Clark Warren took them in charge, cared for them during the day, and the officers of the C. & E. Rd. passed them over the road on the afternoon train. A large number visited them in the sitting room at the depot, and listened to their story. Mrs. Kimball exhibited a mark on her forehead, made by a blow from an Indian war club. One of her arms was broken in the same manner. Her feet were so calloused, and the soles were as hard as the sole of a shoe. There were various other indications that their story was strictly true, and none who heard them doubted it. They have friends in New York who have doubtless long supposed them dead.

DOMESTIC ETIQUETTE.

Some of our exchanges are comparing notes on the etiquette of different localities in the employment of girls to do the work of the household. The rules that govern this important branch of service vary somewhat in different degrees of longitude. The Milwaukee Sentinel says: "When a girl is hired in Milwaukee, one of the conditions is that she can have all the lovers she wants; that they can have the eating and drinking of the kitchen *ad libitum*; that she can go to balls three nights in a week, and have kitchen receptions the other nights; and that she shall have unrestricted access to all the bureaus and trunks in the house, without being subjected to the vulgar suspicion of being considered a thief."
The Buffalo Commercial says: "In Buffalo, the night key and key to the wine cellar are understood to be often points of dispute between the lady and her help, and one domestic actually resigned because plates spoon were in use in the kitchen."
Here, in Rochester, it is a condition of employment that the mistress of the house shall be up early, and ready to attend to the calls of the milkman, the baker, and the baker, as the girl cannot be suitably dressed to appear at the door in the presence of these important purveyors to the larder.
A FASHIONABLE CALL, AND ALL THEY SAID.
"How do you, my dear?"
"Patty well, thank you." [They kiss.]
"How have you been this age?"
"Very well, thank you."
"Pleasant to-day."
"Very bright—but we had a shower yesterday."
"Are all your people well?"
"Quite well, thank you; how are yours?"
"Very well, I am obliged to you."
"Have you seen Mary B.—lately?"
"No, but I've seen Susan G."
"You don't say so. Is she well?"
"Very well, I believe." [Rising.]
"Do call again soon."
"Thank you—I should be pleased to come, but you don't call on me once in an age."
"Oh, you should not say that, I am sure I am very good."
"Good day."
"Must you go?"
"Yes, indeed; I have seven calls to make."
"Good day."

Who SAW THE STEER.—The richest thing of the season, it we except some of the follies of secession, says the Newburyport Herald, came off the other day in the neighborhood of the market. The greenest Jonathan imaginable, decked out in a slouched hat, a long blue frock, and a pair of cowhide shoes, big as gondolas, with a huge whip under his arm, stalked into a billiard saloon, where half a dozen persons were improving the time in trundling round the ivories,—and after recovering from his first surprise as to him the singular aspect of the room, inquired if "any of 'em had seen a stray steer," affirming that "the blackest critter got away as he came through town with his drove 't'other day, and hadn't seen no 'in' him since." The blods denied all knowledge of the animal in question, and with much squinting at each other, proceeded to condescend with him on his loss in the most heart-felt manner. He watched the game with much interest, as he had evidently never seen nor heard of anything of the kind before, and created much amusement by his demonstration of applause when a good shot made—"Jerusalem!" being a favorite interjection. At last he made bold to request the privilege of trying his skill, when he set the crowd in a roar by his awkward movement. However he gradually got his hand in, and played as well as could be expected for a greenhorn. All hands now began to praise him, which so elated him that he actually began to think himself a second Phelon, and he offered to bet a dollar with his opponent, which of course he lost. The loss and the laugh so irritated him that he offered to play another game and bet two dollars, which he pulled out of a big roll, for it seems his cattle had sold well, and he was quite flush. This bet he also lost, as the fool might have known he would, when mad as a March hare, he pulled out a fifty spot, the largest bill he had, and offered to bet that on another game. The crowd mustered around and raised money enough to cover it, and at it they went again, when, by some strange turn of luck, greeny won. He now offered to put up the hundred he had won against another hundred. Of course he could not blunder into another game, so they could now win back what they lost, and fleece the fellow of his own roll besides. They sent out for a famous player, happened to have money enough to bet with, and another game was played, which Jonathan also won. Another hundred was also raised, and bet, and won; and it was not until he had blundered through half a dozen games, and by some unaccountable run of luck won them all, draining the pockets of his opponents of about four hundred dollars, that they began to smell a very large "snice." When everybody got tired of playing, gawky pulled his frock on over his head, put his whip under his arm, and walked quietly out, turning round at the door and remarking, "Gentlemen, if you should happen to see anything of that steer, I wish you'd just let me know." At last accounts they had not seen the steer, but they came to the conclusion that they had seen the elephant.

COULDN'T SPELL CAT.

Dr. M——, an army surgeon during the American war, was very fond of a joke, if not perpetrated at his expense, and had moreover a great contempt for citizen soldiers, who were more renowned for their courage than their scholarship.
One day, after mess, the decenter had performed sundry preambulations of the table, Captain S——, a brave and accomplished officer, and a very great wag, remarked to the doctor, who had been somewhat severe in his remarks on the literary deficiencies of some of the new officers said,
"Dr. M——, are you acquainted with Captain G?"
"Yes, I know him well," replied the doctor, "he is one of the new set. But what of him?"
"Nothing in particular," replied Capt. S., "I have just received from him a letter, and I'll wager you a dozen of old port that you cannot guess in six guesses how he spells CAT."
"Done, it's a wager," said the doctor.
"Well, commence guessing," said S.
"K-a-double!"
"No."
"K-a-t-e."
"No."
"C-a-t-t-e."
"No."
"C-a-t-t."
"No."
"K-a-t-t."
"No, that's not the way, try again—it's the last guess."
"Caught."
"No," said S., you are wrong again and you have lost your wager."
"Well," said the doctor, with much petulance of manner, "how the deuce does he spell it?"
"Why, he spells it C-A-T," replied he, with the utmost gravity.
Amidst the roar of the mess, and almost choking with rage, the doctor immediately jumped to his feet, exclaiming:
"Captain S., I am too old a man to be trifled with in this manner."
TAKE BACK THE BEARD.—A Highlander, who sold brooms, went into a barber shop in Glasgow, to get shaved. The barber bought one of his brooms, and after having shaved him asked the price of it. "Tippence," said the Highlander. "No, no," said the shaver; "I'll give you a penny, and if that does not satisfy you, take your broom again." The Highlander took it, and asked what he had to pay. "A penny," said the shaver. "I'll give ye a banbee," said Duncan; "and if that dinna satisfy ye, put on my beard again."

TAKING THE ROPE.—"Bones, why didn't you come and see me the other day, when I sent for you?"
"Why, I didn't know dat you sent for me Julius."
"Why, I sent you a note to call and see me."
"Where was you stopping, Julius at de— House, or round town on the punches?"
"No, Bones, I was stopping in jail."
"You warn't dar was you, Julius?"
"Yes, Bones, I am sorry to say I was."
"What did you get put in dar for, Julius?"
"Oh, a mere trifle, bones."
"Oh, you stold a trifle, eh?"
"No, no—I said a mere trifle."
"Oh, yes? What did you do, Julius?"
"Why, I borrowed some money from a man that's all Bones."
"Golly, Julius do they put you in jail for borrowin' money, now?"
"Yes, Bones."
"Oh, I am scared! den I'll get in for life Julius."
"No, I'll tell you how it was, Bones. You see I had to knock the man down three or four times before he would lend it to me."
"Oh, yes, I see. What was de number of your room?"
"Number seven, Bones."
"Did you hear a noise in number eight?"
"I think I did."
"Dat was me."
"Ha, ha, then you were in, too."
"Yes I was in dar, Julius."
"What was you in dar for, Bones?"
"I done nothin, too."
"But you must have done something or you would not have got in."
"Well, I just took a little piece ob rope, about a foot long."
"A piece of rope a foot long?"
"Yes."
"Well, what was there on the end of it?"
"Why, dar was a little knot on de end ob it, Julius."
"Yes, but what was there on the other end, Bones?"
"O yes. Why dar was a grate big Gray Horse on de other end Julius."
"Ah, then it was for taking the horse—Bones, and not the rope, that you were put in jail."
"Oh, no, I didn't take the horse, Julius: I took de rope, and de horse came right along wid de rope."
A good story is told of a Washington County man, who on his way to Cincinnati became somewhat elevated by sundry "drinks" but as good luck would have it, found a boat at the wharf and was quickly on his way.
Soon after leaving the wharf, a man came round for his fare. Horrall handed out a five dollar bill, and received four dollars and ninety five cents in change. He rammed it into his pocket-book with great eagerness, supposing the clerk had made a mistake. That done he leaned back into his chair and fell asleep.— A little while and he was plucked awake by the same man, who again demanded fare.— "Discovered the mistake," thought he, holding out a handful of change. The man, as before, took only five cents, and Horrall again went into a doze. Ere he had got fairly to dreaming of home and friends far away, around came the collector again, and this time it went on for a long time.
At last Horrall thought it very inconvenient and concluded to vote the collector a nuisance, and give him a bit of advice besides; so, said he:
"Is (hic) thas a dan-ger (hic) cus bo (hic) boat?"
"By no means," said the man. "Bran new."
Then, by gummy, (hic) why do (hic) don't you collect all the (hic) at once—not bother a fel (hic) helles for every mile as it (hic) comes us?"
"Cincin (hic) hincin," said Horrall.
"Cincinnati," said the polite conductor; "why, you must be badly out of your reckoning. This is the ferry-boat, and all this afternoon you have been riding to and fro between New Albany and Portland."
That night Horrall staid in Louisville.
BEAUTIFUL ANSWERS.—A pupil of the Abbe Sicord gave the following extraordinary answers:
"What is gratitude?"
"Gratitude is the memory of the heart."
"What is hope?"
"Hope is the blossom of happiness."
"What is the difference between hope and desire?"
"Desire is a tree in leaf, hope is a tree in flower, and enjoyment is a tree in fruit."
"What is eternity?"
"A day without yesterday or to-morrow, a line that has no end."
"What is time?"
"A line that has two ends, a path which begins in the cradle and ends in the grave."
"What is God?"
"The necessary being, the sun of eternity, the machinist of nature, the eye of justice, the watch maker of the Universe, the soul of the world."
"Does God reason?"
"Man reasons because he doubts; he deliberates, he decides. God is omniscient; He never doubts, He therefore never reasons."

BRILLIANT WOMAN.—"She's too brilliant for me," exclaimed a friend, whom we introduced to a very attractive young lady.
"Too brilliant?" we echoed, inquiringly.
"Yes, the woman that shines so much can be fit for little else in this world of dull utility."
Was he right? Do men, as a general rule, fear, as well as admire, brilliant women?—Are they content to bask in their brightness, but not wish to possess them? If so, ladies, there is in this truth deep matter for your serious consideration.
A woman may be intellectual enough to sparkle like a diamond. But, after all, notwithstanding diamonds are pretty things to wear in public, they are of little use in the house! They may create envy in the breast of a neighbor, but will they awaken an honest love in one worthy heart? They may be effulgent in the ball-room, but will they light up with smiles the domestic circle? Can you put a diamond to any of the common, but necessary uses of the household? Will you not have to exchange it for vulgar six-pences and cents before you can make it available in buying bread.
WHAT HE WOULD DO.—The man that will take a newspaper for a length of time, and send it back "refused" and unpaid for, would swallow a blind dog's dinner, and then stone the dog for being blind.—*Exchange.*
He would do worse than that. He would marry a girl on trial and send her back to her father at the end of the honeymoon with the words—"don't suit" chalked on her back.—*London City.*
He would do worse than that. He would steal the chalk to write it with, after which he would use it on his shirt to save the expense of washing, and then sue his wife's father for her month's boarding.—*Advertiser.*
Worse yet. He'd chase a sick rat ten miles over a corduroy road, and institute a post mortem examination after he caught him, in order to recover a stolen grain of corn.
A Georgia negro was riding a mule along and came to a bridge, when the mule stopped. "I'll bet a quarter," said Jack, "I'll make you go over this bridge," and with that struck the mule over the ears, which made him nod his head suddenly. "You take the bet, den, said the negro, and he contrived the mule to get stubborn over the bridge. "I won dat quarter, anyhow," said Jack.
"But how'll you get your money?" said a man who had been close by, unperceived.
"To-morrow," said Jack, "massa gib me a dollar to get corn for de mule, and I'll take de quarter out."

A young lad in one of the districts of this State, had progressed with his "eddytation," under the guidance of a Yankee schoolmaster, as far words of five letters. While under drill, one day he came to the word piece.
"What does that spell?" said the dominie.
"Couldn't tell."
"Try it again."
"P-i-p-e-e."
Still he couldn't pronounce it.
"What do people smoke with?" said the master.
The boy made no answer, but, with a brightened countenance commenced once more.
"P-i-p-e-cigar!"

"Say, Bob, did you ever go to the gold mine?"
"Why, to be sure I did. What makes you ax?"
"What did you dig?"
"O, well, as to that, I dug out myself as soon as directly."

A Connecticut schoolmaster asked a lad from Newport, "how many Gods are there?" The boy, after scratching his head some time, replied, "I don't know how many you have in Connecticut, but we have none in Rhode Island."

A soldier who was once wounded in a battle, set up a terrible howling. An Irishman, who laid near, with both legs shot off, immediately sung out—"Bad luck to the likes of ye—do you ye think that nobody is kilt but yourself?"

LOOKS WELL.—To see young men go to Church every Sabbath evening, give their undivided attention to the remarks of the preacher, remain in Church until dismissed, and then go right home without stopping at the door.
"If there is any body under the canister of heaven that I have in utter excrecence," said Mrs. Partington, "it is the slanderer, going about like a box constructor, circulating his calomel among honest folks."

A wag said; "I love my wife at first.— For the first two months I felt as if I could eat her up; ever since I have been sorry I didn't."
MR. LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY.—The President elect was born on the 12th of February, 1809, and is therefore fifty-two years of age, and in the vigorous maturity of life.
A tailor being reproached by a silly fellow as only the ninth part of a man, retorted by saying: "Still, I am better off than you; for a fool is no part of man at all."
SOME PERSONS CAN BE EVERYWHERE AT HOME; others can sit musingly at home; others can sit musingly at home and be everywhere.
An Irishman says he is "rather going out to California in the next vessel. He has received an anonymous letter, signed by half a dozen of his countrymen there, requesting him to come out to the land of yellow boys."
The most direct method of determining horse power—Stand behind and tickle his hind legs with a briar.

A SHOCKING BAD MEMORY.—"Mary, my love do you remember the text this morning?"
"No, papa, I never can remember the text, I've such a bad memory."
"Mary," said her mother, "did you notice Susan Brown?"
"Oh, yes! What a fright! She had on her last year's bonnet done up, a pea green silk, a black lace mantilla, brown gaiters, an imitation Honiton collar, a lava bracelet, her old ear drops and such a fan! Forlorn!"