

# Bedford Gazette.



VOLUME 58.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

WHOLE NUMBER, 2976.

NEW SERIES.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 25, 1861.

VOL. 5, NO. 12.

## THE BEDFORD GAZETTE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING BY

BY B. F. MEYERS,

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From Chambers' Journal.

## THE RUINED CHAPEL.

About a mile and a half from Castleton, the metropolis of the Isle of Man, there is a bay, with a small hamlet and pier in it, called Derby Haven. I walked to it lately one fine afternoon from Castleton. My way lay along the coast over the turf which fringed the beach, and which goes by the name of the race-course. Whatever this might have been, it is now so broken up and lumpy that a race on it would be a steep chase. It was a lovely day; the wind had dropped, and I could hear distinctly the shrill clatter of a parcel of gulls that were walking about at the edge of the water where the low tide had left long streaks of flat wet sand. The harbor is formed by an island now approached by a narrow artificial causeway. Towards the sea, it is edged by sharp rocks, whose tops turn inward like teeth—sure to hold fast any ill-fated ship which once they touch. There are only two buildings on the island—none a circular, deserted fort, built by an Earl of Derby to help the cause of the Stuarts, but long since unused at least for the purposes of defence or refuge. It is squat, circular, and upright. One small turret has been built on the wall, for the purpose of showing a light by night and a white mark by day, to the vessels which enter the harbor. This gives the fort a prick-ared appearance, and makes it look like a Cheshire cheese with a pepper-caster standing upon it. The other of the two buildings on the island is not only deserted, but in ruins. It was a Roman Catholic chapel, and the ground around it is still used as a burial place for Romanists. The roof of the building has fallen in, and nothing is left but four walls which appear as much worn by the weather within as without, showing that very many years must have passed since they were shielded by a roof. The chapel, which is built of stone, looks as if it had ruined soon after its erection, and for some cause or another, had never been restored.

There was not a living human creature on the island but myself and an old man who was crawling in an aimless sort of way among the rocks, as if he had lost himself and could not get out. I sat down and watched him. The turf was soft, and a great piece of grey rock gave good rest for my back. He was, as I said, groping slowly about among the sharpest, latest-looking shelves of rock. I wondered what he could be looking for. Eggs? No; the tide flowed where he was; no eggs could lie there. Seaweed? No; there was plenty of that on the flat shore; and I could then see from where I lay, a horse and cart engaged in carrying it away to one of the neighboring farms where it was used as manure. I got quite curious about my old man. There he was, with wagging head and slow rheumatic limbs, peering patiently about, and every now and then picking something up. The old man was looking for firewood, and there being hardly any trees on this part of the island, went "sticking" on the shore. The fuel on his hearth would often tell strange stories, if one could hear it speak; fogs, from which the numb fingers of drowning men had at last relaxed their hold; oar-blades which had struck ice in the arctic seas; or stirred the long grass in some tropical creek; charred scraps which had hissed in the water as they fell from a burning ship in the middle of the sea; thin ribs of island boats which had put in and out for many years, till some rough night they touched the rock, and cracked like eggs.

What a bundle of history the old man tied on his back at last, he and it alike in the last chapter of the tale! As he crept toward me, I thought of questioning him about the ruined chapel which was there; perhaps he might know its history or legend; so, with a general meteorological preface, I asked what he could tell me about it, and gave him a good cut off a piece of cavendish I had in my pocket as a retainer.

"Sir," said he, (I leave out the Manx, also his critique on my essay about the weather), "I am growing an old man now, and it is as much as I can do to get these few sticks; but I've seen more things worth picking here than them, in my day."

"Such as wrecks?" I suggested.

"Ay, you are right there, sir. Time was when a poor man might get a chance; but now what with your light-houses and life-boats, and coast-guard and police, when either of them that wreck get ashore is all right, and arvarious of their things; or if so be they don't, tain't often you can get much more than the value of these few sticks of a ship not even when she goes to pieces. Why, sir," he continued, "not long ago there was a vessel wrecked off of Scarlet; she was loaded with flour (a French ship she was,) and that they sold by

auction." "Ah!" said I soothingly, "times are changed. But, talking of the past, can you tell me how this chapel here came to be pulled down, and why they don't keep the pigs from grubbing among the graves?"

"Why, yes," he replied, "I can; not that I saw it done myself, but there ain't a house about here where that tale ain't told on winter evenings."

After a little pressing, the old man slowly swung his bundle of sticks off his back, seated himself on a stone, fixed his eye on the ruins, and recited this legend, which I give in my own language:

Many years ago there was a famous priest who gave up all that he possessed, and came to teach Christianity in these parts. He was not a Mankman, though he could talk with the people in their own tongue. He lived in a poor house at Derby Haven, but for all that there was not a sick or needy person near but what he helped with medicine and food, as well as spiritual advice. Along with a kind heart, he had a kind face and voice, so that the little children would run out to laugh and kiss his hand when they saw him pass. For a long time he used to get the people together in the winter evenings in one of the largest rooms in the hamlet, while in the summer he would preach to the fishermen and their families on the sea-shore.

After some years of this intercourse, he proposed to the men that they should build a small church on the island. St. Michael, he said, had appeared to him in a vision, and pointed out a chapel on a flat space upon the grass close to the rocks; he had seen it, he said, quite plain in his dream; the light was shining out of the windows; he had crept up under the wall, and looked in, and lo! there he saw himself kneeling before a beautiful costly altar, and he recognized the congregation as themselves.

Now, while they were full of admiration at this dream, the good father bade them rise up and follow him to the place where he had seemed to see the chapel, and lo! when they got there, they found the ground marked out where the foundations of the chapel now stand, and a border drawn some distance around on which that wall was built, which you can now trace in the grass, just as if some one had turned up a throw on the bare earth, and then laid a carpet of turf upon it. And when the men of the place saw the marvel, and how true the good father's dream had been from Heaven, he bade them kneel down there at once, while he prayed to St. Michael and all angels that these people would not leave off the good work till they had built a chapel for him. Thus they were led to begin, and promised to give a portion of their time till the little church should be finished.

There was an abundance of stone close by, and the architecture of the edifice was of the simplest kind. Four plain thick walls with a roof was all that they aimed at. Now, this part of the work was comparatively easy; but Father Kelly began to be sore perplexed as it approached completion, how he should furnish it within, and so fulfil the dream in providing such a costly altar as he was persuaded he ought to build. The poor people had neither silver nor gold. They had already offered such as they had, strong hands, and hours taken from their rest or work. Night after night, Father Kelly used to repair to the chapel, now roofed in, and pray to St. Michael to help him in this strain. One dark evening, he was there longer than usual; he had fallen down with his face upon the ground before the spot in which he hoped to put the altar. While thus prostrate in prayer, and longing for a continuation of his former dream, he heard some footsteps close outside the chapel walls. Having his face upon the earth the sound came quite distinctly to his ear. They stopped, and a voice said, "This is the chapel; let us lay them here; 'tis just the place for a burial."

"Very well," replied another, "how does she lie? Here goes, mate, by the north east corner."

Then came the sound of digging, and pauses, as if men were stooping down to lay something in the ground; after that, Father Kelly heard the mould put back and some one stamp it down. Though the church had not been furnished, two or three funerals had taken place in the graveyard, one of which he had himself celebrated only that afternoon.

What could be the object of these strange night-visitors? They had not disturbed the dead—they did not remain long enough for that; their work, whatever it was, seemed to be accomplished in a quarter of an hour, for after that time he heard a slapping of hands, as if some one were cleaning them of the dusty earth, and a voice saying: "There! that is done; and as dead men tell no tales, we may trust the present company."

"Ay, ay," replied the other, "trust them so much, I don't think we need wait any longer."

"What! aren't afraid, man?"

"Not I; but there is a foul weather coming, and the sooner we clear off these cursed rocks, the better."

"Well, come along!"

Then Father Kelly heard them walk down towards the water, and presently distinguished the grating of a boat's keel as she was pushed off; then the double sound of the oars in the rowlocks died away and all was still. He got up from the floor, walked out of the chapel. It was a mid-summer night. The air was warm and motionless; clouds, however, had crept up so plentifully as to cover the sky—While he stood there outside the chapel, the moon, which was about a week old, became obscured, and the darkness drew close to his eyes. He could not see a yard before him; he listened but heard only the slow wash of the swell as the rising tide carried it into the clefts among the rocks, with now and then a liquid flap as a wave ran into a sudden angle, and fell back upon itself. This was the only sound. It was a night for hearing, too. He felt for his lan-

tern, and got out his steel to strike a light. Having dropped his flint, in groping about to find it, he forgot the direction in which he had stood; and when he got upon his feet again, after an unsuccessful search, felt himself so utterly at a loss, that, after walking a few steps with his hands stretched out before him, he determined to wait for the morning, rather than risk a fall over one of the slippery rocks in his attempt to return home.

When he had sat there for some time, the rain began to fall in large though few drops; these were, however, but the splashes from the bucketfuls which were soon poured on his head. The wind, too, was loose at the same time, and rushed on him with such violence, that though he dared not search for shelter lest he should fall over the rocks, he was glad to sit down on a large stone which he felt at his feet. The first flash of lightning, however showed him the chapel itself, not more than ten yards off. He groped towards it immediately in the gloom, with his hands stretched out before him, right glad when he felt its rough stones. The wall once found, he soon discovered the path with his feet, and when he got home, was glad to go to rest at once.

He had not slept many hours, before he was roused to see a dying man in one of the neighboring houses. Hurrying on his clothes, he hastened to the place, where a crowd was gathered about the door, many of them dripping from the sea. The storm which he had seen the evening before had grown into a terrible tempest, during which a ship had been driven on the rocks, and utterly wrecked. All the crew were drowned but one man, whom they dragged out of the surf and carried to Derby Haven. He had apparently, however, been saved from death in the water to die on the land, for he was so grievously bruised and cut by the rocks on which he had been thrown, that life was ready to leave him altogether. When father Kelly came in, he found him lying on the floor, wrapped up in such dry clothes as the people had at hand. He had begged them to fetch the priest. His back, he said, was broken, and he knew he could not live another hour: so the people fetched Father Kelly, as we have seen, and left the two together.

"Father," said the dying man, "will you hear the confession of a dying man, a murderer?"

The priest seeing there was no time to lose, signed his assent, and kneeling down on one side, bent his ear to listen.

Then the man, with strange breaks and ramblings in his speech, told him of murders out in the wide seas, and horrible recollections of cruelty and rapine.

"We took a Spanish ship some weeks ago, added the man, and came here to water being a safe place; when I—God forgive my soul—I committed my last crime and stole from the captain a box of gold he took out of the Spaniard. Another man and I were in the secret. We brought it with us, and buried it in the graveyard of a little chapel, intending to make our escape from the ship on the first opportunity, find our way over here, recover, and enjoy the booty we had got."

"To whom did it belong?" said the priest.

"God knows," replied the man; "as to me now I suppose. Those who owned it can use it no more, the ship from which the captain took it, went down with all on board; we burnt her."

"What was her name?" asked Father Kelly.

"Name!" said the dying man. "There take the gold, and shrive me; I have confessed!"

Then, without another word he died. The people buried him, and gathered up some few pieces of timber from the wreck of his ship, but nothing came ashore to show whether she was laden or not. They never knew her name, nor, for a great while, what she was, the priest not conceiving himself bound to tell them even so much of what he had heard in confession. Many years afterwards the whole story was found in a book which he had left behind him when he died.

The words: "Take the gold" haunted the good father long after the man who died in uttering them had been committed to the ground. The chapel was finished but not furnished; the fulfilment of the dream was incomplete. Many a night the priest lay awake urging with himself the lawfulness of a search among the graves for the treasure which he had no doubt was hidden there. Suppose he could find it, should he credit the pirate's word about the death of its owner? Could he conscientiously appropriate it, not indeed to his own use, but to that of the chapel? He thought of the terrible sentence which fell on those who put unallowed fire in their censers; he thought of the accursed thing found in the Jew's tent, which brought trouble upon the whole people to which he belonged. Then, again it looked as if the sin attached to the appropriation of this gold had been punished in the presence of the pirates who had taken it. It looked as if it were rescued from the world, to be devoted to that of the church—snatched from the devil himself, to be given to St. Michael his chief enemy.

On the whole he decided upon using the gold, if he could find it. He must, however, be cautious in the search; he would not trust the people to look. It might not be there, and then he would be ashamed. There might be more than he thought, and they might be tempted to take some; or if not that, he was jealous at his retaining the possession himself. He would search alone. The conversation he had heard outside the chapel while he listened on the eve of the storm, indicated the spot in which he could look.

Having therefore waited for a suitable moonlight night, he went very late to the churchyard with a spade. There was no one there. The shadow of the building fell upon the like-ly spot; he could work unperceived, even if some late returning fisherman were to pass by the way. Half ashamed of the errand; he had not removed many spadefuls of earth from the

grave he suspected, before he struck upon something hard. Stooping down he felt for it with his hands; it was a heavy box. He took it up, smoothed down the soil, carried it straight home, double-locked his door, and broke it open. It contained broad shining pieces of gold. They made such a heap on his table as he had never seen before. There was moreover, in the box, a necklace of large pearls. Gold for the chapel, jewels for the Madonna.

The church was furnished, the altar was decked, the image was brought, and round its neck he hung the string of fair large pearls.

Father Kelly saw his dream fulfilled, and as success often produces conviction, he thanked St. Michael and all the angels for having turned the robber's booty into sacred treasure. So he wrote in his book, but he told no one of these riches came. Some of the simple folks thought the Virgin herself had brought these jewels herself to the father. He however, many a time, while he sat on the rocks by the chapel looking seaward, and watching the white sails go by wandered back to the question whence these riches came and whether, after all they may not hide some after curse or other.

One evening as he sat there a vessel came round the point, and dropped anchor in the haven. She drew his attention as being unlike any of the common coasting ships, or even of the traders which ventured on more distant voyages. She carried more canvas in proportion to her hull, and had her sails furled almost as soon as she had swung round with the tide.

Presently, a boat came off her, and was rowed to the shore, just beneath the spot where he sat. Two men apparently officers, got out, and walking up to him, begged him to accompany them back to the ship, as they said one of their crew was dying, and needed the offices of a priest. He went without suspicion: a man who had been with him, and heard the summons, returned to Derby Haven.

The ghostly summons, however, was a ruse, this was a sister-ship of the pirates that had been wrecked here in the storm—now some months ago. The new-comers had learned her fate, and had landed in search for traces of treasure she had on board. They had much probability, he could tell them whether the inhabitants of the village had plundered the wreck, and also whether any of the crew survived.

What they learned from Father Kelly, no one ever knew. Some of the crew, according to the shore, strolled into the chapel, and doubtless recognized the necklaces as one of their lost treasure. The next morning the ship was gone, and the people, searching for their priest, who had not returned home at night, found the chapel sacked, and his corpse set over the altar in the place where the image of Madonna had been, with a knotted cord like a necklace tightly twisted around his throat.

The superstition of the natives never permitted them to use the chapel again. It gradually became a ruin, the roof fell in, the storms lashed the walls within as well as without until at last it passed into the state in which it is to-day.

This was the story of the old man. He added, that even now, whoever struck the walls and listened could hear a moan within, a noise like the jingling of money. "You can try it yourself," said he, "and find whether I have told you the truth."

Accepting this rather fearless challenge of the old gentleman I walked with him to the wall and knocked, when lo! I suddenly found that I had awakened myself by striking my hand upon the stone by which I had set down to rest. It was all a dream. I had fallen asleep thinking of the chapel, and watching the old man among the rocks. He was not in sight now. I was quite alone, and trying to replace a piece of skin which I had knocked off the knuckle of my middle finger by rapping on a stone. I doubted whether I had asked the old man any questions at all; so I shook myself, rubbed my eyes, and looked at my watch, happily finding that I should not be too late for dinner if I set off on my return at once.

Directly we sat down, I asked my friend for the true history of the little church, and he told me there was none. "Now," said I, "that remarkable deficiency has been supplied though me," and when the cloth was cleared away, we drew round the fire, and I told my host's boys and girls the true legend concerning the ruined chapel on St. Michael's Island.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT OF THE BATTLE FIELD.—A letter received from Atlanta, Georgia, gives this incident of the battle at Stone Bridge.

"A staff officer from Charlestown, engaged in the battle of the 21st of July, says:

"I rode out the day after the battle, to view the ground, and passed piles of dead in various positions. Under a large tree I saw a body lying, very handsomely dressed, with a fancy sword, and a handkerchief over the face. It attracted my curiosity. I stopped, removed the handkerchief, and saw one of the handsomest faces I ever met with, of a boy not more than twelve or fourteen years old. His appearance and dress indicated high social position;—probably he was a temporary aid to some general officer. To ascertain who he was, I examined his pockets and found a testament, in which was written:

"James Simmons, New York. From his loving mother. My son, remember thy Creator in the days of thy Youth."

"I wished very much to take the body away, but I was six miles from quarters, on horseback, and it was impossible."

The servant of a Prussian officer one day met a crows, who inquired of him how he got along with his fiery master. "Oh, excellently!" answered the servant; "we live on very friendly terms—every morning we dust each other's coats: the only difference is, he takes his coat off to be dusted, and I keep mine on."

## The Schoolmaster Abroad.

EDITED BY SIMON SYNTAX, ESQ.

Friends of education who wish to enlighten the public on the subject of teaching the "young idea how to shoot," are respectfully requested to send communications to the above, care of "Bedford Gazette."

## SCHOOL ETHICS FOR PARENT AND CHILD.

No. 17.

Pupils should become interested in the Teacher's instructions. In order to promote the welfare of the school as a whole, and the welfare of the pupils in particular, they must be interested in the teacher's instructions. Many circumstances combine to render the school a place of profit and pleasure to both teacher and pupils. Prominent among these is a lively interest manifested in all the school operations. Without being interested in his work, the teacher becomes dull and lifeless, and but little good is accomplished; and the same is true in the case of the pupil. A love for the work must be cultivated, in order that an interest may be engendered and evinced.

Sometimes pupils, and even those of riper years, urge an argument, that they cannot become interested in particular studies, whatever attention they may pay to the instruction of the teacher. This is wholly an erroneous idea. All can become interested by first overcoming this false notion and then applying themselves with a will; thus they will not only derive much greater benefit, but they will encourage the teacher in his work, and also rouse the community to action. Without endeavoring to become interested, they will necessarily be well too many already are, mere drones in the school room, doing no good for themselves, and plundering the industrious of the products of their labor. A constant watch must be kept by the teacher lest they engage themselves in mischief continually.

Of course, this lack of interest is not always to be attributed to the wrong ideas the pupil may entertain. Very much depends upon the ingenuity of the teacher. The teacher should present matter that is not found in their text-books, and everything should be presented in such a manner that the pupil may comprehend. A great fault of too many of our teachers is, that they always present their instructions in such a manner, that the pupil cannot possibly understand them eaning of what is said. Long and unpronounceable words are not the kind to be used in conversation with children. Teachers seem to forget that the child is not more than human, and that even as a human being, its mind is not yet matured, and hence not capable of grasping so much as their own. Much of the fault, however, lies with the pupil himself, and on him devolves the duty of at least attempting to become interested.

KAPPA.

## ANAGRAMS.

Anagrams are formed by the transposition of the letters of words, or sentences, or names of persons, so as to produce a word or sentence of pertinent or of widely different meaning. This may be converted into a highly interesting game for a social circle. A large number of the alphabet should be procured, and when the word is selected, should be transposed by the company. For instance: Let the word be *astronomers*. These letters rightly placed will make—No more stars. Immediately I met my De-la. Catalogue: Got a clue. Elegant: Neat leg. Old England: Golden land. Parliament: I hire parsons. Parliament: Partial men. Revolution: To love ruin. Penitentiary: Nay I repent. Midshipman: Mind his map. Matrimony: Into my arm. Sweet heart: There we eat. Presbyterian: Best in prayer. Telegraphs: Great helps.

On this same subject we find the following in "Gleanings for the Curious."

But with still more disorder march advance,—Nor march it seemed but wild fantastic dance: The uncouth Anagrams distorted train, Shifting in double mazes o'er the plain.

Camden, in a chapter in his *Remains*, on this frivolous and now almost obsolete intellectual exercise, defines Anagrams to be a dissolution of a name into its letters, as its elements; and a new connection into words is formed by their transposition, if possible, without addition, subtraction, or change of the letters: and the words should make a sentence applicable to the person or thing named. The anagram is complimentary or satirical; and it may contain some allusion to an event, or describe some personal characteristic. Thus, Sir Thomas Watbore his own designation in his name.—Wiat. *A Wit*. Astronomers may be made *Moon-stars*, and Funeral may be converted into *Real Fun*.

Sylvester, in dedicating to his sovereign his translation of *Du Bartas*, rigs the following loyal change on the name of his liege:—James Stuart: *A Just Master*.

Of the poet Waller, the old anagrammatist said:

His brows need not with *Lawrel* to be bound, Since in his name with *Lawrel* he is crowned.

## AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

WORK FOR OCTOBER.

WINTER SPINACH.—The soil for spinach should be made very rich. Spinach should now be growing vigorously, and it should be weeded and thinned out, leaving the plants to stand some four or five inches apart in the drills. Drilling is preferable to broadcasting, but in either case the spinach should be kept perfectly clean, and a little light litter should be thrown over the bed before the ground is locked up with frost.

SETTING OUT CABBAGE PLANTS.—Presuming that the young plants are sufficiently advanced to be picked out, the following directions for planting them, so as to stand the winter, are given. Select a piece of land of a loamy texture, and having south-eastern exposure. Make it very rich with manure, plough or spade it well, and lay it off in ridges running from east to west, each ridge being at least four inches higher than the surrounding surface, and the crown of the ridge two feet distant from the crown of the next ridge that runs parallel with it. Press the soil of each ridge close and firm, by patting the sides well with the back of the spade. In setting out the plants, set the on the north side of each ridge, and about midway between the valley and the crown of the ridge. The distance between the plants should be about six inches, to allow for loss by winter killing, and to enable the intermediate plants to be cut out in due season for early use. About the last week in November, strew along the furrows stable manure, or even rough litter, until it reaches to the shoulder of the plants. This, if properly done, will protect the plants sufficiently through the winter. In the spring, as soon as the frost is out of the ground, break down the ridge, and make all smooth; work well around the plants. Keep the weeds down, and cut the intermediate plants when large enough for use, and leave the remainder to stand until they head.

CARDFLOWERS AND BROCCOLI.—Work these well during the month.

ENDIVES.—Hill these carefully with the hoe, and tie up the plants for blanching.

ASPARAGUS BEDS.—Clear these of the naum as soon as it begins to turn yellow. Manure the beds, sprinkling over them a broadcasting of salt—work all in, and cover with long manure to the depth of four inches.

CELERY.—Earth up the celery at intervals during the month, choosing dry weathers for the operation.

FOOD AND MEDICINAL HERBS.—Dig out and medicinal herbs, and put manure around the roots to protect the tender species through the winter.

SMALL SALADING.—Small salading may still be sown at intervals throughout the month, choosing for this purpose a warm and well sheltered border.

RHUBARB.—The seed of the rhubarb or pie plant, may be sown during the early part of the month.

SHALLOTS, GARLIC, CHEVILS.—Plant out roots of these.

HORSE RADISH.—The parted roots of horse radish, if a bed of this condiment is required may be set out. The earlier in the month the work is done the better.

CARROTS, BEETS, PARSNIPS, &c.—Take up these roots towards the latter part of the month, choosing dry weather, and carefully store them away for winter use.

RASPBERRIES, GOOSEBERRIES AND CURRANTS.—New plantations of these fine fruits may be set out from the middle to the close of the month.

STRAWBERRY BEDS.—Clear these and dress them well with a compost of well rotted manure, woods earth and ashes.

## OUR CHIP BASKET.

Vanity fair contains the following pithy paragraphs:

Big heads often belong to big fools. Not at all new—British Neutrality. Bells that should be well hung—R-r-bels. Motto for an army tailor—Let her rip. The heart of the Andes—Andy Johnson, of Tenn.

Tar and feathers—T. A. R. Nelson and Gen. Pillow. Great rebellion stimulant—The cotton gin. Suicidal Goliaths—The chivalry, when flogged by their own "slings."

Which summer retreat was the most crowded this season? That from Manassas to Washington.

A reckless joke: It is rumored that if Hatteras Light is restored, the North Carolinians will be rendered perfectly wreckless.

The ladies who wear red, white and blue rosettes are real patriots, and, therefore, ready for an engagement.

Why should the watering places furnish the most men for the Army? Because every one goes there to recruit.

A Savannah (Ga.) paper says that the secession leaders are as true as steel. That is too modest by half. They far surpass steel—they are answerers!

The long and short.—We suppose the war has carried off all the tall men. At all events, we never saw so many "short" men around as at present.

From the Almanac for the use of Gen. Lane's Forces in Missouri.—"September.—Early in this month look out for General Rains!" During an examination a medical student being asked, "when does mortification ensue?" he replied, "when you pop the question and are answered 'no'!"

We have done everything to bring you over to our Federal ground, and we can tell you if you won't come over you have got to come under!