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Original Tale.

THE INFIDEL'S TOMB.

BY DR. G. N. HICKOK.

[CONCLUDED.]

The brothers had just completed their nineteenth and twentieth years, and Pauline was verging into seventeen, when the event, which I am about to narrate, occurred.

The gentle girl was a being, whom "to know was but to love," and it will not be deemed wonderful that the affectionate nature of Alphonzo, thrown as he was daily, into her society, yielded to her charms; nor at all surprising that the maiden unconsciously loved the being, who had ever been her constant companion and protector.

But it will be thought "passing strange" that the heart of the stern and selfish Leopold, should be moved by any feelings of a tender nature; but 'twas even so. He, too, loved; but not with the self-sacrificing, disinterested emotion that pervaded the soul of his brother. His love was characteristic of his selfish nature. His cousin was beautiful, transcendently so, and admired, and he longed to be the possessor of so much loveliness.

Pauline, from her childhood, had a constant fear of him, and often in their youthful sports, when she would inadvertently provoke his anger would she turn trembling to her more gentle cousin for protection from his unkindness; and now that she sought to win her heart, it is not strange that she turned from him with ill concealed dread and aversion. Many times did he strive to gain her love, but as often was repulsed; and though with kind words she rejected his suit, he could not but be at last aware, from her instinctive abhorrence of him, betrayed in the trembling and apparent fear with which she met him, and the anxiety with which she shunned him, that his was a hopeless suit; and with the dawning of this consciousness upon him, all his tender feeling for her turned to intense hatred—hated such as only he could feel; and he vowed the most bitter vengeance.

It had been an early formed wish of the Signor and his lady, to have had their elder son and his cousin united in marriage, when both should have arrived at a proper age; but as each successive year showed them how totally unfit he was to make her happy, and how she clung with all her confiding nature to her dear Alphonzo, they relinquished their long cherished project; for although they loved their son and ardently wished for his happiness, they could not but know, that to succeed his suit successfully, would be to render her supremely wretched.

A favorite resort of Alphonzo and Pauline, was a moss covered rock, beside a limpid stream in the forest. It had been the theater of their childish sports, and the terminus of their youthful rambles. "Thither would they bend their steps to pore over some cherished book together; or in conversation, to pass away the unheeded hours. All in all to each other, their guileless hearts had little divined the nature of the affection that had unconsciously become part of their being.

If of the existence of that love they themselves were unconscious, so too their guardians. They saw, they knew how dear they were to each other, and they fervently invoked the blessings of Heaven upon the happy pair.

Nor was Leopold unaware of their attachment. He could not be ignorant of it, and it will be impossible to depict the jealousy, despair, hatred and revenge that rankled in his bosom. Fearfully portentous was the scowl that overspread his dark features, as he witnessed the confidence reposed in his successful rival.

One beautiful evening in June, the lovers wandered out to their favorite seat upon the moss clad rock. Alphonzo's forgiving disposition, despite the many insults he had received from his brother, still clung to him in love, and he was ever ready to offer some argument in palliation of the conduct of Leopold. He was the theme of their discourse on the present occasion. As they conversed they heard a rustling among the branches behind them. Pauline started in fear;—they listened, but the sound was not repeated. "Tis only a bird among the foliage," said Alphonzo, "we have nothing to fear, dearest, from such innocent creatures." "Methinks, my cousin," he continued, "that your manner toward our Leopold is by far too constrained and cold. That he is unhappy, and ill at ease, is obvious. Do try, sweet Pauline, to let your demeanor toward him, be more affectionate and attentive in the future."

"Oh! Alphonzo," she replied, "if you know how I fear him, and how much reason I have for so doing, you would not upbraid me for lack of kindness to him. I have striven, ever since I knew the import of the word, to be to him a sister, a loving sister, even such as I have been to you; but he has not been the gentle brother that you have been. His stern nature has ever repelled me and chilled the warm love I have tried to cherish for him. I pity him; Alphonzo, but I know what an agony of pity is mine. I

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have wished, and do wish to love him with all a sister's heart, but to do more, is vain, while every emotion of love, is chilled by a fear of him that I cannot control."

"Say not, Dear Pauline, that I upbraid you; forgive me if my words seemed of that intent. I would not, you know I would not, say aught to wound you. You have ever been to me as a dear, dear sister, and would I not give up my life for you, and think the gift but small? Oh! Pauline, I would willingly endure a thousand years in purgatorial flames to save you from a single pang. Then think me not unkind, that I who bask perpetually in the sunshine of your smile, should wish my Leopold, who is still, to me, a dear brother, to share in the same happiness."

"Oh! Alphonzo, how I have wished that it could be as you desire; I do long to give him a sister's love. 'Tis due him for the sake of his parents, through whose tenderness the orphan has never known the orphan's sorrow. It is due him for the sake of the dear, good Antonio, whose prayers and counsels have been equally ours. It is due for your sake, Alphonzo, and for your sake I will try to love, and be affectionate to him."

"Do, dearest," he replied, "and yours may yet be the work to win him from his error, to the paths of peace."

"The trial shall be mine, Alphonzo; be sure it shall be mine; but oh! hope not that, by effort of a weak girl, he shall be reclaimed. I have seen his deeds of cruelty, that you would shudder at; deeds of which you know nothing; of which he thinks no one, but himself, is aware. Oh! he is a dark, dark and fearful man; and rather than spend one year; one day; nay, one hour, with no friend, no protector but him, I would endure the flames of which you speak, for an eternity; yes, yes forever."

Just then the tread of feet was heard upon the green sward, and Pauline turned pale and shrieked with affright, as the subject of their remarks stood before them, his face livid with rage.

"So-Ho! My noble lord and dame," he half yelled, half growled, "you spend your precious moments of love, in traducing the character of your betters? On faith, but 'tis a noble occupation! So it appears that my noble lord Alphonzo cannot credit that his beladame speaks the truth, when she whispers tales of his darling brother's cruelty? Well, that's generous! But on my soul, your own eyes shall prove to you that she lies not. Take that now, thou vile strumpet, for thine impertinence!" and he dealt the lovely girl a cruel blow upon her fair cheek with the side of his naked sword.

"Devil! Fiend! defend yourself!" exclaimed the now infuriated Alphonzo, springing upon him, with his sword drawn, this cruel insult arousing all the latent fires of his nature. "By Heaven! thou shalt learn that insulting a helpless girl, is no child's play!"

"And thou, fair brother," sneered Leopold, through his clenched teeth, as they closed in fierce combat, "shalt now have a chance to try those fires of which you spake, for the sake of your lovely paramour."

They fought long and well. They were fairly matched; equally skilled in the use of the sword; and Leopold's superior strength being but an offset for Alphonzo's activity.

Pauline stood pale and motionless, unable to speak, her eyes starting from their sockets, with the intensity of her gaze; her pallid lips parted, and her entire aspect betokening extreme terror. Nought was heard but the clang of their weapons, and the muttered curses of Leopold. 'Twas a doubtful contest; now one seemed to be upon the vantage ground, and now the other. It would not have been soon decided, had not fate, by an unlooked for circumstance, brought it to a speedy termination.

The Father Antonio was walking in the forest, as was his custom at eventide, to meditate upon the works of God; and hearing the clang of arms, he instinctively divined the cause; and running, fast as his aged and trembling limbs could carry him, in the direction of the sound, he soon came within sight of the scene of conflict.

"Hold! Hold!" he cried in consternation. "Hold! for the love of Heaven!" That cry was fatal. Alphonzo involuntarily turned his head at the sound of his loved tutor's voice, and the next instant, the sword of his antagonist was buried to the hilt in his bosom.

With one wild, frenzied shriek of anguish, Pauline sprang toward her prostrate lover, and fell, senseless, to the earth.

"Forgive!—Heaven!—Father!—oh!—Pauline!—Leopold!" he gasped, the warm blood choking his utterance, as the reverend Father approached to raise him. "Forgive!" he again faltered, as the old man bent over him in agony.

"Oh! look, my son," the old man said, "to Jesus. Look on this holy emblem of his sufferings, and think how he died, for your salvation; look to him in faith," and he held a Jew-

eled cross, that was suspended from his neck, before him.

Leopold rushed forward and snatched the symbol from his hand, breaking the chain by which it was suspended; saying, "not so, old man; none of your priestcraft mummery over him now. Let him die, like a dog, I say, like a base dog that he is."

"Incarnate wretch!" exclaimed the now excited priest, "give back that sacred symbol; touch it not! as you value your hope of heaven, give it back! give it back! I say, ere thy brother's life depart."

"Heaven!" he answered in a hoarse whisper. "Heaven!" and his proud lip curled with a demon's smile. "Ay, prate of heaven, old fool, to fools such as thou thyself art, and such as is thy meek disciple there; but tell me of such old woman's tales. Heaven indeed! hal ha!" and he laughed until the forest rang again. "No! let him die! licking the dirt like a vile dog! for thus by he—ll he shall!" and he dashed the jeweled emblem upon the earth and trampled it in the dust.

The old priest shuddered and turned pale with horror. "Forbear! impious wretch!" he cried, "lest the just judgments of Heaven strike thee dead."

"Old dotard, I defy both thee and heaven!" and spurning with his foot his prostrate brother, he turned on his heel and left the spot.

The old man knelt beside the dying youth. "Forgive him, my blessed boy," he softly whispered, "and thou shalt be forgiven."

"Forgive him! yes,—I do—God knows—I do—oh!—Heaven—for give! Moth—er,—Paul—", and with a long drawn sigh he expired.

The good old man wept aloud in agony, as he prayed long and earnestly for the departing soul; then turning to the unconscious maiden, he used his utmost exertions for her restoration; but finding his efforts vain he hastened to the mansion for assistance.

When the sad tidings reached the Lady Elvira, she swooned and was carried to her bed, from which she never rose. This last terrible sorrow finished the work that care and anxiety had begun. Her overburdened constitution could endure no more, and after lingering a few days in delirium, she expired, calling in heart rending accents on her son; beseeching him to restore his brother to her arms, and spare his mother the agonies of a broken heart.

The morning after the sad tragedy, a servant entering the chapel where the corpse of Alphonzo was laid preparatory to its burial, found the body of the Father Antonio stretched, lifeless and cold, across that of his beloved pupil. The scene of the previous day was more than his aged frame, accustomed as it was to tranquil repose, could bear. An apoplectic fit had done its work, and during the lone, faithful vigils of the night, the summons came that called the good old man to his rest.

For weeks the gentle Pauline lay in the balance, as it were, between life and death; but finally her constitution gained the mastery; but when those eyes were unveiled, which were wont to shed such gladness round, their brightness was gone; and the Signor, who had been watching, patiently, sorrowfully watching, for a look of recognition and love from the now only remaining member of his once happy family, felt the sad truth, oh! how desolately, that her reason was dethroned, and she was an idiot.

Oh! it was sad to see that lovely girl, when she had strength to leave her room, go immediately to the rock, where she was accustomed to meet him, to whom her heart's first, purest affection belonged; and there sit and converse with him, as if he were by her side; and gaze for hours upon the spot where he yielded up his life for her sake. Sometimes her guardian would think of hope, as her eye would momentarily brighten, and her pale cheek flush, and she would weave a chaplet of white flowers, (she always chose white) and whisper the name of Alphonzo; but it was only for a moment; the vacant stare would return; her cheek would resume its wonted pallor; and listlessly scattering the flowers at her feet, she would gaze and gaze until it was painful even to a disinterested observer, to note the fixed and passionless expression of her features. Day by day would she resort to her chosen seat, and even when the dews of evening were falling, would not return, unless her uncle or a kind attendant would take her by the hand, and then she would suffer herself to be led, passively, as though she were an infant.

She lived many years, and was ever the same pale, quiet, gentle being. She never wept; the fountain of her tears was dried. The rock was her constant resort, and at last one chill evening in autumn, the attendant going to lead her home, found her cold and rigid, in a kneeling posture, on the very spot where Alphonzo died. Reason seemed to have returned, and with it the sad memories of former years; for a tear drop was on her cheek, and in her hands was clasped a little cross of pearl, the last gift of her early friend.

The heart of the Signor Leon was crushed.

never was himself again. A relative came, at his request, and resided in the mansion, and in the retirement of his family, and in the duties of religion, he sought relief from the poignancy of his sorrows.

He often tried to obtain tidings of his absent son, but in vain. He never heard from him, after his departure on the evening of the fatal affray; and finally believed him dead. His relatives, however, years after the death of his father, learned that he was living.

While the star of Napoleon, the conqueror, was yet in the ascendant, a notorious robber, a man old in years, and an adept in crime, had, for a long time, kept the inhabitants of the south eastern borders of France, and the neighboring provinces of Sardinia in constant disquiet, by his daring acts, and refined cruelties. Aided by a band of followers, desperate as their leader, no one was secure from his attacks. Princely rewards were offered for his apprehension, alive or dead; but all was of no avail. Each attempt at his capture was revenged by some new aggression more terrible than the former. At length the outraged public feeling could endure no longer, and the entire population turned out against him, en masse, from the noble to the peasant. His hiding place being betrayed by one of his band, and his fortunes becoming desperate, he abandoned his non de guerre of Diavolo, and assuming another, he joined himself and his followers, to the army of the victorious consul.

Under the guise of an assumed character, he had, even at the age of three score years, won the affections of a youthful maiden, almost a child, and formed a clandestine marriage. His wife accompanied him to the conqueror's camp. He fought under the victorious banners during one or two engagements; but a disaffection having been detected in the army; it was traced to him, through the treachery of one of his own men (a servant of his father's, who had left home with him) in revenge for some injury. His life was proclaimed forfeit, and he having escaped, a large reward was offered for the apprehension of Leopold Del Favaro.

In the year eighteen hundred and nine, there came to the part of the country in which the first scene of my narrative is laid, a man evidently advanced in age far past the usual limit of human life, but still active and robust, calling himself Joseph Argard. He made purchase of a tract of the then wild, untenanted land, and after erecting a house upon it, occupied himself in its cultivation.

With him came a young and delicate woman, who was thought, from the dissimilarity in their ages, to be his daughter, though she subsequently proved to be his wife.

He rejected all advances, and offers of kindness and sociability, from his neighbors, and being uniformly repulsed, they soon ceased to be tendered. If he had occasion for the service of any one, the bargain was arranged with few words and payment therefor as summarily made. He never was seen in attendance on places of worship or at any public assemblage. He evinced a hatred of religion as well as of his kind, and soon was known in the vicinity as the "Infidel."

His wife survived their arrival but a few years. She seemed a gentle, crushed being, and in the little intercourse she was permitted to hold with those around her, gave evidence of fervent piety. Her husband was uniformly harsh and unkind to her, and her piety augmented her sufferings; for if he showed an antipathy to one character more than to another, it was to that of a Christian. His unkindness and brutality soon brought her to her grave. At her funeral, no religious rites were permitted; in fact the presence of a minister of the gospel at her burial was prohibited, and he sullenly suffered the kind offices to the dead, which necessity forbade him refuse.

His son, their only child, finding his home intolerable after the death of his mother, deserted it at the age of twelve years, and providentially met, in a distant state, with a benefactor and friend, through whose kindness he was religiously educated, and he commenced a career of usefulness, as a clergyman in a protestant church. Arriving at manhood he repeatedly sought reconciliation with his father, but was as often repulsed with curses.

After the death of his wife, and departure of his son, the old man lived "solitary and alone." A few years before his death, he caused the edifice, which bears the name of the "Infidel's tomb" to be erected, and invested in it the property, which with his characteristic hatred of his race he had determined should not be inherited by one of human kind.

His son was sent for, and came. As he entered, a malignant scowl overspread the face of the aged wretch, and in hoarse accents he bade him begone.

"Oh! Father!" the young man cried: "Dear Father! do not drive me from you, in this your dying hour. Oh! let me stay, and minister to your need. I cannot; indeed I cannot—will not go."

"Begone, I say; or I shall yet wreak my vengeance on thee thou—cur—sed thing!—may the curse—"

"Oh! Father! Father! for the love of Jesus, curse not your child; for my dear mother's sake, forbear; bid me not go; let me pray—"

"Begone!" and he almost yelled the word; and with the strength of fury, he sprang from the bed, and seizing an old carbine that hung above it, he raised it to his shoulder, aimed, and fell back upon the floor. The exertion was too much. His aged hand had not strength to do his bidding. He turned his eyes fiercely on his son, and with a mad, suffocating yell of frenzy, expired.

A few days before his death he had tottered to his tomb, which as yet was without an inscription, and carved upon it, in rude characters, his own epitaph. The name he inscribed upon it, was not that which he bore among his neighbors and which his son bears; but the record there is

LEOPOLD SAVARO.

Æt. 104. Y.

The Schoolmaster Abroad.

EDITED BY SIMON SYNTAX, ESQ.

Teachers and friends of education are respectfully requested to send communications to the above, care of "Bedford Gazette."

RECITATION—NO. 1.

Schools and teachers have changed much within the past few years. The old condition of things is passing away, and a new and better is being introduced. Among the most important and most apparent of these changes are

1st, Of the Objects of Recitation. Schools and teachers have changed much within the past few years. The old condition of things is passing away, and a new and better is being introduced. Among the most important and most apparent of these changes are 1st, Of the Objects of Recitation. 2dly, Of some preliminary requisites to Recitation. 3dly, Of General Methods of Recitation. 4thly, Of Specific Methods of Recitation. And, first, with regard to the objects of recitation, it too often happens that teachers and pupils have very vague and indefinite notions on this subject. We remember to have once met a pupil who objected to reciting in toto, and he put the case in this wise. "I know my lessons, or I do not. If I know them there is no use in reciting; and if I do not know them, I can't recite; so that in either case the time spent at recitation is time wasted." His argument was good, and nothing but a clear and intelligible explanation of the whole subject, could remove his prejudices. He that assumes to teach should be able to give such an explanation, and he is unfit for his duties unless he can. Educators have divided the objects of recitation, perhaps with sufficient accuracy, into four. First, to enable the teacher to ascertain how well the pupil has prepared his lesson. Without ascertaining this no teacher can proceed safely and intelligently. In most studies there is a logical connection; each succeeding lesson depending on the preceding, in such manner that unless the first in order is mastered those that follow cannot be understood. This fact is too much overlooked by teachers. They do not ascertain, accurately, whether the class is ready for the next lesson or not; but assign at random, an impossible lesson perhaps; fail to get a recitation as they must in the very nature of the case; and then blame the class when only themselves were in the fault.

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Second, to give the teacher an opportunity of explaining to the class, any difficulties that may occur, instead of explaining them to each pupil separately, as was formerly done; thus saving much time and labor. In a class of twenty an explanation given once effects the same purpose that a repetition of it twenty times does, by the old individual method still practiced in many parts of this country. A third object of recitation is to fix the parts and principles of the lesson more indelibly in the mind of the pupil. It is a law of our mental nature that repetition aids retention. Any one may satisfy himself of this by looking closely into the operations of his own mind. An eminent jurist well understood it when he said, "I read many things which I am sensible I forgot; but I found withal that if I had once talked over what I had read, I never forgot that." Recitation supplies the needed opportunity of talking over the facts and principles to be retained. The fourth and last object of recitation that we shall name, is to cultivate the pupils' powers of expression. The pupil should not only be taught to know but to communicate, also. This can only be done by practice, and practice can nowhere be better secured than in recitation. Indeed, no more valuable exercise could be desired for all who aim at ease and accuracy of expression. We have often thought we could tell students who never recited by the stiffness and awkwardness of their utterance. Such, too often are our self-made men—men who by their own indomitable will, have pursued a liberal course of study without the aid of school or teachers. These being the chief objects of recitation, it will follow that all methods of recitation are good just in proportion as they attain these objects. We propose to examine the most approved methods now in use and try them by this standard.

Table with 4 columns: Rate, 3 Months, 6 Months, 1 Year. Rows include One square, Two squares, Three squares, 1/2 Column, 1/4 Column.

The space occupied by ten lines of this size of type counts one square. All fractions of a square under five lines will be measured as a half square; and all over five lines as a full square. All legal advertisements will be charged to the person having them in.

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MIDDLE WOODBERRY, APRIL 2d, '62. Simon Syntax, Esq.—

DEAR SIR: In the March number of the "Pennsylvania School Journal," there is a communication in which a certain individual has taken the liberty to "show up" some of our "local institutions" in a manner not very complimentary either to the district, or himself,—not complimentary to the district, because the school which he so mercilessly contrasts with that of the "Misses Yonkin," (Brown's Institutes, page 50, obs. 9.) never had an existence except in the brain of that brilliant (?) writer himself,—and not complimentary to the writer, because his production does no credit, whatever, to the district of Middle Woodberry. The article is certainly very "racy" and original—at least if we judge it by its peculiar style and finish. Why, it bristles all over with exclamation points!—so much so that one might think that Mr. D. was evidently astonished to find everybody ignorant but himself! (excuse the exclamation point.)

Now my estimate of the matter is this: The gentleman evidently lost his "report" on his way home, and being less fortunate in finding it than he was on his way to the schools, he supplied the "Contrast" from his fancy. We admit that it might apply and be truthful in some localities even in Bedford County; but Middle Woodberry is not one of them nor is that school house, to which he refers, within a day's walk of it.

Upon the whole I think he has succeeded in giving the truth about as well as the young "Frenchesmen" who, in attempting to make a dictionary, defined a crab to be "a little fish, without fins, that always swims backwards," and upon submitting the definition to Buffon for his opinion, the latter said: "You are perfectly right, young gentlemen, with these exceptions:—first, a crab is not a little fish; second, it is not without fins; and third, it does not always swim backwards. With these little exceptions, gentlemen, it is all right."

So with Mr. D's article; with these "little exceptions," it is all right. Au revoir. ONE OF THE BORED.

Solutions to the problems published last week reached us too late for insertion this week—we will insert them next.

You haven't opened your mouth during the whole session, complained W— of the Legislature to another of the representatives. "O, yes, I have," was the reply. "I yawned through the whole of your speech."

A wag being asked the name of the inventor of the butter stamp, replied that it was probably Cadmus, as he first brought letters into Greece.

A dramatic author, expressing his surprise to his neighbors in the pit at the thinness of the house, added, "I suppose it's owing to the war." "No," was the reply, "it is owing to the piece."