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Select Poetry.

From Vanity Fair.

SKEDADDLE.

The shades of night were falling fast
As through a southern village passed
A youth, who bore, not over nice,
A banner with the gay device,
Skedaddle!

His hair was red; his toes beneath,
Peeped, like an acorn from its sheath,
While with a frightened voice he sung
A burden strange to Yankee tongue,
Skedaddle!

He saw no household fire, where he
Might warm his feet or hominy;
Beyond the Corilleras shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Skedaddle!

"O, stay," a cuffed pesson said,
"An' on dis bosom rest your head!"
The Octoroon he winked her eye,
But still he answered with a sigh,
Skedaddle!

"Beware of McClellan, Buell and Banks,
Beware of Halleck's deadly ranks!"
This was the planter's last good night;
The chap replied, far out of sight,
Skedaddle!

At break of day, as several boys
From Maine, New York and Illinois,
Were moving southward, in the air
They heard these accents of despair,
Skedaddle!

A chap was found, and at his side
A bottle, showing how he died;
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Skedaddle!

There in the twilight thick and gray,
Considerably played out, he lay;
And through the vapor, gray and thick,
A voice full, like a rocket stick,
Skedaddle!

Union Village Shakers.

The Dayton Gazette has a very interesting article giving the history, manners, sentiments, &c., of the singular sect called Shakers. The following sketch of one of their flourishing settlements will be read with much interest:

The society at Union Village, Warren county, Ohio, is worthy of particular note. It is one of the largest Shaker Societies in the world. It was founded in the year 1805. It now numbers near 600 persons, and owns upwards of four thousand acres of land in one body. The soil is remarkably fertile, and the surface and scenery beautifully diversified, and the locality remarkably healthy. The Society here is divided into four different "families," located in different parts of their domain. The largest family numbers near 200 persons, and is called the Centre, it being the residence of their Elder and Eldresses, and where their church is located. The "dwelling," as it is called, where this family eats and sleeps, is an immense brick structure, four stories high; it fronts 88 feet, and is 108 feet deep; it is divided into dining, sleeping and kitchen rooms. In the large cellar underneath is kept the milk, and the butter and cheese apparatus. Their butter is churned and cheese made by horse power; their bread is also kneaded in the same way. Their bread is certainly the best we ever tasted. In fact, the dinner they generously prepared for our party, was one of the most palatable we ever enjoyed. The fine fruit and other reasonable delicacies with which our table was loaded, were such as princes might feed upon and be glad. They live upon plenty of the very best of everything that is good and healthy. They cultivate none but the best of fruits, of which they sell large quantities.

They have the finest stock we ever saw. Their cattle are altogether incomparable. Some of their cows give daily, from six to eight gallons of the richest milk. Such cows they readily sell at from \$150 to \$200. Calves, from two to four months old, they sell at from \$80 to \$100. They have an animal that weighs nearly 3,000 pounds. They have a botanical garden of about twelve acres, in which they cultivate all the medicinal plants and herbs of this climate, which they gather and remove to the chemical and medical laboratory, where they are dried and prepared in the form of extracts, powders, &c., ready for market. These medicines are the best and purest of the kind that can be had. The celebrated "Shaker Sarsaparilla" is manufactured here, and affords the principal source of their revenue. Their mechanical shops are kept in the neatest order, and their work is done in the most systematic style.

They excel in the manufacture of carpets, wood-ware, leather, blankets, and various kinds of trinkets and fancy articles. We were shown some silk handkerchiefs which were made by them from silk of their own production, which were quite equal to the European silk.

Their seed-garden is also quite note-worthy. They annually put up and sell about 1,400 boxes of garden seed, each box containing 200 packages of seeds.

They have now in their domain about 3,000 head of sheep, 500 cattle, 100 horses, countless numbers of poultry, but no hogs or dogs, the former being to them unclean, and the latter useless yelpers. All their buildings, shops, stables, &c., are built of the best materials; and in fact, everything about them is done just as it should be done. A visit to their village will repay a long ride. They are exceedingly hospitable and affable, and those who visit them will never regret the time or trouble.

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."

ESSAY:

Read before the Bedford County Teachers' Association, June 27, 1862,

BY MISS MARY A. WILLIAMS.

The demand for a more elevated culture among the Teachers of our Common Schools.

The United States have many institutions of which we are justly proud, but among them all, there are none of greater importance to us, as a nation, than our Common Schools. They constitute one of the best assurances of the permanency of our system of government, as in them the masses of the people are to be educated, and both ancient and modern history teach us that in countries where many are ignorant, and but few intelligent, good government cannot exist. We have many noble institutions of learning in our land—Colleges and Seminaries that yearly send forth numbers of their inmates prepared to perform their duties in the various vocations of life—yet we contend that our Common Schools, when properly conducted, exert a greater influence on society than these. The schools of Pennsylvania have improved greatly within the last few years, and are still improving, yet it is humiliating to us to know that, while our State ranks second in wealth and population, it has been superseded in this respect, by more than one of the States of the Union. This is not a pleasant reflection, and we hope the time will speedily come when we will have the satisfaction of knowing that we are not excelled by any. There must be a reason for the inefficiency of the schools in this, and some neighboring counties, which it becomes our duty to endeavor to discover. The fault is not in the system, and we fear a close examination will reveal the fact, that part of the blame rests with the teachers themselves. They frequently forget the magnitude of the trust reposed in them, and our schools will not prosper if they prove unfaithful.

Some teachers suppose their whole duty is done when they have asked a given number of questions, assigned the lessons for the next day, and dismissed their pupils from the school rooms; and until the hour arrives for re-assembling them, they do not give them another thought. We have had many such teachers, and have a goodly number yet; but the demand for better ones is yearly increasing, and it is to be hoped that but few more years will pass before their places will be supplied by energetic workers, those who will ever strive to keep in view the best interests of their pupils.

The teacher's vocation is not a degrading one, as some people suppose, but if the calling is to be considered respectable, there must be more culture and refinement among the teachers. This is the age of progress; therefore they must not remain stationary whilst all other classes are moving onward in the march of improvement, but must keep pace with, or, rather in advance of the rest. In order to do this there must be more attention paid to self-culture than there is at present. If there is no refinement in the teacher, there will be but little in the scholars entrusted to his care. The country needs, and the people demand, a reform in this respect; and we believe the day is dawning when a mere knowledge of school books will not be considered a sufficient qualification for a good teacher, but it must also include a knowledge of something higher, an understanding of human nature as portrayed in the characters of children, and a discriminating judgment in selecting the means to be used in instructing them, morally and intellectually, are necessary to enable the teacher to do justice to all. A due appreciation of the true worth of a moral and religious character is one of the first requisites for a good teacher. The teacher should endeavor to instruct by example as well as precept. Many persons have good theories and give excellent advice, yet because of their bad example fail to benefit others. The trust reposed in teachers is so great, that he who undertakes to guide others without duly considering his responsibilities, will surely be held accountable at the last day, when those he has caused to err, by his carelessness, will come up as his accusers. When parents learn to give the teacher more of their sympathy, and teach their children that it is their duty to obey the rules of school, his work will be lessened, and at the same time the fruit of his labor will be more apparent than it is at present, while so many children are daily taught to rebel against his authority in school, by hearing reproaches cast upon him at home, by those whom they regard as infallible judges. If they could only realize a part of the trials and annoyances incident to a school room, they would be more sparing of their criticisms, and more willing to aid those engaged in the work of instructing the youthful mind.

A Walk over the Battle Field at Fair Oaks.

A correspondent of the New York Express, in a letter dated at Fair Oaks station, June 6, gives the following description of that bloody battle-field after the great fight of the 1st and 2d of June.

After a long fourteen mile ride, and a night in, or rather on, the mud, I arrived at General Kearney's Division Headquarters, last evening. The First New York volunteers, Col. Dyckman, left Newport News on Tuesday, and for the time being your correspondent placed himself under their protection. They are now located just a few rods ahead of the last great battle-field, with the 37th New York. Kearney's headquarters being in the same field. The command presented an admirable appearance, and was, by some, taken to be a brigade, as one or two brigades here are no fuller than this regiment. This tells a sad tale of the destruction of war.

From early yesterday morning to noon, there was heavy cannonading to the right, (Kearney is on the extreme left,) and the men were all under arms. At first we supposed there was merely a gun practice, but shortly it was evident that a whole battery was at work, and lively, too. The earth trembled for miles away. About noon the firing ceased, and then a shout, as if from many thousand throats, was heard away up at this station. We understood that a division was crossing the Chickahominy in another advantageous place, and that their advance was assisted by the artillery. Later news tells us of their success, though we have no particulars.

I paid a visit to the battle-field of Saturday and Sunday, called by some the "Battle of the Seven Pines," this morning. The camp of Casey's division presented a sight which an artist might envy, and yet one of desolation. All around lay charred ruins, clothing, guns, cartridge boxes, &c., the property mainly of our own troops. The whole pavement was just as level as the Russ Pavement on Broadway. Here was where the enemy first made their appearance on Saturday, and where they so badly drove back our men. A little further on is a piece of woods, and by walking through water and mud knee deep, one is enabled to investigate its contents. The bark of nearly every tree is peeled off towards the roots, the rifle balls and canister fired into the forest by our men having taken down the trees about as lively as they did Confederates.

Letters, guns by the dozen, both Secesh and Union, clothing enough to start half the Clatsam street dealers in business, new made graves, yet unburied bodies, and all the minor indications of battle and death, form one of the saddest scenes ever witnessed on the Virginia Peninsula. In a swamp we found eight bodies of the Alabamians close together, and in such a horrible state of decomposition that hardly a man saw them without turning away his head. Their clothes were on, but the bodies were swollen, that they fitted as tight as the skin itself. In several cases the flesh had already been eaten off by vermin, and the head and the skull lay bare. It was a disgusting scene, which some people might have seen with profit. But it ought to be added, that our people are burying the dead, just as fast as they can reach the remains.

I saw one body, which was evidently that of a Confederate officer. His clothing was rather better than that of the large majority we saw, and other indications of rank were numerous. He lay concealed behind some brush, and had evidently been wounded, sought its shelter, and there died. The limbs were contracted, but upon the face there seemed to rest a pallid smile. One hand held on to a fence rail near by, while the other was extended upon the earth. Like all the rest the body was swollen to twice its natural size, and millions of vermin were fast devouring it. Calling some scouts, a grave was dug, and the decaying flesh was consigned to its last resting place.

Another body was found sitting on the ground, the back braced against a fence. The skin was peeling off the hands, and hung down from the fingers in shreds. One hand rested on the musket, whose contents had been discharged. The head drooped to one side, and the features were fearfully contracted, evidencing a dying struggle of a most painful nature. In his vest pocket there was a piece of paper, and curiosity prompted me to read it. There was some scribbling upon it, the distinguishable words being, "Eighth Ala. will never yield." "No, sir, never." Then some poetical lines, of which, amid the blood and dirt, I succeeded in deciphering the following:

"Suppose we die upon the field?
"Twill prove that never will we yield;
"Twill show the foe that, like a flood,
"We'll pour for Southern rights our blood."
Below this verse were the following words:
"The woman who wrote that a Southern man ought to marry; a Northern one she would spurn."

A curiosity seeker might have collected a bushel of letters, in these words so full of horrors, but I had not the heart for the task.

To show how desperate was the struggle in the heavy woods between Casey's and Ward's camp, I have spoken of the bullet marks upon the trees, of the dead and of their effects, everywhere seen. Another indication was the clothing yet hanging upon low tree branches, fences, and lying upon the ground. An officer engaged in the battle tells me, that when we pursued, on Sunday, the retreating Confederates to the woods through which, on Saturday, they drove us, a desperate encounter ensued. Hundreds of men, on both sides, threw off all their superfluous clothing and went in, as we are told the 69th did at Bull Run, stripped almost to the waist. Those who had the opportunity, placed their coats where they would be preserved; others with no time for that threw them on the ground, and lost them with their lives. Within a space of two acres there are ungathered arms enough to supply a New York militia regiment. In that small space nearly six hundred men were sent to their long account.

At Casey's old camp there were no human bodies, as there it was an easy matter to dispose of them immediately after the fight. But hundreds of horses, torn by shot and shell, lay all around, the carcasses emitting a pestilential stench. On Sunday, when we were again in possession of this field, men and animals lay close together.

"Rider and steed in one red burial blent."

The animals are now being burned as that is the only way in which they can be disposed of, and the horrid effluvia removed from its too close contact with our camp. Upon approaching this spot, it requires considerable effort to lead a man to it, the reeking odor being so offensive. Tomorrow its condition will be favorable enough for re-occupation. In a direct rail road line from this camp to Richmond it is just seven miles. "Fair Oaks" is the name of the station.

EXTRAORDINARY SCHEME OF A CONVICTED FORGER.

A CRIMINAL OBTAINS A PARDON BY FORGERY.

The reader will no doubt, recollect that Col. J. Buchanan Cross, one of the most accomplished forgers in the country, was convicted of forgery a short time since in Philadelphia, and was sent to the Eastern Penitentiary for five years. The Philadelphia Ledger of Saturday has the following particulars of another extraordinary forgery perpetrated by him in prison, by which he succeeded in obtaining a pardon and making a trip to Washington:

On Monday last U. S. Marshal Millward, of this district, received a letter, purporting to come from Mr. P. H. Watson, Assistant Secretary of War, enclosing a petition for the pardon of J. Buchanan Cross, the forger, who was serving a term of five years in the Eastern Penitentiary. The letter set forth that Cross was wanted to be used on special business by the War Department; that he was to be sent South; and that his speedy pardon was very desirable. The Marshal was directed to obtain the signatures of District Attorney Coffey, Postmaster Wallburn, and Collector Thomas to the petition, and to take it to Harrisburg for the consideration of Governor Curtin. He was specially enjoined in the letter not to communicate on the subject with any of the local authorities, nor to trust the business to a subordinate, but to bring Cross to Washington himself.

He had a knowledge of the handwriting of the Assistant Secretary of War, which the letter appeared to be in, and then the envelope and paper upon which it was written were the same as is used in the War Department, and the letter itself had come from Washington under the frank, as supposed, of Watson. Marshal lost no time in obtaining the signatures of the District Attorney and Collector to the petition as directed, and he would have applied for that of Postmaster, but Mr. Wallburn was not in the city. The same day he set out for Harrisburg with the letter and the petition, which he laid before the Governor upon his arrival. He found that the Governor had received a letter similar to the one he had with him, purporting to be from the Assistant Secretary of War, and requesting by order of Secretary Stanton, the pardon of Cross, the forger.—The handwriting of both letters was identical, and the petition was in the same. Like the Marshal, the Governor did not entertain a doubt of the genuineness of the letters and petition, and he directed the pardon of Cross to be made out.

The Marshal then telegraphed to Deputy Marshal Jenkins to meet him at the railroad depot on his return to the city, and to have a carriage for him, which he did. On his arrival the Marshal and the Deputy rode to the Eastern Penitentiary, and the pardon of Cross was presented to the warden, much to his surprise. Cross was soon brought from his cell to the warden's room, where the bag was taken off his head, and he was confronted with the U. S. officials. On the way up the Marshal had told the Deputy where he was going, and what for; but had abstained from saying anything further. He had remarked, too, that he did not wish to be asked any questions on the subject. Cross knew officer Jenkins, and spoke familiarly to him. The Marshal then drove the prisoner to his house, where he provided him with necessary clothing, to make a decent appearance in, and then started for the Baltimore depot, the Deputy accompanying them.—On the way down the Marshal left them a moment to go to the postoffice, when Cross inquired with much concern if the Deputy was going, saying there was no necessity for it. He was particular to ask also, if he had been pardoned. When the train was near Chester, Cross was anxious to get something to eat, but the Marshal refused.

At Baltimore they partook of refreshment, but did not remain long. They arrived in Washington in the afternoon, and Cross was taken directly to the office of the Secretary of War. The Assistant Secretary was not there, and Mr. Stanton was summoned. The Marshal had telegraphed to the Secretary that he would have Cross at his office in the afternoon, and Mr. Stanton had not retired. Upon entering the Marshal introduced the Deputy, and then informed the Secretary that he had brought Cross. Mr. Stanton manifested some surprise when the Marshal spoke of Cross, and asked an explanation. The Marshal replied: "I was directed by a letter from Mr. Watson, to bring him here, and I understood it to be by your order." "Not by my order, I assure you," said Mr. Stanton.

The Marshal then handed him the letter of the Assistant, which the Secretary ran over with evident astonishment. "I know nothing about it," he said, "and what is more, it does not meet my approbation. I do not want to use such a man as Cross for any purpose." A messenger was then despatched for Mr. Watson, who, upon coming in and examining the letter, pronounced it a forgery. During all this time Cross seemed to be the least concerned person in the room. After a short consultation be-

tween the Secretary of War and the Marshal, the Military Governor of Washington was sent for, and he had Cross taken to the guard-house for safe keeping by a file of soldiers.

The next day Marshal Millward and Deputy Jenkins brought Cross to this city, and returned him to his old quarters, in the Penitentiary. On the way up, in conversation with the Deputy, he admitted that two of his friends were on the train in which they went to Baltimore, and intimated that but for his presence an escape would have been attempted. When returned to the Penitentiary, he denied the right of the warden to detain him, and demanded in the most bold and confident manner his release, as he had done to Secretary Stanton, in the War Office.

Cross was convicted in July, 1860, of the forgery of a check on the Consolidation Bank, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment. He is represented to be one of the most expert forgers living, and to have committed more forgeries than any other man. An attempt to effect his release from a New York prison, similar to that above described, was made several years ago. A letter purporting to be from the warden of the prison, and one by the physician of the institution, were sent to the Governor, and a pardon obtained.—The forgery was discovered before Cross got off. It will be remembered that he made his escape in this city from one of the court officers, who took him to a public house near Second and Washington streets, and was locked in a room up stairs by him, while he ran out, got into a carriage and was driven away. He was afterwards captured in the upper part of the city.

As the letter and the petition received by the Marshal, are believed to have been written by Cross, it is difficult to conceive how the paper was conveyed to him, and from out of the Penitentiary, to be sent to Washington for mailing to this city. As the paper and envelope were both from the War Office, they must have been stolen. The difficulty of anything being conveyed to and from prisoners in the Penitentiary, grows out of the regulation which requires the presence of a keeper when a stranger is in the cell.

A BRIEF AND POINTED SPEECH.

Vindication of Judge Douglas from Affiliation with the Abolitionists.

In the House of Representatives, on the 24th of May, several speakers of the Abolition faith made speeches misquoting Mr. Douglas to support their peculiar views on emancipation and confiscation. Colonel Richardson replied to them briefly and to the point. He said:

Mr. Speaker—I purpose to reply to a single point which has arisen during the progress of this debate.

Republican members have frequently quoted Judge Douglas within the last few days, and quoted him, too, for their own party purposes. And now I desire to remind them and the country that in all his speeches in reference to this war, Judge Douglas took the broad and statesman-like position that this war should be conducted for the preservation of the Constitution and the enforcement of the laws—for nothing more, nothing less. His position is so clearly defined that a few brief extracts from his last speeches will at once vindicate the truth of history, and place him in the proper light before his countrymen. At Springfield, Ill., in a speech made before the legislature during the month of May, 1861, he said:

"The first duty of an American citizen, or of a citizen of any constitutional government is, obedience to the constitution and laws of his country. I have no apprehension that any man in Illinois, or beyond the limits of our own beloved State, will misconstrue or misunderstand my motive. So far as any of the partisan questions are concerned, I stand in equal, eternal and undying opposition to the Republicans and the Secessionists."

And again, in the same speech he remarks:

"Hence I repeat that I am not prepared to take up arms or to sanction a policy of our Government to take up arms to make any war upon the rights of the Southern States, upon their institutions, upon their rights of person or property; but on the contrary, would rush to their defence and protect them from assault; but while that is the case, I will never cease to urge my countrymen to take up arms to fight to the death in defence of their indefeasible rights. [Long continued applause.] Hence, if a war does come, it is a war of self-defence on our part. It is a war in defence of our own just rights; in defence of the Government which we have inherited as a priceless legacy from our patriotic fathers, in defence of those great rights of freedom of trade, commerce, transit and intercourse from the centre to the circumference of our great continent. These are rights we must struggle for and never surrender."

"And in the last great effort of his life, his speech at Chicago, made but a few days prior to his death, he said:

"We must not invade constitutional rights.—The innocent must not suffer, nor women and children be the victims. Savages must not be let loose."
Neither Republican members nor Republican officials any where can find any thing in the above extracts, nor in any speech or letter of Judge Douglas, which will justify them in the slightest violation of the Constitution. On the contrary, every act of his public life, and even his dying injunction to his children, condemns unequivocally all the unconstitutional legislation which you propose, and all the unconstitutional acts of which your party officials have been guilty.

The Republican party, through its President, through this House, and through the Senate, had given a construction to the Constitution showing the absence of power to pass such bills as you are now advocating and intending to pass. In his inaugural address, after having taken his

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solemn oath to support the Constitution, Mr. Lincoln said:

"I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so and I have no inclination to do so."

The House of Representatives of the Thirty-sixth Congress, a majority of whose members were Republican, passed the following resolutions unanimously:

"That neither the Congress of the United States nor the people or government of the non-slaveholding States have the constitutional right to legislate upon, or interfere with slavery in any of the slaveholding States of the Union."

By the organic acts of the territories of Nevada, Colorado and Dakota, the Republican party, by its own legislation, had recognized and approved the doctrine of popular sovereignty, which Judge Douglas regarded as essential to the removal from these halls of the most disturbing question of our country.

I do not presume that when Judge Douglas thus strongly asserted the necessity of maintaining inviolate the Constitution of his country he for a moment suspected that you would ever attempt the violation of the pledges which your Republican Congress had given the people, and which your Republican President has reiterated. But the bills now under consideration propose to violate not only your pledges, but at the same time, the Constitution. You forget your promises; you advocate those bills, and urge their passage through Congress.

Puzzling a Yankee.

Americans are an inquisitive people, yet from the very necessity which this engenders, there is no person better understands the art of parrying and baffling inquisitiveness in another than a Yankee. We were quite amused recently by an account given by a city friend of a colloquy which came off in a country village through which he was traveling, between himself and one of the "natives," who manifested an itching curiosity to pry into his affairs.

"How do you do?" exclaimed the latter, busting up to him as he alighted for a few moments at a hotel. "Reckon I've seen you 'fore now!" "Oh, yes," was the answer of the Yankee, "no doubt; I have been here often in my life." "Spose you're going to ———, (expecting the name and place to be supplied.)

"Just so—I go there regularly once a year."

"And you've come from ———"

"Exactly, sir; you are exactly right; that is my place of residence."

"Really, now, dew fall; I spose you're a lawyer, or may be a trader, or perhaps some other perfunctory calling."

"Yes, I have always pursued some one of these professions."

"Got business in the country, eh?"

"Yes, I am at this time engaged in traveling."

"I see by your trunk that you're from Boston. Anything stirring in Boston?"

"Yes; men, women, horses and carriages; and a famous northeaster."

"You don't say so? Well, I declare, now, you are taral cute. What do you think they will do with Sims?"

"Why, it is my opinion that they will either deliver him up to the claimant, or let him go free."

"You've had a monstrous sight of rain in Boston—did an awful sight of damage, I spose?"

"Yes, it wet all the buildings and made the streets damp—very damp, indeed!"

"Didn't old Faneuil Hall get a soaking?"

"No. They hauled it on to the Common, under the Liberty tree."

"You're a circus chap, I guess; you're kinder foolin'. Pray, Mister, if it's a civil question, what might your name be?"

"It might be Smith or Brown, but it is not by a long chalk. The fact is, sir, I never had a name. When I was born, my mother was so busy that she forgot to name me, and soon after I was swapped away by mistake for another boy, and am now just applying to the Legislature for a name. When I get it, I will send you my card. Good morning, sir."

And so saying the speaker jumped into the carriage and drove off, leaving the Poor Pry of the place scratching his head in bewilderment, and apparently in more perplexity than ere he had commenced his catechisings.

"Dad," said a hopeful sprig, "how many fowls are on the table?"

"Why," said the old gentleman, as he looked complacently on a pair of finely roasted chickens that were smoking on the dinner-table; "why, my son, there are two."

"Two!" replied young smartness, "there are three, sir, and I'll prove it."

"Three?" replied the old gentleman who was a plain matter-of-fact man, and understood things as he saw them. "I'd like to have you prove that."

"Easily done, sir, easily done! Ain't that one," laying his knife upon the first?

"Yes, that's certain," said his dad.

"And ain't that two?" pointing to the second, "and don't one and two added together make three?"

"Really," said the father, turning to the old lady who was listening in astonishment at the immense learning of her son, "really, wife this boy is a genius and deserves to be encouraged for it. He is old lady, do you take one fowl, and I'll take the second, and John may have the third for his learning."

"You can't do too much work for your employers, man," said somebody to a big-fisted, strong back man of all-work, on the wharf one day. "Arrah, bejabbers," replied Pat, with emphasis, "neither will I!"

During the past year the Catholics of the United States have dedicated 95 churches, many of them very costly and magnificent.