

# THE ATHENS POST.

BY SAM. P. IVINS.

ATHENS, TENN., FRIDAY, JULY 30, 1852.

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## TERMS:

THE POST is published every Friday at \$2 per year, payable in advance, or \$3, if payment is delayed until the expiration of the year. Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of 12 lines, or less, for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each continuation. A liberal deduction made to those who advertise by the year. Persons sending advertisements must mark the number of times they desire them inserted, or they will continue until forbid and charged accordingly. For announcing the names of candidates for office, \$3, cash. Jos. Work, such as Pamphlets, Minutes, Circulars, Cards, Bills, Handbills, &c., will be executed in a neat and workmanlike manner, at short notice, and on reasonable terms. All letters addressed to the Proprietor, post paid, will be promptly attended to. Persons at a distance sending us the names of four solvent subscribers, will be entitled to a fifth copy gratis. No communication inserted unless accompanied by the name of the author. Office on the West side of the Public Square.

## THE POST.

Athens, Friday, July 30, 1852.

**STATUE TO MR. CLAY.**—There is in circulation at Richmond, (Va.) a petition to the City Council, calling on that body to name one of the new squares of the city the "CLAY SQUARE," and to grant the ladies of Virginia the privilege of placing the statue they design having executed in it.

Is it not worthy of particular note while Cass, Buchanan, and others, answered the interrogatories of Mr. R. G. Scott, of Va., and were slaughtered by the Democratic Baltimore Convention, Gen. Pierce has never answered, and was taken up by the free-soilers and fire eaters? It is boasted that the latter brought him forward. One of the questions put to him was, would he as President veto a law repealing the fugitive slave law?

Mr. Grund, a friend of Mr. Webster, writing to the Philadelphia Ledger, says: "I can most positively assure you that Mr. Webster has not now, and never had the most distant notion of accepting the Native American nomination for the Presidency."

An exchange paper, noticing the forlorn appearance of the democracy concedes the following:

"But hold a bid! There is a ray of hope for the disheartened, gloomy-visaged democrats, yet. A shrewd, long-headed Western editor, who, after a profound reflection, says that Gen. Taylor was the 'Thirteenth President, and as his successor must be F. P. — Fourteenth President, it follows, as irresistibly as any conclusion in logic, that F. P. — Frank Pierce is the man! If Scott doesn't kick the beam now, and his followers feel a colder chill creep over them than ever did over their champion when facing the death-throated cannon of the British, at Landy's Lane or Chippewa, we are no judge of omens. We pause, with intense anxiety, for the next coincidence!"

Henry Clay, in a great speech at Lexington, made several years ago, said: "I feel like an old stag which has been long coursed by the hunters and the hounds, through brakes and briars, and o'er distant plains, and has at last returned to his ancient lair, to lay him down and die. And yet the vile curs of party are barking at my heels, and the bloodhounds of personal malice are snoring at my throat."

Good. — Amid the dearth of witty toasts on the 4th, the following, delivered at the Winchester celebration, shines out with decided lustre. It was received with screams of applause and laughter: "Old Bachelors. — Unproductive consumers; scissors with but one blade; odd gloves; fractional quantities that are never found in the multiplication table; beans without fiddles; irregular substantives always in the singular number and objective case; unruly scholars who when ordered to conjugate always decline; their only recommendation is that, like the Shakers, they take no pains to perpetuate their own dismal fraternity; if there be any such in Winchester, may they speedily fall victims to a matrimonial epidemic, and thus become integral parts, whole numbers in our flourishing town."

**WESTERN AND ATLANTIC RAILROAD.** — We learn (says the Savannah Republican) from a circular just issued by Mr. Wadley, the Superintendent, that on Sunday, the 18th July, Mail Trains will commence, and continue thereafter, to run on the State road on Sundays, between Atlanta and Chattanooga, agreeable to schedule for passenger trains of this road.

Because a girl is weeping when you enter the room, don't always imagine that she is crying for you. She may have just done peeling onions.

The editor of the Indianapolis Journal says he returned from the Baltimore convention through New England, and "the right spirit prevails there. There need be no fears about New England. There was some disappointment among the friends of Mr. Webster, but they are now all right and Massachusetts will give a greater majority for Scott than she has given since 1840."

**QUICK WORK.** — A man was caught stealing at Johnston's Bar, California — twelve men were summoned — he was found guilty and hung on a tree — all within fifteen minutes.

## WASHINGTON ITEMS.—The Washington

correspondent of the Baltimore Sun says: The last Congress, which passed the compromise measures, was called the long Congress; (though it was predicted at the commencement that it would become the counterpart of the "bloody Parliament," but the present Congress ought to be called the "loving-free and easy Congress," which will terminate its labors, I believe, by spontaneous exhaustion. I wonder whether any extra compensation will be claimed for the officers of the House!

Mr. Webster will hardly run as a third candidate. Indications from New England shows that, while Mr. Webster is duly revered and beloved at home, yet that the people there are not for breaking up the Wing party.

**HOMELY TRUTH BRIEFLY SAID.**—Of one hundred men, says the Literary World, it would be safe to assert, that at least seventy-five have a strong idea to be possessed of worldly goods and property, in a word to be rich. Of these seventy-five, in our active and ready-witted American population, it would rarely happen that one was entirely wanting in the faculty of diligence—and yet few, up to the middle age, acquire a competency, or in respect to fortune accomplish their wishes. Can any man give us the philosophy of this frequent result? It appears to us to lie in a small compass. There is in every community a number of persons determined not to labor, who lend their whole inert energies to the reversal of the order of the Scriptures, "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou live." They then resolve, and maintain their resolution, with calm and stubborn uniformity to the end of their days, not to sweat; but to "keep cool"—and let others do the hard work in the heat of the day. Characters of this stamp are to be found in every town, village, city and district in the country.

And how do they live? Simply by using others. Either by getting possession of their property, without paying for it on a false credit, or by bringing others in, by way of loans and endorsements, to pay their debts. In a word, diligent Americans fail to grow rich, at least to secure a competency, by not collecting the debts they have earned in their calling, or by having to pay the debts of other people. These are two failures of the country.

**GOOD NATURE.**—Good nature is a gem which shines brightly wherever it is found. It cheers the darkness of misfortune, and warms the heart that is callous and cold. In such a life there is no care, and no fret, and no fluency. Don't let little matters ruffle you. Nobody gains anything by being cross or crabbed. If a friend has injured you; if the world goes hard; if you want employment; and can't get it; or can't get your honest dues; or fire has consumed, or water swallowed up the fruits of many years' hard toil; or your faults magnified, or enemies have betrayed, or friends deceived, never mind; don't get mad with any of its creatures; keep good natured and our word for it, all will come right. The soft south wind and the genial sun are not more effectual in clothing the earth with verdure and sweet flowers of spring, than is good nature in adorning the heart of men and women with blossoms of kindness, happiness and affection—those flowers, the fragrance of which ascend to heaven.

The Express in an article on the fallacies of Kossuth's statements and predictions, especially his charge of Hungarian hatred towards Austria, says:

"The Emperor of Austria—"the young Nero,"—"the boy butcher," the very embodiment, personification, and essence of born absolutism, according to the certificate of character volunteered by Mr. Kossuth—has recently been making a visit to Hungary, as those of our readers who keep an eye on the foreign news are well aware. How has this youthful tyrant been received by a people whom the "illustrious Magyar" has been all along telling us were ripe for renewed revolt, or, if not, could at least be made so by a little sympathy, a little intervention, a little material aid, from the United States of America? How received? Why, by popular ovations, by demonstrations of public respect and attachment, by the most humble manifestations of gratitude, even for the imperial condescension of a visit. Indeed, if the newspaper reports be credited, there are no bounds to the popular enthusiasm."

In Paris on the 1st inst. fourteen persons were arrested in some detached houses, and shortly afterwards the police took into custody several others. At first, strict secrecy was observed, and the affair enveloped in a good deal of mystery, but it afterwards transpired that the parties arrested were conspirators who had been detected in the act of constructing an infernal machine with which to assassinate Louis Napoleon. The machine consisted of fourteen barrels, each capable of containing twenty bullets.

**A WINEPOTTER.**—Mr. John White, of this village, handed us an Irish potato, dug from his garden, measuring 18 inches in circumference one way, 11 the other, weighing 14 pounds.—*Abbeville So. Ca. Banner.*

**STRANGE TASTE.**—A funeral sermon was preached at Proctorsville, Vt., on the death of Mr. Gilman Bond. By his request it was written and read to him before he died!

A single lump of gold was received by the American Exchange Bank of New York, by the steamer Illinois, weighing 60 ounces and valued at \$1,100.

## LIFE OF GENERAL SCOTT.

### SCOTT'S BIRTH AND EDUCATION.

WINFIELD SCOTT, the son of a farmer by the name of William Scott, was born near Petersburg, Virginia, on the 13th of June, 1786. He was the youngest of two sons, and had three sisters. His grandfather was Scotch, and took part in the rebellion of 1745, and fought against the King. Another ancestor fell in the celebrated battle of Culloden.—His grandfather, forced to fly his country, took refuge in Virginia, where he became a lawyer. His son, our hero's father, became a farmer, and married Ann Mason, a lady of great virtue and excellent sense. Her husband died young, leaving his wife the sole guardian of five children, with a small property, that only a rigid economy could render adequate for their support and education. Young Scott thus came into the world the hardy child of difficulty and fortune, and no nursing of ease and indulgence. His own exertions seconding his mother's efforts, a good education was obtained for him. He chose the legal profession, attended a course of law lectures at William and Mary's College, entered a lawyer's office, and was admitted to the Bar in 1806, at the age of 20.

### HOW HE BECAME A SOLDIER.

In the summer of 1807 occurred the wanton attack of the British frigate Leopard upon the Chesapeake, and the seizure and imprisonment of several of her crew, upon the allegation that they were British subjects.—This outrage excited a violent resentment throughout the country. Young Scott shared ardently in the indignation of his countrymen, and immediately joined a volunteer corps raised in Petersburg, and marched with them down to Lynnhaven Bay, where they took up their station, in expectation of a British descent upon the coast. But this little cloud of war blew over, the volunteers were called home, and Scott returned to the practice of his profession. He was soon to leave it forever, for Providence had marked for him a wide and glorious career. Our difficulties with England thickened. It became clear that a war was inevitable. Congress passed a bill to raise an army. Scott applied for a commission, and in May, 1808, received from President Jefferson, a commission as captain of artillery. During the rest of the year he was employed on the recruiting service, and in the study of his new profession of arms. In 1809 he was ordered to Louisiana, and placed under the command of Gen. Wilkinson. For this officer Scott had no respect. Himself filled with patriotic ardor, and a passionate devotion to his country's honor, he believed Wilkinson to be implicated in Burr's conspiracy. The young soldier with more boldness than prudence, did not hesitate to express his sentiments. The result was, that Wilkinson preferred charges against him that resulted in his suspension from the service for a year. In this punishment he had the sympathy of his brother officers, and was complimented with a public dinner on the occasion of his sentence. The interval of suspension was passed by Scott in a systematic and thorough study of military tactics, and the whole science of war. At the expiration of the time, he re-appeared in service with increased knowledge, and superior fitness for the arduous duties now about to devolve upon him.

### WAR DECLARED.—HULL'S INGLORIOUS SURRENDER.

At length, on the 18th of June, 1812, war was declared. The military preparations of the country had been inadequate to the necessities of the crisis. An expedition to seize upon Upper Canada was planned, and the execution of it intrusted to General Hull. He crossed into Canada at Detroit, with his whole force, on the 12th of July, 1812, and in one month and two days thereafter ingloriously surrendered to General Brock, the British commander, without striking a blow. The country was stunned by the shock it received in the accounts of this shameful pusillanimity of conduct. The blood of our young hero boiled to wipe out this stain of dishonor. He longed to avenge our disasters upon the very spot where they had been suffered—a result he soon gloriously accomplished.

### SCOTT IS PROMOTED.—SEES HIS FIRST SERVICE.

Receiving the commission of Lieutenant-colonel from President Madison, Scott repaired to the Niagara frontier, and took up his position at Black Rock. In October he undertook, in conjunction with Lieutenant Elliott, of the navy, the capture of two British armed brigades, named the *Adams* and *Calcedonia*, then lying moored under the guns of the British Fort Erie, nearly opposite. The attempt was gallant and successful; the vessels were captured. But in carrying them off, one of them, the *Adams*, drifted on shore under the guns of the battery at Fort Erie, and was deserted by the captors. The enemy at once undertook her recovery. Scott drove back their boats by a well-directed fire. The contest soon became sharp to see who could win the prize. Our young hero's zeal and ardor mounted with the occasion, and he finally prevailed. Our men bore off the brig in triumph, and the American stars and stripes proudly floated at her masthead, in token of our first success on the frontier, and in promise of that succession of victories that soon after crowned our arms with glory on the Lakes and in Canada.

The successful exploit gave a new impulse to the flagging spirits of our troops, mortified and dashed as they had been by Hull's surrender. A body of those troops, comprising 2,500 militia and about 450 regulars, lay down, at Lewiston, under the command of Gen. Stephen Van Rensselaer. This force was impatient for action, and demanded to be led across into Canada. The demand was so urgent as to induce their leaders to yield to their importunities, notwithstanding no sufficient preparations had been made for such a step. Hearing of the intended invasion, Scott became at once eager to join the expedition, and by a forced march hastened through mud and rain to the scene of action. The arrangements of the embarkation were such, however, as to preclude him from joining the columns of the invading force. He accordingly took up a position, with his artillery, where he could best cover the landing of our troops, and opened an effective fire on the enemy. The two divisions of attack moved off, the first headed by Col. Solomon Van Rensselaer, and the second by Col. Christie. The former succeeded in landing a part of his men. The boats of the latter were swept down by the current, and a portion of the

men therein fell into the enemy's hands, while the remainder were driven back to the American shore. Col. Christie himself being amongst the number. Though wounded in his first effort, Col. Christie obtained fresh reinforcements, and returned and made a successful landing. Meantime, the column under Van Rensselaer formed and advanced under a murderous cannonade from the heights. Beneath it the Colonel and several of his officers fell, killed or wounded. Another portion of the detachment, under fresh officers, came to its succor, and under Captains Wool, Ogilvie, Malcom, and Armstrong, swept forward upon the heights. They stormed the two batteries which protected them, and drove the enemy under the shelter of a strong stone building near by. Here the flying British were rallied by Gen. Brock, the Governor of Upper Canada, who had just arrived upon the ground and with fresh reinforcements. He headed a charge against our troops, who grudgingly repulsed and dispersed the assailants, mortally wounding both Gen. Brock and his Secretary, McDonald.

At this point the time Scott arrived on the ground, and the entire command of the corps, now about 600 strong, was at once committed to him. General Wadsworth acted second in command, and his attachment to his youthful leader often induced him to interpose his own person to shield Scott from the bullets of the Indian rifles which were aimed against his commanding person. Scott immediately drew up his forces upon a strong and commanding position, and awaited succors from the opposite shore; but, seized by sudden fright, our men refused to move.—Scott's position now became eminently perilous. The news of the conflict, thus far had already been carried to Fort George below, which immediately poured forth its garrison, and with 500 Indians advanced upon our defenseless position. The assailants were repulsed with firmness, and driven back in total rout; our young hero heading his troops in person, and displaying an intrepidity and gallantry never surpassed. Several successive attacks followed. In one of them the American advanced pickets were driven in by superior numbers, and a general massacre seemed inevitable. At this critical moment Scott appeared, and by dint of vehement exertions and impetuous enthusiasm rallied his line, which had recoiled, and was upon the point of giving way. His brilliant example inspired and electrified his men, and the whole line, ringing with shouts, precipitated itself upon the enemy, scattering them in all directions, strewn the ground with dead and wounded.

Successive reinforcements continued to arrive, and swell the British and Indian forces, until their numbers reached not less than thirteen hundred men. The Americans had become reduced to less than three hundred. No succor was to be expected for our troops from the American shore had refused to come to the aid of their comrades. Retreat was hopeless. At this trying moment, the gallant and intrepid Scott displayed a bearing and a spirit of the most lofty heroism. In nowise deterred by the imminent peril of his position, he called around him his now diminished band, spoke these thrilling words: "The enemy's balls have thinned our ranks. His numbers are overwhelming. Directly the shock must come, and there is no retreat. We are in the beginning of a national war. Hull's ignominious surrender must be retrieved. Let us die then, arms in hand! Our country demands the sacrifice. The example will not be lost. The blood of the slain will make heroes of the living. Who is ready for the sacrifice?" An enthusiastic cry answered this eloquent appeal. "We are all ready!" was the reply.

### [TO BE CONTINUED.]

### The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger writes:

"Mr. Clay's countenance immediately after death looked like an antique cast. His features seemed to be perfectly classical; and the repose of all the muscles gave the face a body a quiet majesty, hardly reached by a living human being. His last request was, that his body might be buried, not in Washington, nor in Frankfort, Kentucky, (where so many distinguished Kentuckians sleep the long sleep of death) but at Lexington, by the side of his friends and relatives. One of the most remarkable phenomena accompanying the sickness and gradual dissolution of Mr. Clay, was a species of second sight—a living dream, dreamed with the perfect consciousness that it was a dream, which brought to his bed-side not only the persons of his living friends, but also those who had departed this life for many years. What a blessing it must have been to a man of such warm affections as Mr. Clay to be thus surrounded by all he loved to have the grave, which was about to encompass him, surrender the dead, by the magic attraction of his departing spirit."

There is a book, says Punch, with the dangerous title of the Pocket Lawyer.—We shouldn't like a book of this title much for we are afraid if we once got the Lawyer in our pocket, we never should be able to get him out.

The Cholera on the Isthmus of Panama was greatly on the increase at the last accounts. At Navy Bay it was equally prevalent. Some of the cases terminate fatally in about two hours.

A woman 118 years of age is now living at Seville, Spain. She was married at the age of 36, and has at this time 19 children; 36 grand children and 45 great grand children. She is in the possession of all her faculties.

**A LESSON ON IRON.**—Mr. Weed, of the Albany Evening Journal, (now on his passage home from Europe.) writes from London as follows, (after announcing a heavy purchase of rails for America)—

"Speaking of iron, by the way, let us extract an expensive moral from the existing state of things. The Tariff of 1846, aided by cheap iron from England, having broken down our own Manufactures, we are now, with all sorts of enterprise in hand, wholly dependent upon the English Manufacturers. They understand and are taking advantage of this folly. The price of rails has risen, and will continue to advance. Iron is twenty-five and thirty per cent. higher now than it was a year ago. Rails could have been rolled, if our Tariff had not been broken down, at home, twenty-five percent cheaper than their cost here. And then, besides using up our raw materials, giving employment for American capital and labor, and increasing the demand for American produce, the steamers would not be taking all specie at the rate of six millions a week."

There is either unparalleled stupidity or wanton wickedness in our Free Trade Policy. Cotton growers and shippers naturally enough advocate Free Trade, though it is more than probable that their true and permanent interests would be promoted by a protective Tariff. But that the masses of our people—and above all the Democracy of America—should favor Free Trade is "passing strange."

England having by a rigid and unyielding adherence to a protective policy for centuries developed all her resources, covered her entire kingdom with engines, forges, looms and spindles, and attained perfection in all the departments of manufactures, with cheap labor and untold millions of surplus capital, in a condition to ask from the nations whose manufacturing interests she has broken down, free trade. Yes, after England has grown great and powerful, overspreading the world with her manufactures and spanning the oceans and seas with her commerce; when, by her perfected machinery, long experience, multiplied facilities, and unlimited capital, England placed herself beyond the reach of competition, she assumes the championship and becomes an example of Free Trade. This is eminently wise for England. Centuries of restriction have prepared her for freedom in trade. Free Trade is as clearly the policy of England now as protection is the true policy of America. The reasons, in both cases, are found in the relative condition of the two countries.

**THE CRY OF ABOLITION.**—The democratic organs have opened on the old cry of abolition. When Van Buren and Harrison were opposing candidates, they told us that "sweet little Mattie," was the very pink of southern soundness, but that Gen. Harrison was an abolitionist. In a short time Van was running as the free-soil candidate while the course of Gen. Harrison had silenced slander against him. Next we are told that Mr. Clay was a traitor to the South, and that Polk was a traitor to the North. Polk was a traitor to the South, and Clay was a traitor to the North. Polk was a traitor to the South, and Clay was a traitor to the North. Polk was a traitor to the South, and Clay was a traitor to the North.

My dear Polly, I am surprised at your taste in wearing another woman's hair on your head, said Mr. Smith to his wife.

Mr. dear Billy, I am equally astonished that you persist in wearing another sheep's wool on your back, Billy bleated and took to his trotters.

An editor out west says that publishing newspapers is an infernal business, for there is the "devil to pay" in the office every Saturday evening.

The National Era, (free-soil) advocates the repeal of the act relating to fugitives from service, or labor, that subject being left by the Constitution to the several States. Such is the doctrine advanced by the resolutions of '98, and unconditionally endorsed by the democratic party North and South.—*Clarksville Chronicle.*

The "Down East Debating Society" have been lately discussing the question, "How many times must a man sneeze before he is up to snuff?" Decided in the affirmative! Next question—Is it absolutely necessary for a man of stable mind to associate chiefly with horses?

**VERY LIKE WHITE FOLKS.**—An Indian chief once went to the office of the American Commissioner at Chicago, to whom he introduced himself as a very good Indian, a good friend to the Americans, and concluded by asking for a glass of whiskey. The Commissioner gravely told him that they never gave whiskey to good Indians, who never wished for any such things, that it was only used by bad Indians. "Then!" replied the Indian, "me one d — rasal!"

A Maine editor says that a pumpkin in that State grew so large, that eight men could stand round it. This is like the man who saw a flock of blackbirds so low that he could shake a stick at them.

"Mrs. Mollolland, I've kum to level on your furniture." "You have, have you? Now listen to me, you murderin' old thief—touch a pig, a cow, a timber-box, or any other livin' creature belonging to me, and I'll break me nose across your fist. Get out, you theivin' old devil." It is unnecessary to add that he did.

One of the curiosities of the Oxford Anatomy School is the skeleton of a woman who had ten husbands, and was hanged at the age of thirty-five for the murder of four of them.

**EXPLODED.**—The notion about "seventeen years' locusts." A lecturer says he has found them annually for twenty years past.

**MY FATHER'S "SWORD."**—A friend mentioned to us this morning about as amusing an incident of vain-glorious boasting, by implication, as we remember ever to have heard. He had stopped at an inn in the interior of the pleasant county of Westchester, when presently his attention was arrested by an old fellow, with a very red nose, rheumy eyes, and a glass of rumtoddy in his shaking hand, who was setting forth some of the occurrences of his eventful life.

"Let's see, Billy," said a by-stander, "wasn't you in New York at the time the British were there, before the evacuation?"

"Wal, no, not exactly when they was there—but I'll tell you all about it. My father fought at Bunker Hill, and when he died, he left me his 'sword,' and I said then that that sword shouldn't never be dishonored. And when I heard that the blasted British was continuing to stick in 'York, I got up our old grey mare, put a horse-pistol into my pocket, and buckled my father's old sword onto my side, and put for the city. I got there in the mornin', but the British had left Fact—they'd cleared out, every one on 'em!—Now, I don't say that they knew I was on the way, and left because I was a colonel; but I do say, that it looked d—dly like it!"

The uproarious laugh that followed this perfectly serious vaunting, so excited the wrath of the toper, that he looked round the dining company for a moment, smothered his old hat down upon his head, and indignantly left the room.

**A LESSON FOR FARMERS.**—All the world is full of promises to those who trust in God. A man must either believe the promises, or give up the Bible, if he is honest with himself; and there are circumstances in the occupation of a farmer which should remind him continually of this, and make him more truthful and liberal. I can hardly imagine a good man going forth into his fields, and seeing the hope of the next year laid in the ground, without remembering, at times, such striking passages as these:—"There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth;"—"The seed which thou sowest little shall reap plentifully."—Moreover, the whole harvest is so evidently the work of God, from first to last. The man who sows, if his produce is bad, justly taxes his men or machinery. The tragedian, if he loses, blames his want of foresight, or his unprincipled customers. But the farmer, having the best land, the best workmen, the best tools, the best seed, the longest experience, is still in the greatest uncertainty from first to last. Circumstances, which he can neither foresee, nor foresee, control, keep him constantly in God's hands—and, if he will, he will be resigned and thankful, for whatever what it may. The woman who has a very fine dress, if she wears it to the wrong moment, render all her labors doubtful to the end. And, therefore, being so entirely manifestly in God's hands, he should rest satisfied, and not neglect his duty, confident that he is more likely to prosper, even though his aims are what the world would consider rash—but not rash, because they are given to him, and with faith in Him from whom he holds all that he enjoys.—*Heggate.*

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