Brookville American.

VOL. [illegible] BROOKVILLE, [illegible] 1858.

Brookville American.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

BY

W. H. FOSTER.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One dollar and fifty cents per year, payable in advance, two dollars at the end of six months, or three dollars at the expiration of the year.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square, (ten lines or less,) one insertion	$ 75
" " each subsequent insertion	25
" " 3 months	3 00
" " 6 "	5 00
" " 12 "	8 00
Business cards of six lines or less, 3 months	2 00
" " " " " " 6 "	3 00
" " " " " " 12 "	5 00

YEARLY ADVERTISING.

One column, (changeable quarterly)	$60 00
½ " " "	50 00
⅓ " " "	35 00
¼ " " "	20 00
⅙ " " "	15 00

Business notices published in the editorial column of ten lines or less, will be charged one dollar, if over ten lines, ten cents per line.

Legal advertisements will be inserted and charged at the attorney ordering the same.

Candidates for office will be charged two dollars for announcements, or one dollar to subscribers.

Transient advertisements must invariably be paid for in advance. All others to be settled for quarterly. A discount of five per cent will be made from our usual rates for cash.

☞ Advertisements to insure insertion must be handed in by Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock.

☞ Unless a particular time is specified when handed in, advertisements will be published until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

BUSINESS CARDS.

W. MORROW,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
First Door South of the Post-office.
BROOKVILLE, IND.
WILL PRACTICE IN THE COMMON PLEAS, Circuit and Supreme Courts of the States. [feb5'58-tf.

GEORGE HOLLAND. CHAS. C. BINKLEY
HOLLAND & BINKLEY,
Attorneys at Law.
☞ Office in Haile's Block, West of the Court House. [feb5'58-tf

JOS. COX & WM. H. KERR,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
OFFICE NO. 3 APOLLO BUILDING,
Cor. Fifth and Walnut Sts
CINCINNATI, O.
feb5'58-ly

POLLOCK & M'CALL,
Manufacturers' Agents and
Wholesale Paper Dealers,
NO. 232 WALNUT STREET,
CINCINNATI.
Catawba Wine.
KLEMM'S PURE CATAWBA WINE (FOR medical purposes) for sale by
[feb5'58-tf. P. SHOEMAKER & CO.

DR. JOHN W. KEELY.
Surgeon-Dentist,
BROOKVILLE, IND.
ALL WORK IN THE DENTAL LINE WARranted. Office and Store one door South of Tyner & Kimble's store.

J. C. & H. L. TUMY,
BOOK BINDERS,
AND
Blank Book Manufacturers,
Over the Bookstore of Applegate & Co.
No. 43 Main St., below Second,
CINCINNATI O.

New Grocery!!
JOSEPH REYNOLDS
HAVING entered into the Grocery and Produce business, will keep constantly on hand a good assortment of the choicest
Family Groceries,
Including in part the following articles:—
N. O. Sugar, Coffee, Mackerel, Salt, Crushed Sugar, Tea, Powdered Sugar, Molasses, Golden Syrup, White Fish, Dried Apples, Rice, Dates, Prunes, Raisins, Oranges, Lemons, Almonds, Candies, Nuts, Figs, Powder and Shot, Hams, Shoulders, Nails, Brooms, Vinegar, Buckets, &c.
Which he will be happy to furnish to customers at the lowest possible figures, for
CASH OR COUNTRY PRODUCE!
He will also keep on hand a good article of
White Wheat Flour,
Of the best Brand in the market. Don't forget the place, one door North of Slaughter & Williams' Store, Brookville, Ind. april 9-tf

VALLEY HOUSE,
GEORGE P. MAXWELL, PROPRIETOR.
BROOKVILLE, IND.
HAVING taken the above House, the proprietor will devote his undivided attention to the comfort of those who may become his guests. The establishment is now undergoing a thorough repairing and cleansing, for the summer season, to which he invites his friends and the public generally.
☞ Horses and baggies kept for the accommodation of customers.

FREE OF CHARGE!!
I HAVE JUST RECEIVED another lot of Dr. W. MILLER'S RHEUMATIC FLUID, for the cure of Rheumatism, Pains, Swellings, Sprains, contracted or Painful Sinews, Muscles or Joints, Neuralgia, Nervous Headache, or anything of that nature.—Persons afflicted, by calling on me can have one application, free of charge, which will satisfy them of its wonderful virtue. The Doctor offers to pay a reward of
TEN DOLLARS
For any failure in an attempt to cure. This fluid is put up in large bottles, and is the cheapest medicine we know of in view of requiring so small a portion to perform a certain cure.
All orders addressed to
THOS. BARTON,
march 5-tf. Brookville, Ind.

JAMES HASSON,
DEALER IN
WATCHES & JEWELRY
(At C. Hasson's Store.)
MT. CARMEL, IND.
A GOOD ASSORTMENT of articles in the above line at fair prices. may 7-tf.

SAMUEL B. JENKINS,
SADDLE & HARNESS MAKER
MT. CARMEL, ND.
WOULD SAY TO HIS old friends and customers that he is now prepared to accommodate them with everything in his line of business, and feels confident he can suit all who may give him a call with as good work as can be bought in the country, at satisfactory prices. Call and see my style of work. May 7-tf.

Echoes of the Beautiful.

Sun-Shadows—Bright and Dark.

When the Day plays hide with her sister
The Night, so stately and fair,
And the sun is sending his fondest glance
On the beautiful clouds in the air,

As I sit in the twilight dusky,
Before my fire so bright
And gaze, as a maiden loves to gaze
On the flickering shapes of light,

Proud castles springing up in the embers,
And palaces a rise in the smoke;
Or nestled away at the foot of the brands
A cottage, half hid by an oak.

There are lordly forms at the castle,
Brave hearts and true hands there be;
And away in the cottage among the hills,
A heart that beats only for me.

And the blaze brings a brighter vision,
As far in its depths I look,
The years of the future before me lie,
Like the page of an open book.

There's a world that is good and kindly,—
There are friends who are always true;
And my life is a glad and happy one
In the work and the [illegible]

I start from the cushioned arm-chair
"This dream of it shall be all!"
While I eagerly gaze round the silent room,
A shadow flits over the wall;
'Tis only a shade from the fire-side,
Yet it makes my spirits fall.

I think of the time when I saw it,
A child on my mother's knee,
And friends who are dead and distant now,
Were watching the shadows with me.

That eve in my gleeful frolic,
I laughed at the fire-shades wild;
To-night they seem like the ghosts of the years
That have flown since I was a child.

And every grief of my girlhood,
And every sin of my youth,
Each friendship broken, each hope destroyed,
Comes back with a bitter truth.

Stern Memory bids me listen,
She chants me a saddening strain;
While hope on her bright and flickering flame,
Is bidding me look again.

I will sit in the cushioned arm-chair,
And turn from the darkening past;
Hope weaves the future in brighter scenes,—
Let me look at them while they last.

Select Miscellany.

SOPHIE LYNN.

A BEAUTIFUL STORY.

"Men are never so awkward, never so ungraceful, never so disagreeable, as when they are making love. A friend is a luxury—a husband ditto, I suppose; but that intermittent class of human beings, denominated 'lovers,' are terrible bores. It does very well for a woman to blush and look flustered now and then, when occasion makes it desirable; but for a MAN, with his face as red as a ripe cherry, and a real parcel of strong-mindedness, self-reliance, and masculine dignity, done up in broadcloth and starched linen, quaking from the toes of his boots to the top of his shirt collar, his mouth awry and his tongue twisted into convulsions, in the attempt to say something sweet—O, gracious!"

So said saucy, Sophie Lynn, aloud to herself, as she sat swinging backward and forward before her window, half buried in the cushions of a luxurious arm chair, and playing with a delicate ivory fan that lay upon her lap.

"It always seems so strange, not to say tiresome," she continued, with a running, musical laugh, "after one has waltzed and sung, quoted poetry and talked nonsense, with anybody, one is puzzled to know which of the two is the most heartless, one's self or one's companion, to hear him come plump down upon the subject of matrimony, as though that was the legitimate result of every such insipid acquaintanceship! For my part, I never had a lover (here Sophie fluttered her fan and looked pleased, for she had more than one,) that I wasn't heartily sick of after he had proposed. There was Captain Morris—I thought him the handsomest man in my whole circle of acquaintances, until he went on his knees to me and swore he should die if I didn't take pity on him. Somehow he always looked like a fright to me afterward. Then there was Dr. Wilkins—he was really agreeable, and people said very learned. I was delighted with him for a time; but he spoiled it all with that offer of his—what long-winded adjectives! and how the poor fellow blushed, and puffed, and prespired! He called me an "adorable creature," and hiccoughed in the middle of "adorable." Horrors! I have detested him ever since. Then there was a—"

Here Sophie started. She heard the door bell ring. With a nervous spring she stood before her mirror, smoothing down her brown hair, with a haste truly comical.

"It won't do to seem interested," she said, as she took a flushed survey of her person in the glass, and shook out, with her plump, jeweled fingers, the folds of her airy muslin dress.

The moment afterwards, when a servant entered to announce Mr. Harry Ainslee, she was back in her old seat by the window, rocking and playing with her fan, apparently as unconcerned and listless as though that name had not sent a thrill to her heart, or the betraying crimson all over her pretty face. "Tell him I will be down presently," she said.

The girl disappeared and Sophie flung open her window, that the cool, fresh air might fan away the extra rosiness from her complexion. Then she went again to the mirror, and after composing her bright, eager, happy face into an expression of demureness, descended to the parlor. A smile broke over her features, and she reached out both her hands to the guest; but as if suddenly recollecting herself, drew them back again, and with a formal bow of recognition, she passed by him, and seated herself in a further corner of the room.

It was very evident that something was wrong with Sophie; that she had made up her mind, either not to be pleased, or not to please. Could it be that she had forseen what was coming? that a presentiment of that visit and its results had dictated the merry speeches in her chamber? Be that as it may, a half hour had not elapsed before she knew that Harry Ainslee's hand and heart, (which, by the way, was nothing wonderful,) were in the same place where Captain Morris' and Dr. Wilkins' had been before them.

"The first man that I ever heard say such things without making a fool of himself," muttered Sophie, emphatically, from behind her fan, as she sat blushing, and evidently gratified, yet without deigning any reply to the gallant, straightforward speech in which her lover had risked his all of hope.

"He ought to do penance for the pretty way he manages his tongue. He's altogether to calm to suit me." And Sophie shook her curly head meaningly, holding her fan before her for a screen—did she forget what she had been saying? "I wonder if I could snore the way old Uncle Jones used to in church?" she soliloquised. Wouldn't it be fun?—and wouldn't it plague Harry if he thought I had been asleep while he was talking?"

Sophie's eyes danced with suppressed merriment as she gave two or three heavy breathings, and followed them up with a nasal explosion worthy of an orthodox deacon. It was well done—theatrically done; and poor Harry sprang upright—surprised, mortified, chagrined. Human nature could stand it no longer, and Sophie gave vent to her mirth in a burst of triumphant laughter.

"Y-o-u little witch—you mischief—you spirit of evil," exclaimed the relieved Harry, as he sprang to her side and caught her by the arm with a gripe that made her scream. "You deserve a shaking for your behavior!" Then lowering his voice, he added gravely: "Will you never have done tormenting me? If you love me, can you not be generous enough to tell me so? and if you do not, am I not, at least, worthy of a candid refusal?"

Words sprang to Sophie's lips that would have done credit to her womanly nature, and made her lover's heart bound with rapture; for the whole depths of her being were stirred, and drawn towards him as they never before had been to any man. But she could not quite give up her raillery then. She would go one step further from him ere she laid her hand in his, and told him he was dearer than all the world beside. So she checked the tender response that trembled on her tongue, and flinging off his grasp with a mock jesture and a ringing laugh, danced across the room to the piano.

She seated herself, she ran her fingers gracefully over the keys, and broke out in a wild, brilliant, defiant song, that made her listener's ears tingle as he stook watching her, and choking back the indignant words that crowded to his lips for utterance.

"Sophie, listen to me!" he said, at length as he paused from sheer exhaustion. "Is it generous—is it just to trifle with me so?—to turn into ridicule the emotions of a heart that offers you its most reverent affections? I have loved you, because under the volatile surface character of yours, I thought I saw truthfulness and simplicity, purity of soul, and a warm current of tender, womanly feeling that would bathe with blessings the whole life of him whose hand was fortunate enough to touch its secret springs. You are an heiress, and I only a poor student; but if *that* is the reason why you treat my suit so scornfully, you are less the noble woman that I thought you."

Sophie's head was averted, and a suspicious moisture glistened in her eyes as Harry ceased speaking. Ah why is it that we sometimes hold our highest happiness so lightly—carrying it carelessly in our hands as though it were but dross, and staking it all upon an idle caprice.

When she turned her countenance toward him again, the same mocking light was in her eyes, the same coquettish smile wreathed her red lips.

"Speaking of heiresses," said Sophie," "there's Helen Myrtle, whose father is worth twice as much as mine. Perhaps you had better transfer your attentions to her, Mr. Ainslee. The difference in our dowries would no doubt be quite an inducement, and possibly she might consider your case more seriously than I have done."

Like an insulted prince, Harry Ainslee stood up before her—the hot, fiery, indignant blood dashing in a fierce torrent over his face—his arms crossed tightly upon his breast, as if to keep his heart from bursting with its uprising indignation—his lips compressed and his dark eyes flashing. Sophie, cruel Sophie! you added one drop too much to your cup of sarcasm. You trespassed upon his forbearance one little step further than you would have dared, had you known his proud, sensitive nature.

Not till he was gone—gone without a single word of expostulation, leaving only a grave "good bye," and the memory of his pale face to plead for him—did the thoughtless girl wake to a realization of what she had done. Then a quick, terrible fear shot through her heart, and she would have given every curl on her brown head to have had him beside her one short moment longer.

"Pshaw! what am I afraid of? He will be back again within twenty-four hours, as importunate as ever," she muttered to herself, as the street door closed after him; yet a sigh, that was half a sob, followed the words, and could Harry have seen the beautiful pair of eyes that watched him so eagerly as he went down the long street, or the bright face that leaned away out through the parted blinds, with such a wistful look, after he had disappeared, it might have been his turn to triumph.

In spite of Sophie's prophecy, twenty-four hours did not bring Harry back. Days matured into weeks, and still he did not come, nor in all that time did she see him. And now she began to think herself quite a martyr, and acted accordingly. In fact, she did as almost any heroine would have done under the circumstances—grew pale and interesting. Mamma began to suggest delicacies to tempt Sophie's palate—"the poor, dear child was getting so thin!" In vain. Sophie protested that she had no appetite.

In vain papa brought dainty gifts, and piled up costly dresses before his pet. A faint smile, or an abstracted "thank you," was his only recompense. If sister Kate suggested that Harry's absence was in any way connected [illegible] demeanor [illegible] would [illegible] air of supreme indifference, and go away and cry over it, hours at a time. Everybody thought something was the matter with Sophie—Sophie among the rest.

Her suspense and penitence became insupportable at last. Sister Kate, who had come so near the solution of the mystery, should know all—so said Sophie. Perhaps she could advise her what to do, for to give Harry up forever seemed every day more of an impossibility.

"Will you come into the garden with me, Kate?" she asked, in a trembling voice, of her sister one day, about a month after her trouble with Harry. "I have something important to tell you."

"Go away, darling, and I will be with you in a few moments, replied Kate, casting a searching glance at Sophie's flushed cheeks and swollen eyes.

Running swiftly along the garden paths, as if from fear of pursuit, Sophie turned aside in her favorite arbor, and flinging herself down on a low seat, buried her head among the cool, green vines, and gave herself up to a paroxysm of passionate grief. Soon she heard steps approaching, and an arm was twined tenderly about her waist, and a warm hand laid carelessly on her drooped head.

"O, Kate, Kate!" she cried, in the agony of her repentance, "I am perfectly wretched. You don't know why, though you have come very near guessing two or three times. Harry and I——"

Here a convulsive sob interrupted her, and the hand upon her head passed over her disordered curls with a gentle, soothing motion.

"Harry and I"—another sob—"quarreled two or three weeks ago. I was wilful and rude, just as it was natural for me to be, and he got angry. I don't think he is going to forgive me, for he hasn't been here since.

Sophie felt herself drawn in a closer embrace, and was sure Kate pitied her.

"I wouldn't have owned it to anybody if it hadn't been just as it is," she continued, rubbing her little white hand into her eyes; "but I think I love him almost as I do you and father and mother."

A kiss dropped on Sophie's glossy head, and tighter was she held. She wondered that Kate was so silent, but still kept her face hidden in the vines.

"He asked me to be his wife," she continued—"asked me as nobody else ever did—in such a manly way, that he made me feel as though I ought to have been the one to plead instead of him. I could not bear that, and so I answered him just as I should not. He thought it was because he was poor, and I was rich, and all the time I was thinking I would rather live in a cottage with him, than in the grandest palace in the world with any other man, only I was too proud to tell him so to his face. What can I do? Tell me, Kate, you are much better than I am, and never get into trouble. I am sure I shall die if you don't." And poor Sophie wept anew.

Sophie *did* look up, with a start, and the next moment with a little scream, leaped from the arms of—not sister Kate, but Harry Ainslee!

Sophie declares to this day, that she has never forgiven either of them, though she has been Mrs. Harry Ainslee nearly two years.

Going Saucks.

Not long ago, in a neighboring city, as a butcher stood at his stall, selling meat, he saw a man stoop down and pick something up.

'What have you got there?' asked the butcher.

The fellow said—

'It looks like money.'

On examination it proved to be a ten dollar bill.

'I suppose,' said the butcher, 'it is one I dropped when making change a little while ago.'

To which the finder replied—

'I think I ought to have one half, for had it not been for me, you would not have seen it again.'

The butcher, knowing it not to be his bill, thought he couldn't do less than to comply with the fellow's request, he therefore took a five dollar bill out of his pocket-book, and gave it to him, taking the ten himself.

Soon afterward, the butcher was purchasing some goods in a store, and offered the bill in payment [illegible] store keeper, who pronounced it a counterfeit. The butcher was surprised, and not over-well pleased, but on considering, thought the best thing he could do would be to stow the ten dollar note away in a safe place, and say nothing about the way in which he had over reached himself.

☞ The *Knickerbocker*, thus touches the kind of beings that spoil very respectable *women*, in idle efforts to be very ordinary *men*:

"There were some "strong-minded women" speakers at a recent New England reform convention; one, especially, being a perfect brickess. She was very plain-spoken, and she "aired her mind" fully—what there was of it. She manifested no little contempt for the male gender, and not a little reminded us of a scene which we once witnessed in the old Park Theatre. The play for the evening was that lugubrious pocket-hankerchief piece, "The Stranger." Directly before us sat an elderly married couple. The gentleman, a narrow-shouldered, high-eared, long-nosed specimen, "most meek of his visage;" the dame, a *very* plump lady, with head erect, cheeks glowing, and eyes wandering, beneath an exhalted turban and above a ponderous "burst," which almost [illegible] escapement. The man [illegible] much moved at the distresses of Mr. and Mrs. Haller. Tears trickled down his nose and white pinched nostrils; and ever and anon he would jog Madame, that she might assist his melancholy enjoyment of the scene with her own sad sympathy. But not so; she told him several times to "Hush!"—and at length responded to an appreciate "punch" from the elbow of her lesser half: "*Do stop!*—'I'd a-known you was goin' to act in *this* way, I wouldn't ha' *fetch'd* you! He smothered his reflected sorrow, and "dried up" instanter."

LOLA MONTEZ ON SOCIETY.—The remarks of Lola Montez on society are often interesting. She observes that—

The great evil of Paris is that there is no such institutions there as home, as a general fact that sanctifier of the heart—the best shelter and friend of woman—that beautiful feeling called 'home'—does not exist. The nearest approach to this deplorable state of things is found among the business people of the United States. I have noticed this particularly in New York, where the merchant is never at home, except to sleep, and even then his brain is so racked with per. cents. advances, or depressions in prices, the rise and fall of stocks, etc., that he brings no fond affection to his family. The husband's brain is a ledger and his heart a counting room. And where is a woman to find in all this the response to a heart overflowing with affection? And this is as true in New York as in Paris. Indeed, as for intrigues, New York may almost rival Paris. There is no country where the women are more fond of dress and finery than the United States, and history shows us that there is no such depraver of women as this vanity. A hundred women stumble over that block of vanity where one falls by any other cause; and if the insane mania for dress, and show does not end in a general decay of female morals, then the lessons of history and the experiments of all ages must go for naught.

Affecting Incident.

We are indebted to Mr. L——, recently from a whaling voyage, for the following touching narrative:

On the home voyage of one of the New York and Liverpool packets, she being crowded with emigrants, that awful scourge, the ship fever broke out. The carpenter of the vessel, one of nature's noblemen, and having on board his little son, a lad of some twelve summers, was one of the first victims. His shipmates sadly enclosed his body in his hammock, and having read over it the burial service and attached to the feet a grindstone, for the purpose of sinking it, committed it to the embrace of old ocean. The poor boy, overcome with grief at the loss of his natural protector, sprang overboard, and before he could be rescued, was beyond the reach of human aids

On the day following the burial, a large shark was noticed in the wake of the ship, and as it was almost calm, the sailors asked permission to catch it, which was readily granted by the captain. Having procured a hook attached to a chain and line, and baited it with pork, they cast overboard, and soon had the exciting pleasure of hooking the monster, and with the aid of the windlass, they hauled the writhing mass on board. As it lay on the deck in its death struggles, the sailors heard a singular rumbling noise, that seemed to proceed from within the dying captive. Taking a ship-axe, they soon cut their way into the now dead fish, and to their great surprise, found that it had swallowed carpenter, grindstone and boy, and that the former, having only swooned, had rigged up the grindstone, and with the assistance of the boy to turn it, *was just grinding his jack-knife to cut his way out.*

☞ A learned dandy darkey delivered himself of the following the other day, to the clerk of a retail grocery:

De tater is inevitably bad, or inwarily good. Dar is no indiosity in de combination ob de tater. De exterior may indeed appear remarklary exemplary and beautisome, while the interior is totally negative; but, sir if you wend de article on your own recommendation, knowing you to be a man of probibility in your translation, why, sir, widout furder circumocution, I take a peck."

☞ A whistling match lately came off at Mokelume Hill. Two whistlers commenced at half-past nine o'clock in the evening, and kept it up till ten minutes of two the next morning, when one of them caved in, and was forced to stretch his mouth in all sorts of shapes to get the 'pucker' taken out of it. He 'allowed' his lips felt like the toe of an old boot with a large hole in it.'

An Amusing Story.

Hooper, the editor of an Alabama journal whose name we now forget, but which always has something in it to make us laugh, tells the following yarn:

Shall I tell you a bit of a story having no connection with politics, this hot weather? By permission.

Old Col. D———, of the Mobile District, was one of the most singular characters ever known in Alabama. He testy and eccentric, but possessed many fine qualities which were fully appreciated by the people of the district. Many of his tricks are yet fresh in the memory of the 'old uns' of Mobile. And all will tell that the Colonel, though hard to beat, was once terribly taken in by a couple of legal tyros. George Woodword, I believe, tells the story, but however that may be, it is in keeping with the others related of the old gentleman.

It seems that Col. D———, had a misunderstanding with the two gentlemen alluded to and was not on speaking terms with them although all three of them were professionally riding the same circuit pretty much together.—The young ones being well aware of the Col's irrascible nature, determined when they left one of the courts for another to have some fun by the way at his expense. They accordingly got about half an hour's start in leaving and presently they arrived at a dark broad stream that looked as though it might be a dozen feet deep, but in reality not more than as many inches.—Crossing it, they alighted, and pulling off their coats and boots, sat quietly down to watch the old 'Tartar.'

Jogging a long, at length came the old fellow. He looked first at the youngsters, who were gravely drawing on their boots and coats as if they had just had a swim, and then looked at the broad creek that rolled before him like a translucent star. The Col. was awfully puzzled.

'Is this creek swimming?' he growled after a pause of some moments.

No reply was made—the young men simply mounted their horses and rode off some little distance and stopped to watch our hero.

The Col. slowly divested himself of coat, boots, pantaloons and drawers.—These he nicely tied up in his handkerchief and hung them on the horn of his saddle, then remounted, and, as he was a short, fat man, with a paunch of inordinate size, rather inadequate legs, a face like a withered apple, and a brown wig, there is no doubt he made an interesting picture as he bestrode his steed with the breeze, holding gentle dalliance with the extremity of his only garment.

Slowly and cautiously the old gentleman took the creek. Half a length and the water was not more than fetlock deep. Here the horse stopped to drink. A length and a half, and the stream was no deeper. Thirty feet farther a decided shoaling!

Here Col. D———, reined up.

'There must,' said he, 'be a d—l of a deep channel between this and the bank—see how it' runs. We'll dash thro' here.'

A sharp lash made the horse spring the watery waste, and another carried horse and rider to the opposite bank.

The creek was nowhere more than a foot deep.

A wild yell from the young 'uns announced their approbation of the sport as they galloped away.

'I'll catch you, you—— rascals, was ground between Col. D——'s teeth and away he galloped in hot pursuit, muttering vengeance on his foes.

On they sped, pursuer and pursued. The youngsters laughed, and the Col. damned with mighty emphasis, while his shirt fluttered and cracked in the breeze like a loose flying jib.

On, on, and the pursued reached a farm-house on the roadside. Their passing started a flock of geese from a fence corner, which as the Col. rushed up, met him with out-spread wings, elongated necks and hisses dire. His horse swerved suddenly and the Col was on the ground, in a most unromantic heap, with his brown wig lying by his side, and the bundle of clothes scattered all around him.

The white-haired children of the house came out first, took a distant view of the monster as it seemed to them, and then returned to report progress. After a little the father of the family came, and the affair being explained, assisted the Col. in making his toilettee—the Col. swearing and the countryman laughing all the while.

Dressed and mounted, our hero started off with a woful phiz, and was very soon out of sight.

AN ELOQUENT APPEAL.—When Daniel Webster, says an exchange, was delivering his memorable speech at the dedication of Bunker Hill Monument, the crowd pressed forward to such an extent that some were fainting and some being crushed. Officers strove in vain to make the crowd stand back; they said it could not be done. Some one asked Mr. Webster to make an appeal to them. The great orator came forward, stretched forth his hand, and said, in his deep stentorian tones. 'Gentlemen, stand back!' "It cannot be done," they shouted. "Gentlemen, stand back," said he, without a change of voice. "It is impossible, Mr. Webster, impossible." "Impossible?" repeated Webster, "impossible?" Nothing is impossible on Bunker Hill," and the vast crowd swayed and rolled back like a mighty wave of the ocean.

☞ "Pat do you love your country?"

'Yes, yer honor."

'What's the best thing about ould Ireland, Pat?'

'The whisky, yer honor.'

'Ah, I see. Pat, with all her faults you love her still.'

☞ Boys are like vinegar—when there is much *mother* in them they are always sharp.

☞ A wheel, unlike a horse, runs the better for being tired.

☞ Medical practice may be said to be guessing at Nature's intentions and wishes, and then endeavoring to substitute man's.

☞ Why is a shinplaster like a penitent sinner? Because it don't know that its redeemer liveth.

☞ Why are the days just now like the ladies' dresses? They are growing shorter at both ends.

☞ There is a little negro boy in the Industrial School, at Detroit, whose name is Nicholas Edmond Esquire Providence U. S. Burgess.

☞ "Are these pure canaries?" asked a gentleman of a bird fancier, with whom he was negotiating for a pair. "Yes, sir," said the dealer, confidentially, "I raised them 'ere birds from this very Canary seed."

☞ Pat Doolan, at Inkermann, bowed his head to a cannon-ball which whizzed past six inches above his bearskin. "Faith," says Pat, "one never loses anything by politeness."

☞ A female correspondent of a St. Louis paper speaks of a sight she saw lately that made her smack her lips.—It seems a pity that the ladies in that city have to smack their own lips.

☞ Lorenzo Dow once said of a grasping, avaricious farmer, that if he had the whole world enclosed in a single field, he would not be content without a patch of ground on the outside for potatoes.

☞ A gentleman was speaking the other day of the kindness of his friends in visiting him. One old aunt, in particular, visited him twice each year, and stayed about six months each time.

☞ 'Sir,' said a little blustering man, to a religious opponent, 'to what sect do you suppose I belong?'

'Well, I dont't exactly know,' replied the other, 'but to judge from your size and appearance, I should think you belonged to the class generally called insects.'

☞ 'I say, Jim,' said a plough-boy the other day to his companion, 'I know of a new-fashioned mackintosh to keep out the wet.' 'What's that?' 'Why, if you eat a red herrin for breakfast, you'll be dry all day.'

☞ A gentleman, after great misfortunes, came to a lady he had long courted, and told her his circumstances were so reduced that he was actually in want of five guineas. 'I am glad to hear it,' said she. 'Is that your love for me?' he replied in a tone of despondency; 'why are you glad?' 'Because,' answered she, 'if you want five guineas, I can put you in possession of five thousand.'

☞ The Boston Post says. "Dr. Syntax is of opinion that in Cuba the heat of the weather must be greatly modified after the introduction of so many coolies."

☞ "Dad, do you know that brass thing the feller gave me for my trunk, there at the depot?' 'Yes,' 'Well it warn't nothing but brass, was it?' 'No, I s'pose not.' 'Well, I sold it to a hackman for a quarter, and he went off satisfied.' Jonathan found out what kind of a game he had been playing, when he saw the hackman present his check and [illegible] the baggage master.

☞ A skunk once challenged a lion to a single combat. The lion promptly declined the honor of such a meeting. "How," said the skunk, 'are you afraid?' 'Very much so,' quoth the lion, 'for you would only gain fame by having the honor to fight a lion, while every one who met me for a month to come, would know that I had been in company with a skunk.'

☞ A person who was recently called in court for the purpose of proving the correctness of a doctor's bill, was asked by the lawyer whether 'the doctor did not make several visits after the patient was out of danger?' 'No,' replied the witness, 'I considered the patient in danger as long as the doctor continued his visits.'

☞ A lady in Boston recently cleared her house of flies by putting honey on her husbands's whiskers when he was asleep. The flies stuck fast, and when he went out of the house he carried them off with him.

☞ A popular author gives the following advice to wives: "Should you find it necessary, as you undoubtly will, many of you, to chastise your husbands, you should perform this affectionate duty with the soft end of the broom, not with the handle.

☞ A poor son of Emerald Isle applied for employment to an avaricious hunk, who told him he employed no Irishmen: "For the last one died on my hands, and I was forced to bury him at my own charge."

"Ah, your honor," said Pat, brightening up, "and is that all? Then you'll give me the place, for sure I can get a certificate th[illegible] died in the employ of [illegible]."

☞ 'Can any boy name an animal of the order of 'edenta,' that is, a front toothless animal?' asked a teacher in one of our public schools, the other day.

'I can,' replied a little fellow, whose face beamed with pleasure at the prospect of a credit mark.

'Well, what is the animal?' said the teacher.

'My grandmother!' answered the boy with great glee.