Brookville American.

VOL. I. BROOKVILLE, INDIANA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1858 NO. 43.

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
¾ " " "	50 00
½ " " "	35 00
¼ " " "	20 00
⅛ " " "	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 to 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.

JOHN H. FARQUHAR.
Attorney at Law.
BROOKVILLE, IND.
Offers his professional services to the public, can be found at his old office No. 1 up stairs in Commercial buildings over the store room of Messrs. Linck & Farquhar.

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.

CYRUS KILGORE,
ATTORNEY & COUNCELLOR AT LAW
BROOKVILLE, IND.
Office in Hall's Building over the Bank.

ROBERT HOLLAND. CHAS. C. BINKLEY
HOLLAND & BINKLEY,
Attorneys at Law.
☞ Office in Hall'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.
feb5'58-1y

ALFRED C. JENKINS,
Attorney at Law, AND
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Office No. 30 West Fourth Street,
CINCINNATI, O.
☞ Collections promptly attended to. ☜

JOHN W. KEELY,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
WRITES AND TAKES ACKNOWLEDGEments of Deeds, Mortgages and Powers of Attorney, and does all other business which a Notary is authorized to do.

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.

DR. A. J. BIDDINGER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
CEDAR GROVE, INDIANA.
Six Miles below Brookville.
OFFERS HIS PROFESSIONAL SERVICES TO the citizens of Franklin county. His office is located opposite J. T. Cooley's store, where he will be found, except when professionally engaged. [feb19'57-1y

VALLEY HOUSE,
GEORGE F. 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 buggies kept for the accommodation of customers.

EDWARD MEYER,
Saddle & Harness Maker,
ONE DOOR NORTH OF THE VALLEY HOUSE.
BROOKVILLE, IND.
HAVING REMOVED HIS ESTABLISHMENT to the above location he would invite his old patrons and friends to give him a call. His stock consists in part of
SADDLES, BRIDLES, HARNESS, COLLARS, WHIPS, HALTERS, &c., &c.
Which will be sold at Cincinnati prices. He is also prepared to do repairing on short notice. His experience in the business warrants him in the belief of being able to give entire satisfaction. [feb5'58-1yr.

SAMUEL B. JENKINS,
SADDLE & HARNESS MAKER
MT. CARMEL, IND.
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.

D. & T. BROOKS.
BOOT & SHOE
MANUFACTURERS
Metamora, Ind.
☞ Having recently removed from Blooming Grove to this place, we are prepared to furnish Boots and Shoes of the best quality at satisfactory prices and on accommodating terms. Our long experience in the business warrant us in the belief that we can give entire satisfaction to our customers.
no32tf D. & T. BROOKS.

Echoes of the Beautiful.

The Whistle.

BY ROBERT STORY.

"You have heard," said a sweet-heart who stood,
While he sat on a corn sheaf, at daylight's decline,
"You have heard of the Danish boy's whistle of wood—
I wish that the Danish boy's whistle were mine!"

'And what would you do with it? Tell me,' she said,
While an arch smile played over her beautiful face.
'I would blow it,' he answered, 'and then my maid
Would fly to my side, and here take her place.'

'Is that all you wish it for? That may be yours,
Without any magic,' the fair maiden cried;
'A favor so slight one's good nature secures!'
And she playfully seated herself by his side.

'I would blow it again,' said the youth, 'and the charm
Would work so that not even Modesty's cheek
Would be able to keep from my neck your fine arm!'
She smiled and she laid her fine arm round his neck.

'Yet once more I would blow and the music divine
Would bring me, the third time, an exquisite bliss—
You would lay your fair cheek to this brown one of mine,
And your lips stealing past it, would give me a kiss.'

The maid laughed out in innocent glee—
'What a fool of yourself with the whistle you'd make!
For only consider how silly 'twould be,
To sit there and whistle for—what you might take!'

Select Miscellany.

THE POOR LAWYER.

"I had taken my breakfast and was waiting for my horse, when passing up and down the plaza I saw a young girl seated near the window, evidently a visitor. She was very pretty, with auburn hair and blue eyes, and was dressed in white. I had left Richmond, and at that time I was too much of a boy to be struck by female beauty. She was so delicate and dainty-looking, so different from the hale, buxom, brown girls of the woods—and then her dress! It was dazzling! Never was a poor youth so taken by surprise and suddenly bewitched. My heart yearned to know her, but how was I to accost her? I had grown wild in the woods, and had none of the habilitudes of polite life. Had she been like Peggy Pugh, or Sally Pigman, or any other of the leathern dressed belles of the Pigeon Roost, I should have approached her without dread; nay, had she been as fair as Shults' daughters, with their looking-glass lockets, I should not have hesitated; but that white dress, and those auburn ringlets, and blue eyes, and delicate looks, quite daunted while they fascinated me. I don't know what put it into my head, but I thought all at once I would kiss her! It would take a long acquaintance to arrive at such a boon, but I might seize upon it by sheer robbery. Nobody knew me here. I would just step in and snatch a kiss, mount my horse and ride off. She would not be the worse of it; and that kiss—oh! I should die if I did not get it."

"I gave no time for the thought to cool, but entered the house and stepped lightly into the room. She was seated with her back to the door, looking out of the window, and did not hear my approach. I tapped her chair, and as she turned and looked up, I snatched as sweet a kiss as ever was stolen, and vanished in a twinkling. The next moment I was on my horse, galloping homeward, my very heart tingling at what I had done.

[After a variety of amusing adventures, Ringwood attempts the study of law, in an obscure settlement in Kentucky, where he delved night and day. Ralph pursues his studies, occasionally arguing at a debating society, and at length become quite a genius and a favorite with the married ladies of the villlage.]

"I called to take tea one evening with some of those ladies, when to my surprise, and somewhat to my confusion, I found her with the identical blue-eyed little beauty whom I had so audaciously kissed. I was formally introduced to her, but neither of us betrayed any sign of previous acquaintance, except by our blushes and eyes.

"While tea was getting ready, the lady of the house went out of the room to give some directions, and left us alone. Heaven and earth! What a situation! I would have given all the pittance I was worth to have been in the deepest dell in the forest. I felt the necessity of saying something in excuse for my former rudeness; I could not conjure up an idea, nor utter a word. Every moment matters were growing worse. I felt at one time tempted to do as I had done when I robbed her of the kiss—bolt from the room and take to flight; but I was chained to the spot, for I really longed to gain her good will.

"At length I plucked up courage on seeing her equally confused with myself, and walking desperately up to her, I exclaimed, 'I have been trying to muster up something to say to you, but I cannot. I feel that I am in a horrible scrape. Do have pity on me, and help me out of it!'

"A smile dimpled upon her mouth, and played among the blushes of her cheeks. She looked up with a sly but arch glance of the eye, that expressed a volume of comic recollections; we both broke into a laugh, and from that moment all went on well."

[Passing over the delightful description that succeeded, we proceed to the announcement of Ringwood's affair—the marriage and settlement.]

"That very autumn I was admitted to the Bar, and a month afterwards was married. We were a young couple, she not above sixteen, I not quite twenty, and both almost without a dollar in the world. The establishment which we set up was suited to our circumstances, a log house with two small rooms, a bed, a table, a half dozen chairs, a half dozen knives and forks, a half dozen spoons—everything by half dozens; a little delft ware; everything in a small way; we were so poor, but then so happy.

"We had not been married many days when a court was held in a county town, distant about twenty-five miles. It was necessary for me to go there and put myself in the way of business, but how was I to go? I had expended all my means in our establishment, and then it was hard parting with my wife so soon after marriage. However, go I must. Money must be made, or we should have the wolf at our door. I accordingly borrowed a horse, and borrowed a little cash, and rode off from my door, leaving my wife standing at it and waving her hand after me. Her last look, so sweet and becoming, went to my heart. I felt as if I could go through fire and water for her. I arrived at the country town on a cool October evening. The inn was crowded, for the court was to commence on the following day.

"I knew no one, and wondered how I, a stranger, and a mere youngster, was to make my way in such a crowd and get business. The public room was thronged with all the idlers in the country who gathered together on such occasions. There was some drinking going forward with a great noise and a little altercation. Just as I entered the room, I saw a rough bully of a fellow, who was partly intoxicated, strike an old man. He came swaggering, by me, and elbowed me as he passed. I immediately knocked him down and kicked him into the street. I needed no better introduction. In a moment I had half a dozen rough shakes of the hand and invitations to drink, and found myself quite a personage in that rough assemblage.

"The next morning court opened—I took my seat among the lawyers, but felt as a mere spectator, not having any idea where business was to come from. In the course of the morning a man was put to the bar, charged with passing counterfeit money, and was asked if he was ready for trial. He answered in the negative. He had been confined in a place where there were no lawyers, and had not had an opportunity of consulting any. He was told to choose counsel from the lawyers present, and be ready for trial the next day. He looked around the room and selected me. I was thunderstruck! I could not tell why he should make such a choice. I, a beardless youngster, unpractised at the bar; perfectly unknown. I felt diffident yet delighted, and could have hugged the rascal.

"Before leaving the court, he gave me one hundred dollars in a bag for a retaining fee. I could scarcely believe my senses; it seemed like a dream. The heaviness of the fee spoke but lightly of the man's innocence—but that was no affair of mine. I was to be advocate, not judge or jury. I followed him to the jail, and learned all the particulars of the case; from thence I went to the Clerk's office and took minutes of the indictment. I then examined the law on the subject, and prepared my brief in my room. All this occupied me till midnight, when I went to bed and tried to sleep, it was in vain; never in my life was I more wide awake. A host of thoughts and fancies came rushing into my mind; the shower of gold that had so unexpectedly fallen into my lap, the idea of my poor little wife at home, that I was to astonish her with my good fortune. But the awful responsibility I had undertaken, to speak for the first time in a strange court, and the expectations the culprit had formed of my talents; all these, and a crowd of similar notions, kept whirling through my mind. I tossed about all night, fearing morning would find me exhausted and incompetent—in a word, the day dawned upon me a miserable fellow.

"I got up feverish and nervous. I walked out before breakfast to collect my thoughts and tranquilize my feelings. It was a bright morning—the air was pure and frosty—I bathed my forehead and my hands in a beautiful running stream, but I could not allay the fever heat that raged within. I returned to breakfast, but could not eat. A single cup of coffee formed the repast; it was time to go to court, and I went there with a throbbing heart. I believe if it had not been for the thoughts of my dear little wife in her lonely house, I should have given back the man his dollars, and relinquished the cause. I took my seat, looking, I am convinced, more like a culprit than the rogue I was to defend.

"When the time came for me to speak, my heart died within me. I rose embarrassed and dismayed, and stammered in opening the cause. I went on from bad to worse, and felt as if I was going down. Just then the public prosecutor, a man of talents, but somewhat rough in his practice, made a sarcastic remark on something I said. It was like an electric spark, and ran tingling through every vein in my body. In an instant my diffidence was gone; my whole spirit was in arms—I answered with promptness, for I felt the cruelty of such an attack upon a novice in my situation. The prosecutor made a kind of apology. This for a man of his redoubted powers, was a vast concession. I renewed my argument with a fearful growl, carried my point triumphantly, and the man was acquitted.

"This was the talking of me. Everybody was curious to know who this new lawyer was that had so suddenly risen among them, and bearded the Attorney General in the very onset. The story of my duel at the inn on the preceding evening, when I knocked down a bully and kicked him out of doors for striking an old man, was circulated with the exaggeration. Even my beardless and juvinile countenance was in my favor, for the people gave me credit for more than I deserved. The business which occurs in our courts was thronging upon me. I was speedily employed in other cases, and by Saturday night, when the court closed, I found myself with a hundred and fifty dollars in silver, three hundred dollars in notes, and a horse that I afterwards sold for two hundred dollars more.

"Never did a miser gloat more on his money and wish more delight. I had locked the door of my room, piled the money in a heap on the table, walked round it, sat with my elbows on the table, and my chin upon my hands, and gazed upon it. Was I thinking of the money? No—I was thinking of my little wife and home.

"Another sleepless night ensued, but what a night of golden fancies and splendid air. As soon as morning dawned, I was up and mounted the borrowed horse with which I had come to court, and led the other which I had received as a fee. All the way I was delighting myself with the thought of surprise I had in store for my wife, for both of us had expected that I should spend all the money I had borrowed and return in debt.

"Our meeting was joyous, as you may suppose; but I played the part of the Indian hunter, who, when he returns from the chase, never for a while speaks of his success. She had prepared a rustic meal for me, and while I was getting ready, I seated myself at an old fashioned desk in the corner, and began to count over my money and put it away. She came to me before I had finished and asked me who I had collected the money for.

"'For myself, to be sure,' replied I, with affected coolness; 'I made it at court.'

"She looked me a moment in the face incredulously. I tried to keep my countenance and play the Indian; but it would not do. My muscles began to twitch, my feelings all at once gave way, I caught her in my arms, laughed, cried and danced about the room like a crazy man. From that time forward we never wanted money."

Billy Dobbs

Some folks are born with the devil in 'em and you can't drive it out, either; you might as well try to make a pair of patent leather boots out of corn beef, or crowd a soda fount through the touch-hole of a cannon. Billy Dobbs was one of this kind; he was as big a devil as ever ate string beans. When he graduated from school, he left through the window, pursued by the teacher and three assistants. One thing Billy would do, he would tell the truth. He told me confidentially that when he was taking a trip up the canal, for his health, a storm came up one night and in the morning they found the tow-line had shrunk so that it had drawn both horses on board the boat. It proved to be a providential thing for them, for the captain hadn't taken an observation or a gin cock tail in three days, and they were three latitudes and most a longitude out of their course, and in fifteen minutes more they would have run a foul of the front door of a farm-house and foundered in an oat bin. I sincerely hope that when they take Bill out to be hung by his neck, till he is dead three times, and God have mercy on his soul, the rope will shrink so they can't tie a knot in it. I went over to Billy's house one night, and his old man had a prayer meeting. Billy, says Jack, let's go up and peep in, so we went up. The good brothers and sisters were kneeling upon the floor, and we stood looking on, and the first I knew, Billy darted into the room shouting leap-frog, by thunder, and straddling his legs, he bounded one after another of the good people, and got half way around the room, when he was stopped by pitching head first into the arms of his grand mother. There was a kinder laying on of hands' just then, and Billy was taken to the wood-house, laid across a back log, and his 'sit down' was pounded till they broke up kindling wood enough to last all winter. When the row commenced I run up stairs, knocked a poodle dog end-wise, dashed into Sally Dobb's chamber, ran around a hooped skirt, knocked an old hat out of the window, took an observation and saw Billy licked. I jumped out of the window upon a shed, rolled off, hung upon the eaves a minute, and dropped—where? Echo answers in the swill barrel. I touched bottom, came up and crawled out. I was troubled with a sour stomach. By gravy, that was the worst vegetable soup I ever swallowed. I shook the coffee grounds and egg shells out of my hair, and made tracks for home, scattering turnip tops, fish bones, potatoe pairings, apple skins and grease as I went. My old man thrashed me for spoiling my clothes, and Billy's old man sued my old man for spoiling his swill. The hogs were taken sick, and they had to be killed to be cured. I haven't used any hair oil since.

☞ William Fell Giles, Jr., of Baltimore, has just received the appointment to the consulship of the United States at Geneva, Switzerland, in place of N. Bolton, of Indiana.

A Picture of an Indian Camp in Oregon.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune, who made part of Major Owen's embassy to the Spokane Indians, to inquire into the cause of the attack on Col. Steptoe, when that doughty individual was slightly defeated, gives a very interesting account of the mission, and a very pleasing picture of the Indian encampment at the falls of the Spokane. We omit that portion of the letter which relates how the embassy was threatened with death, and were only saved by resolute interposition of two chiefs, Seal Hault and "Fool's Son," and copy the description of the encampment:

As we stepped upon the green in front of our Lodge, such a scene burst upon our sight as would battle abler pens than mine to describe or depicture. The Spokane, in full view, breaks through the mountains with a beautiful succession of falls. The camp is at the bottom of a valley of about a hundred acres, smooth, and almost without vegetation, as it has for a long time been used as a camp ground at this season of the year. On all sides the valley is surrounded by high hills, densely wooded to their summits, by the lofty pines and cedars of Oregon. The deep green of the pines would be monotonous were it not for the boldness of the general features of the scenery, the immense cliffs of white and red granite, that appear hear and there, sparkling like diamonds in the sunlight, and the small streams that send their waters dashing and glistening like a thread of silver down the mountain side into the river below. Farther down are the Falls of the Spokane, where a large body of water comes bounding down from above, one complete mass of foam, with the heads of the black rocks, now appearing and now disappearing, like the heads of some huge monsters sporting in the sunshine. Then right at our feet the village spread out before us, and the Indians—some riding about, some dancing the scalp dance, some seated on the ground cleaning their arms—the squaws bringing salmon from the river where they had been caught, the horses and cattle wandering about and browsing at the foot of the hill, before being sent higher up for the night. Taking this all in at a glance—on the hill side all pleasant and peaceful—in the valley below the barking of dogs, the following of the Indians, the firing of guns, and the sound of the war drum—made us all feel that this was a sight to be seen but once in a man's life time.

The Pope and Miss Dix.

Miss Dix has lately visited the Pope. She gives Dr. Franks the following account of the interview:

"I visited the lunatic asylum, and my heart revolted at the sight. I did not see sick persons whom man should pity, unfortunates whom he should endeavor to cure; they were brutes in chains, the dens of which seemed never to have been cleaned. Several days after my visit to the lunatic asylum I was presented to his Holiness the Pope, who knew the object of my travels. The Pope asked me in the most friendly manner whether I had yet visited the asylum at Rome. I had the courage to answer, 'Yes, I am convinced that your Holiness has not yet paid it visit.' Pio Nono quickly raised his head, and only bowed, with an expressive, attentive look. I understood him, and related to him, in a voice full of emotion, all the horrors and barbarisms I had witnessed. I ventured trembling within myself, upon a bold expression on the unchristian treatment of the unhappy beings. The respect-commanding man of Christendom listened with earnest attention, and said, briefly, after I had concluded, 'Come again in a week's time,' and I then left his presence. My anxiety was unutterably great. The Portestant, the stranger had perhaps risked too much. Although I was conscious in my heart of my good intentions, I yet passed a sleepless night, and a day of deep inward agitation. It created a sensation when the holy father, two days after I had been presented to him, suddenly while taking one of his drives, stopped before the gate of the asylum, and spent an hour in it. The week had passed, and I stood, as I had been commanded, in the Vatican before the Pope. In a manner as grave as it was calm, Pio Nono said to me: "I have appointed a commission, charged to lay before me propositions concerning the erection of a lunatic asylum, conformably with the rules of humanity and morality, in the shortest time possible.—When you visit Rome again your just and pious wishes will have been fulfilled. I thank you for your communications. May heaven bless you!' I bent my knee, deeply moved, not before the head of Catholic Christendom, but before the wise prince and the good man."

SHUN HIM.—Converse not with a liar or a swearer, or with a man of obscene or wanton language; for either he will corrupt you, or at least it will hazard your reputation to be one of the like making; and if it doth neither, yet it will fill your memory with such discourses that will be troublesome to you in after time; and the returns of the remembrance of the passages which you have long since heard of this nature, will haunt you when your thoughts should be better employed.

☞ The Lafayette, Indiana, papers are opposed to the location of the Penitentiary at that place, and urges its location at Fort Wayne.

Jefferson and Tom Moore.

There is an amusing episode in Jefferson's public career, which is related by Mr. Randall in a quiet vein of subdued humor. Thomas Moore visited the United States in 1803—4, at the age of twenty-four, just after he had acquired dubious notoriety by the publication of Little's poems. He was presented to President Jefferson by Mr. Marcy, the British Minister. It seems that Mr. Jefferson was not aware of the indentity of the poetical young gentleman—probably not having heard of, and certainly not having read his amorous incubations—simply spoke to the lillipution stranger, looking down coldly on him, as six feet two *will* look down on five feet three, and passed on. This was in June 1805, and Moore, much offended, "fell to lampooning the President and everying American, except a few attentive Federal gentlemen and ladies." These he published on his return to England, and that what he wrote in verse was his fair conviction is evident from his private letters to his mother from America, which Lord Russell, with his usual want of judgment, has published with Moore's Diaries.

When some of Jefferson's intimate friends saw the verses in which Moore had not only abused America, but lampooned her Chief Magistrate, they determined to place the subject before the person chiefly concerned. Jefferson's daughter, Mrs. Randolph, and his ex-Secretary, Mr. Burwell, talked themselves into a towering indignation and waited upon Jefferson, who was sitting reading in the library at Monticello, serenely unconscious of the calamnity.

Burwell pointed out the obnoxious passages. The victim glanced through them, looking at one angry interlocutor and then the other. It was amusing enough to see Burwell so exasperated, but the calm, gentle Martha's passion gust was irresistible. Mr. Jefferson broke into a clear, hearty laugh.—There was more than argument—there was conviction in that laugh. The indignant pair retreated, looking a little crestfallen, but as soon as the library door closed, joined heartily in the merriment.

Many years later, "Moore's Irish Melodies," appeared in the United States. The book was placed in Jefferson's hands by his grand-daughter, who had some curiosity to see how it would be received.

"Why," said he, "this is the little man who satirized me so!"

He had always sympathized keenly with the Irish patriots. The delightful rythm fell like music on a susceptible ear. He presently exclaimed!

"Why, he *is* a poet, after all!"

Henceforth, adds Mr. Randall, the Bard of Erin shares with Burns the honor of being familiarly read by the retired statesman, when Byron, Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Campbell, &c., never could (or at least never did) break through the barrier of his early habits and tastes. The last page which Mr. Jefferson's hand traced, his farewell to his daughter, contained a quotation several lines from Moore's song, commencing, "It is not the tear at this moment shed.'

The Comet.

The Comet was so near to Venus on the 17th of October that it appeared to be thirty-six times as large to the dwellers on that shining planet as it did to us who live on the dull earth. It wol'd be curious to know how the people of Venus bore the sight, and whether they were frightened by the appearance of so queer a visitor, and which came quite unbidden within their respectable circle. Perhaps they have not made such progress as ourselves, and to them a gigantic comet may be something more than a joke. Indeed, we fancy if the comet had been multiplied thirty six times to our eyes, we should not have been altogether so indifferent as we were to it, but have found it as eloquent as Felix found Paul, and have trembled a little. On the 19th, the Comet was so near to Venus, then doing duty as Hesperus, or the Evening Star, that it was only two and a half degrees distant. Now, as nothing happened to her serene brightness in consequence of that unneighborly call, and she is as beautiful now as when the poets first hymned her, ages upon ages ago, may we not draw the rational inference that there is nothing to be feared from the nearest cometary visits, and so look for the vanishing of the last remnants of that superstition, for such it was, which caused men to shudder before the appearance of a heavenly body, but which really is not so wonderful as that sun which has appeared so regularly over since the Creator appointed it to rule the day, and to extract from the earth a thousand blessing for man? The commonnness of a thing, no matter how grand it may be in itself, is very sure to deprive it of consideration, and probably nothing but the disappearance of the sun could rouse men to a sense of the value of that luminary, while the coming of a Comet creates an excitement, and that useless body is allowed "free admission" into the newspapers.

☞ 'Massa says you must sartin pay the bill to-day," says a negro to a New Orleans shop keeper.

'Why, he isn't a'fraid I'm going to run way is he?'

'Not e'zactly dat, but look ahea,' said the darkey, mysteriously, 'he's gwine to run away heself, and darfor wants to make a big raise!'

☞ Why is a man with a corn on every toe like a large landholder?

Because he is possessed of many achers.

BRIBERY.—Offering you a pair of lips for a kiss. Justifiable Corruption—taking the bribe.

Conceits of the Scissors.

☞ A pretty girl was complaining to her friend that she had a bad cold, and was sadly plagued in her lips by chaps. "Friend," said Obediah, "thee should never suffer the *chaps* to come near thy lips."

☞ A French writer asserts that Adam was the first ridiculous man, because he was the first married man, and naively adds, "but he would have been more ridiculous had he remained a bachelor."

☞ A man's happiness is said to hang upon a thread, and it may be added that the man himself sometimes deserves to hang upon a rope.

☞ An exchange says that it is just as sensible a move to undertake to get married without courting, as to attempt to succeed in business without advertising.

☞ Mrs. Partington thinks that old Mother Ocean is no better than she ought to be, or else she wouldn't allow Atlantic Cable to lay in her bosom."

☞ A rich saddler, whose daughter was afterwards married to the celebrated Earl of Halifax, ordered in his will that she should lose her fortune if she did not marry a saddler. The young Earl of Halifax, in order to win the bride, served an apprenticeship of seven years to a saddler, and afterwards bound himself to the rich saddler's daughter for life.

☞ A duel was recently fought in Mississippi by S. Knott and A. W. Shott. The result was Knott was shot and Shott was not. Under these circumstances we would rather have been Shott than not.

☞ A driver of a coach in Texas, stopping to get some water for the young ladies, in the carriage, being asked what he stopped for replied, "I'm watering my flowers." A delicate compliment.

☞ Why is an old chair that has had a new bottom put in it like a paid bill?

Because it is re-seated (receipted).

☞ An old lady down East, having kept a hired man on liver for a month: 'Why, John, I don't think you like liver.' 'Oh, yes,' said John, 'I like it very well for fifty or sixty meals, but I don't like it as a steady diet!'

☞ Crispin says there is no danger of hard times among the shoemakers, because every shoe is sold before it can be got ready for market.

☞ An old bachelor, after all his matrimonial failures, exclaims:

"When I remember all the girls I've met together I feel like a rooster in the fall exposed to every weather. I feel like one who treads alone some barn-yard all deserted, whose oats are fled, whose hens are dead and off to market started."

☞ A Coroner's jury in Georgia, recently returned the following verdict, in the case of a man who had been killed by lightning:

"We are opinioned that the deceased came to his death causally by a accidental stroke of thunder."

☞ A young lady at a ball, was asked by a lover of serious poetry whether she had seen "Crabbe's Tales?"

"Why no," she answered, "I didn't know that crabs had tails."

"I beg your pardon, Miss," said he, "I mean have you read 'Crabbe's Tales?'

"And I assure you, sir, I did not know that red crabs, or any other crabs had tails."

☞ An Irishman's description of a fiddle cannot be beat:

"It was the shape of a turkey, and the size of a goose, he turned it over on its back and rubbed its belly with a stick, and Och! St. Patrick, how it did squale!"

☞ "What do you propose to take for your cold?" said a lady to a sneezing gentleman.

"Oh, I'll sell very cheap; I won't higgle about the price at all."

☞ Diggs saw a note lying on the ground, but knew that it was counterfeit and walked on without picking it up. He told Smithers the story, when the latter said:

"Do you know, Diggs, you have committed a very grave offense?"

"Why, what have I done?"

"You have passed a counterfeit bill, knowing it to be such," said Smithers, without a smile, and fled.

☞ Digby sat a long time very attentive, considering a cane-bottom chair: At length he said: "I wonder what fellow took the trouble to find all them holes and put the straw round them?"

☞ A witness was asked if the defendant "stood on the defensive." "No, he stood on a bench and fit like the devil."

☞ An attorney, about to furnish a bill of costs, was requested by his client a baker, to make it as light as he could. "Ah!" replied the attorney, "that's what you say to your foreman, but it's not the way I make my bread."

☞ An old lady, sleeping during divine service in a church in Liverpool, let her Bible fall, with clasps to it, and the noise partly waking her, she exclaimed aloud—"There, you have broken another jug, you slut, have you?"

☞ A seedy chap perpetrated the following during one of the late cold mornings:

"Mr. Somerset, why don't you get married?"

"Because I am too modest to ask any young lady to turn a *Somerset*."