

AMERICAN CITIZEN.

"Let us have Faith that Right makes Might; and in that Faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it"—A. LINCOLN.

VOLUME 3.

BUTLER, BUTLER COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1866.

NUMBER 33

Select Poetry.

FAREWELL TO MAJ. GEN. HANCOCK ON TAKING LEAVE OF THE 24 CORPS.

As with arrow the lion's mother is parting,
Her fond favorite child through a young happy bride,
As glories the true friend, Hancock, the true soldier's darling,
For the hero who guides us to conquest no more,
So each eye frames a tear and each bosom a blessing
For Hancock, the pride of the bold Second Corps.

We remember the path from which you shall never be
How you left for your troops in the fire for his son,
How, when women load cheering with gallant pride
You led the three charges and the victory won,
Though life's pathway may lead you to still brighter
For pure is the record and glorious the story
Of Hancock, the pride of the bold Second Corps.

Remember, how painful is heart our emotion,
But duty compels it, and sadly we part;
But nothing can sever the bond of affection
That binds to the true friend, Hancock, the true soldier's heart
As gold to the miser, as the bride to her lover,
At this to those friends who have made his life more
We'll think of thee, Hancock, we'll love thee forever;
Then remember, brave chieftain, thy bold Second
Corps.

Select Story.

A MERITED FATE.

BY E. S. ELLIS.

There are occasional instances, when, beyond all doubt, God visits retribution in the most marked manner, without the interposition of man, upon the heads of those who have been guilty of heinous crimes. The following incident, which is authentic in every particular, is one of the most striking examples of this truth, and may well cause the reckless to pause and reflect upon the fearful consequences of their incurring his wrath and vengeance.

On the 30th of June, 1778, Col. John Butler, at the head of four hundred Tories and from six to seven hundred Indians, entered the head of Wyoming Valley, in Pennsylvania, and took possession of Fort Mifflin without opposition. Colonel Zebulon Butler, who realized the imminent danger that threatened the settlement, had obtained leave to visit the valley and had assumed command of the little band of defenders. They numbered two hundred and thirty enrolled men, and seventy old people, boys, civil magistrates and other volunteers, the whole making six companies, which were mustered at Forty Fort (so termed from its having been constructed by forty pioneers, who came into the valley in the winter of 1769.) Here also the families upon the east side of the river had fled for refuge.

"Indian Butler," as he was termed at this time, summoned the people to surrender the valley. A council of war was held on the 3d of July. Colonel Butler and Denison, and Lieutenant Colonel Dorance, were of the opinion that a "little delay would be best," in the hopes that reinforcements might be on their way. The majority, however, were urgent to march out and attack their assailants at once. This was finally decided upon, although it was against Colonel Butler's judgment; yet, as has often been the case since that day, he yielded his opinion in deference to his superiors, and disaster was the consequence.

"I tell you," he said, as he mounted his horse, "we go into great danger, but I will lead you, go as far as any of you." At three o'clock in the afternoon, three hundred and thirty men, old men and boys, marched out from the fort with drums beating and colors flying. They moved steadily onward to the plain, with the river on the right, and a marsh on the left, until they reached Ft. Wintermont. This fortification "Indian Butler" had fired in order to deceive the patriots into the belief that he and his forces had withdrawn from the valley.

Colonel Butler now sent forward several of his most experienced and reliable officers to select and mark off the ground on which to form the order of battle. On coming up, the column deployed to the left, and, under their proper officers, each company took its station and then advanced in line to the proper position. Everything was judiciously disposed, showing, at any rate, that the leaders and directors of these men were officers who thoroughly understood their duty.

Colonel Butler made a brief stirring address to his men, in which he said: "Men, yonder is the enemy. We come out to fight, not only for liberty, but for life itself, and, what is dearer, to preserve our homes from the conflagration, our women and children from the tomahawk. Stand firmly against the first shock and the Indians will give way. Every man to his duty!"

About four o'clock in the afternoon the battle began. Colonel Butler ordered his men to advance a single step at each discharge. The patriots fled rapidly, and the British line, in spite of the most strenuous efforts of the officers to prevent it, gave way and fell back. The Indian flanking party on the right kept up a murderous galling fire. On the right of

"Indian Butler" his savage warriors were sharply engaged. For half an hour the battle raged with sanguinary results upon both sides, when the overwhelming numbers of the Tories and Indians began to tell upon the wearied patriots. The savages had thrown a large force into the swamp, which completely outflanked the left. Colonel Denison gave orders that a certain company should wheel back so as to form an angle with the main line. It is always an exceedingly difficult matter for raw militia to perform evolutions under the fire of an enemy, and while this was being attempted in the present case, the Indians rushed upon them with their terrific yell. Add to this that many mistook the order for a command to retreat, and the causes of the panic that ensued will be manifest to all.

The confusion spread, and, knowing too well the result, Colonel Butler threw himself between the fires of the opposing ranks, and rode up and down the line in the most reckless manner, shouting,—"Don't leave me, my children, don't leave me, and the victory is ours!"

But it availed nothing. Every captain that led a company into the action was slain, and the men, crazy with fear, fled pell-mell, like a drove of sheep, the fiendish Indians and Tories close in their rear. Colonel Butler, after doing everything possible for mortal man to do, escaped with his wife through the woods. He had been too prominent a man during the Revolutionary War to allow himself to fall into the hands of his enemies. He knew too well what would be his fate in such a case.

A capitulation was signed between Colonel Denison and the Tory Butler, by which it was agreed that the inhabitants should occupy their farms peaceably and their lives be preserved, entire and unharmed, on consideration that their fort should be given up, and that they should not take up arms during the contest.

These stipulations were flagrantly violated by the Tories and Indians. "Murders and robberies took place, and, when Denison reconstituted with Butler, he replied that he could not prevent them. Two weeks later, the Tories and Indians again entered the valley to complete their work of rapine and devastation. The inhabitants fled terror-stricken to the woods and mountains, and scenes of barbarity took place, which would curdle the blood to hear. We have space but for one.

A short distance below where the battle was fought, there is an island of considerable size, known as Monocacy Island. Numbers of the settlers during the massacre succeeded in swimming to the island, where they hid themselves among the brushwood until the excitement was over. There were two men who thus concealed themselves within sight of each other, and while in this situation they saw two Tories swim out from the shore, and, upon landing, wipe their guns and commence a search for what fugitives there might be upon the island. One of the latter was named Pencil, and he recognized in one of the Tories his own brother. The latter passed up and down the island, carefully examining every nook and spot that he thought could possibly shelter a man, until he suddenly came upon his covering brother.

"So it is you, is it?" was his greeting, as he cocked his gun. The fugitive, came forward, and upon his bended knees besought that his life might be spared, promising to be his slave if he would only save him. "All that is very good," he replied, "but you are a d—d rebel!" and without further words he deliberately raised his rifle and shot him dead on the spot! The other settler, who had witnessed the inhuman crime, remained concealed until a favorable opportunity presenting itself, he effected his escape to the main land and there related what he had witnessed.

This would be incredible were it not established upon the authority of several historians who cannot be questioned.—John Pencil, the traitor, fearful of incurring the vengeance of the settlers, should remain anywhere in the neighborhood, fled with other Tories to Canada, where he settled in the wilderness. Here, it might be expected, he would be safe, and in truth he was, but for the vengeance of an all-just and outraged Being, which never lost sight of him. It is stated that even the Indians, who were accustomed to all manner of brutality, were shocked at his doings. They frequently shook their heads and muttered,— "Too bad—too bad; kill own brother!"

He lived for some time in the Canadian wilderness without disturbance; but one day a pack of wolves set upon and pursued him with such persistency that he would have been destroyed had not the Indians come to his relief. It was but a short time after this that he was chased in almost precisely the same manner, and

was again saved through the intervention of the Indians.

To the rude red-men who were acquainted with his offence, there seemed to be a fate that was pursuing him. They believed the Great Spirit was offended, and they agreed that, whatever should befall the traitor, they would never again interfere in his behalf. Pencil seemed to be certain that the wild animals of the wood had turned against him; and he was very cautious in his subsequent movements.

But it was impossible for him always to remain at home, and he was compelled from time to time to venture forth. One day, when without a gun or arms of any kind, the wolves came at him again. He defended himself with the fury of desperation, by means of a stick; but he was quickly overcome, and fell a victim to their rapacity.

Retribution, it is right that should be upon the soul that dooms, And on the body exercise thy might, And stigmatize the same beyond the tomb."

Thus miserably perished John Pencil, who refused mercy when his own brother was the suppliant. Can any one say his fate was not merited?

The True Issue.

As the political campaign for the Congressional elections opens it is essential to remember that the paramount question is still the reconstruction of the Union. The proposed tariff will be both vigorously attacked and defended within the lines of the Union party; but the tariff question, however vital to our prosperity when united, is necessarily secondary to that of Union itself. We have no right, therefore, to allow our feelings and convictions upon that subject to influence our action upon one which is more important. To vote for a candidate who is opposed to protection, or who is an absolute free-trader, but who thinks that Congress has no right to prescribe conditions for the restoration of the late rebel States to their full relations in the Union, is to prefer the lesser question to the greater.

It is always possible to revise or repeal a tariff. But the conditions upon which reorganization is to be founded can neither be amended nor abolished. The vital bond of the Union party is not financial but political. Those who hold with the Tribune for industrial protection, for instance, or with the Evening Post for industrial freedom, are both working together for certain great political results which can be achieved only by their faithful union. If, therefore, in any Union district the friends of the Tribune should say that they would vote for a candidate who favored protection, and those of the Post that they would vote for a Copperhead rather than a Protectionist, they would give that district to the common enemy, and be responsible for the consequences.

Of course it is the duty of our friends in Congress to make our burdens of this kind light. They can not honorably forget that the Union party is neither a free trader nor a protective party. The hearers of the Union men differ radically upon the tariff question. Whatever, therefore, by serious changes in the system, tends to excite feeling and acrimonious debate upon this subject tends to a division or paralysis of the party. Thus to increase the rate of duties so material that they become virtually protective or prohibitive, and to pass the bill by a party vote, is, so far, to identify the policy of the Union party with protection, a policy which vast numbers of the party can not and will not support. Such an act is a stupendous political blunder.

But if Congress makes so gross a mistake it need not be repeated by the party itself. Every individual Union man should reflect that such an issue is not a party question, and while he would naturally prefer a Representative who sympathized with his views upon the subject, he must not forget that it is still better to take a candidate who is wrong upon the tariff than one who is wrong upon reconstruction. Our taxes must be high for many years to come. But we do not complain, because we say, they are the price of our national unity. Let us then first certainly secure that unity, and then we can proceed to discuss how we may most easily pay the taxes.—Harper's Weekly.

The Democrats who favor the August Convention to be held in Philadelphia, insist that in doing so, they yield none of their allegiance to their old party organization. What they want is to benefit the Democracy by breaking up the Republican party. What do the Republicans who have been seduced into this movement, think of this position?

—If it would take three lines to fill this column, how many would it take to make a pile?

THE DEVIL AND THE LAWYERS.

The Devil came up to earth one day,
And into the court-house, he wended his way,
Just as an attorney, with very good face,
Was proceeding to argue the points in the case.

Now a lawyer, his majesty never had seen,
For to his dominions none ever had been,
And he felt very curious the reason to know,
Why none had been sent to the regions below.

'Twas the fault of his agents, his majesty thought,
That some of those lawyers had ever been caught,
And for his own pleasure had a desire,
To come to the earth, and the reason inquire.

Well, the lawyer who rose with a visage so grave,
Made out his opponent a comendable knave,
And the Devil was really greatly amused,
To hear the attorney so greatly abused.

As soon as the speaker had come to a close,
The counsel opposing then thereby arose,
And heaped such abuse on the head of his foe,
And made him a villain, of all men the worst.

Thus they gossiped, contended and argued so long,
Till each had determined the one that was wrong,
And concluding had heard quite enough of the fuss,
Old Dick turned away and soliloquized thus:

"They have said of each other he true,
The Devil has surely been here a long time,
I'm satisfied now, in all very well,
For the lawyers will ruin the morals of hell."

"They have puzzled the court with their villainous cavil,
I'm not surprised that the Devil has puzzled the Devil,
My agents are right to let lawyers alone,
If I had them, they'd swindle me out of my throne."

WIT AND WISDOM.

—A round man may sometimes be cornered.

—A Cabinet motto—the more haste the less speed.

—An object of "interest"—A girl whose interest is three thousand a year.

—If a man cheats thee once, shame on him; if he cheats thee twice, shame on thee.

—One who is half man, half dog, will bow to the rich man, and bow-wow to the poor.

—Prentice asked, why don't the planets cut off the comet's tail when it passes them. They all have axes.

—If a man is "steeped in poverty," won't it take all the strength out of him?

—Smith—Brown's a regular wag, isn't he? He's fond of cracking his jokes. Robison—Yes, he cracks his jokes—that's the reason they're so bad.

—A newspaper recently contained the following, in its notices to correspondents: "Truth is crowded out of our columns this week."

—"Shall I cut this loin of mutton saddle-wise?" said a gentleman. "No," said one of his guests, "cut it bridge-wise, for then I may chance to get a bit in my mouth."

—Booth, the tragedian, had his nose broken some years since. A lady once said to him, "I like your acting, but I cannot get over your nose." "No wonder," said he, "the bridge is gone."

—A great poet says that "the mountains stand fixed." We know, however, that it is no uncommon thing for them to "slope."

—Spooks says the prettiest sewing-machine he ever saw was about seventeen years old, with short sleeves, low dress, and gaiter boots on.

—The latest remedy for baldness is to use brandy externally until the hair grows, and take it internally to clench the roots.

—"Pompey," said a good natured gentleman to his colored man, "I did not know until to-day you had been whipped last week." "Did not you, massa?" replied Pompey, "I knowed it at de time."

—"I never shot a bird in my life," said a friend to an Irishman, who replied, "I never shot any thing in the shape of a bird, but a squirrel, which I killed with a stone, when it fell into the river and was drowned."

—"You have lost your babe, I hear," said one gentleman to another. "Yes, poor little thing! it was only five months old. We did all we could for it. We had four doctors, put mustard plasters all over it, blistered its head and feet, gave it nine calomel powders, leached its temples, had it bled, and gave it all kinds of medicine, and yet, after a week's illness, it died."

—Any one would suppose that the employment of sewing was the most peaceful and quiet occupation in the world, and yet it is absolutely horrifying to hear ladies talk about stilletoes! bodikins! gatherings! hemmings! gorings! cuttings! whippings! lacings! cuffings! and bastings! What a list of abominables!

—A preacher of the bawling description was enlarging upon the beauties of an unsullied conscience and a pure heart before a congregation of whom some were Irishmen. "Let your actions be so pure," said he, "your conscience so clean, that if you had a window in your bosom, your neighbors could see not an impure act or even thought within your breasts, my hearers. Think, O my hearers, feel as though there were a window in your bosoms—a window in your very bosoms!"

—"Mister Guinness," asked one of the congregation, half rising from his seat, "Mister Guinness, wouldn't a pane in the belly answer the same purpose?"

NASBY.

Mr. Nasby, though not two Major-General, Reports to the President on the workings of the Freedman's Bureau, &c.

CONFEDERATE X ROADS, (wich is) in the State of Kentucky.

In accordance with your esteemed request, dated the 25th, and received this morning, I to wunst proceeded to make doo inquiry, ez to the working uv the Freedman's Bureau, and the condishun uv the Afrikin citizens uv Amerikin docten in this vicinity. The fact that a Abolitionist still holds the Post Office at the Corners, (wich place, by the way, I hav bin solicited to Akept) interfered materially with bizness I had in hand. I to wunst tooted the horn, ez is the custom when we hav religious servis, and called my congressshun together. They cum runnin in from the different groceries; and here another difficulty ensued. The grocery keepers wanted to know wuz we going to hev meeqin on week days? They wuz willing to shut up doors in meeqin time on Sundays, ez they respected the church and it give em time to sweep out the terbacker, ez settery, but the'd be d—d if they wuz agoin to hev them pulled away from nourishment on week days. I sukceeded in passifyin em and went in at wunst egaminin the loadin tents. Their testimony is ez follows:—

CAPTAIN SKELPER.

Wuz a nigger owner afore the war, and durin the late fratricide struggle wuz a captain in the Confederit. Wuz with General Forest at Fort Pillow. Hez had much experience with niggers. Bleeves em to be adapted to the climut uv Kentucky and much more able to stand the hot sun than the whites. When they wuz slaves never knowed em to refuse to work—know they alluz did work becoz he generally stood over them with a nigger whip. Since they hev been free hez not a change, until the Nigger Barow wuz established. Before this the'd take sich wages as you chose to give them—and since then the d—d betwen them will stand out about ez the whitemen do, and wunt take work unles you meet their view, wich made a heap of trouble materially retarded the development uv the country. The Barow hed corrupted the female niggers, ez they hed all bin legaly married by the Chaplains to the men they lived with, and wuz so sot on livin with em, there's no use uv tryin to git a house wench unless you took her husband also. His wife wuz now doin degradin work at her home for want of help. Strongly urged the abrogashun uv the Barow and the removal uv the Ablishun Postmaster at the Corners.

DEACON M'GRATH.

Wuz eggshamin. Wuz convinst in his own mind that the Afrikin wuz now out of his normal sphere, and that the infernal Barow wuz at the bottom uv it. The nigger, afore the Barow come round wuz docile and easily controlled. His boy Joe wuz wunst a model nigger. He'd get up every mornin at 4 A. M., (wich means in the mornin) and work every day till after dark. Ez soon ez he wuz emancipated, ez they called it, and Barow came, I told him to get up one mornin, and he told me impudently that he'd concluded he woudn't. I undertook to chastise him with a fence stake, whereupon he turned and whaled me, and the Barow to wich I applied for redress larft in my face. He left, and is now dragging out a miserable existence in Ohio, on the beggarly pittance uv two dollars per day, and my farm is runnin to weeds. He concluded by giving it ez his solemn opinion that he never cood be reconciled to the Government so long ez the Barow wuz tolerated, and the Abolitionist held the Post Office at the Corners.

GENERAL DINGES.

Considered the Barow a inkubus upon the State. It interfered between master and servant. Coed get along better of the nigger wuz left in the natural laws which regulates capital and laborers. Tried to keep his niggers, and keep em the past summer till after the crop wuz in, and then tried to getle em for four dollars a month, with deductions for food sickness, and broken tools, et setery ez wuz just. Brought the niggers all out in my debt and generously proposed to let them work it out chopping cord wood doarin the winter. Hauled me up before the Barow and wuz forced to pay them each \$15 per month. Consider the Barow ez all that stands in the way uv reconstruction, though the removal of the Ablishun Post Master at the Corners and the appointment of a sound constitutional Democrat woud gratefully assist in alleviatin the Kentucky mind.

ABSLUM PETTUS.

Wuz convinst the Barow was against the prosperity of the State, and wuz unaminin the moral and physicle welfare uv the nigger. It made him impudent. Hed some uv em work for him, and notist at hooms and ildes he'd find em with a spellin Book and a reader. Didn't bleeve in readin. Coodn't read hisself, but had a cousin wunst who learned, but ez soon ez he cood read he moved into Jeannin, quit the Democracy and becom a lothsum Ablishinist. Heer'd he wuz killed in the war, and served him right. Wanted to know what we would do when the niggers cood all read. Spoused w'd have to lect them to office, ez the people alluz selected sich when they cood find em. Didn't bleeve in nigger equality, and wuz in favor of a imejate change in the Post Office at the Corners.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY.

Lait Pastor uv the Church uv the Noo Dispensashun.

Who is Old.—A wise man will never rust out. As long as he can move and breathe, he will do something for himself, for his neighbor, or his posterity. Almost to the last hour of his life, Welch regulates capital and laborers. Tried to keep his niggers, and keep em the past summer till after the crop wuz in, and then tried to getle em for four dollars a month, with deductions for food sickness, and broken tools, et setery ez wuz just. Brought the niggers all out in my debt and generously proposed to let them work it out chopping cord wood doarin the winter. Hauled me up before the Barow and wuz forced to pay them each \$15 per month. Consider the Barow ez all that stands in the way uv reconstruction, though the removal of the Ablishun Post Master at the Corners and the appointment of a sound constitutional Democrat woud gratefully assist in alleviatin the Kentucky mind.

I tried to git some nigger testimony but cood elicit nothin worth while. One nigger who spends the beft uv his time

at the Corners was opposed to the Barow becoz it stopt rations on him, and Lucy, a octoroon, who formerly belonged to and still resides with Elder Garvitt, (who is now absent ez a delegate to the Southern religious convention at Louisville), testified that the Barow "wuz no great shakes" becoz hein a widower and the father of all her children, and hein ez she's a free woman, she asks the agent to make the Elder marry her and he woudn't do it. But sich evidenee is irrelevant, and I didn't consider worth while botherin your eklesy with it. Both, however, strongly insisted on the removal uv the Abolishun Postmaster at the Corners.

ABSLUM PETTUS.

Wuz convinst the Barow was against the prosperity of the State, and wuz unaminin the moral and physicle welfare uv the nigger. It made him impudent. Hed some uv em work for him, and notist at hooms and ildes he'd find em with a spellin Book and a reader. Didn't bleeve in readin. Coodn't read hisself, but had a cousin wunst who learned, but ez soon ez he cood read he moved into Jeannin, quit the Democracy and becom a lothsum Ablishinist. Heer'd he wuz killed in the war, and served him right. Wanted to know what we would do when the niggers cood all read. Spoused w'd have to lect them to office, ez the people alluz selected sich when they cood find em. Didn't bleeve in nigger equality, and wuz in favor of a imejate change in the Post Office at the Corners.

Captin McSlather thought things hed cum to a perty pass when a man coodn't lather a negro without bein hauled up afore a bureau.

Kurnel Pelter thought of your eggshellyness cood witness the corrupshun that eggshisted in the Barow yood make short work uv it. Why he whipped a nigger hand, more than he ought, perhaps, and he died of the injories. It wuz a aggravatin case. The nigger wuz sassy, and it cost three hundred and sixteen dollars to pervide for his family. That infamous Barow made me pay for their rashens all whiter. He askt indignantly if this wuz er wuz not a free country, into which such things wuz permitted.

And the Ablishun Postmaster at the Corners approved the tyrannik action. He demanded his removal.

I conceive it to be unnecessary to subjoin further testimony. I know not what luck your other Commissioners may have had in askin testimony on this subject, but in this vicinity there can be no doubt that there can't be that joy for the Government without wich free institootions wunt flourish to any alarmin extent until this monster is squelched. The testimony is unanimous, and them as I have eggshamin, are representative men.

You hav notist the singular unanimity with wich they all bore testimony to the necessity uv a change in the Post Office at the Corners, I endorse all they say on this question, considerin that change is ez necessary ez in the grate work of pacifyin and consoliatin the South ez the removal of the Barow itself. In case a change is made, I would say for your guidance that I hev bin warmly solicited to aksept the position, and to pacify em at last yielded a reluctant consent. The fact that I never served in the Confederit army may be an objection, but to offset that I voted for Vallandigham twice.

It possible send me a pardon at the same time you send me my commisshun ez Postmaster, for of the Post Office don't pay I may want to run for sum other office in wich event that document would be essenshel to my success.

Trooly yours,

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,

Lait Pastor uv the Church uv the Noo Dispensashun.

Who is Old.—A wise man will never rust out. As long as he can move and breathe, he will do something for himself, for his neighbor, or his posterity. Almost to the last hour of his life, Welch regulates capital and laborers. Tried to keep his niggers, and keep em the past summer till after the crop wuz in, and then tried to getle em for four dollars a month, with deductions for food sickness, and broken tools, et setery ez wuz just. Brought the niggers all out in my debt and generously proposed to let them work it out chopping cord wood doarin the winter. Hauled me up before the Barow and wuz forced to pay them each \$15 per month. Consider the Barow ez all that stands in the way uv reconstruction, though the removal of the Ablishun Post Master at the Corners and the appointment of a sound constitutional Democrat woud gratefully assist in alleviatin the Kentucky mind.

I tried to git some nigger testimony but cood elicit nothin worth while. One nigger who spends the beft uv his time

"Kiver up Stranger."

There is a spot in the southeastern part of Tennessee known as the "Fiery Fork of Honey Run." A delicious locality, no doubt, as the run of "honey" is, of course, accompanied by a corresponding flow of milk and honey, or, at any rate, honey and "peach" is the evidence of sublimity contentment in every place where they have presching. "Honey Run" is further, christianized by the presence of an extremely hospitable family, whose mansion, comprising one apartment—neither more nor less—is renowned for being never shut against the traveler, and so our friend found it during the chill morning air at the express of a rheumatism in his shoulder, its numerous unaffected cracks and holes clearly showing that dropping the latch was a mere formality. The venerable host and hostess, in their own apartment, usually enjoy the society of two sons, two daughters, sundry dogs and niggers, and as many lodgers as may deem it prudent to risk the somewhat equivocal allotment of sleeping partners.

On the night in question, our friend, after a hearty supper of ham and eggs, and a canvass of the Fiery Forkers—the old lady, having pointed out his bed—felt very weary, and only looked for an opportunity to "turn in," though the mosquitoes were trumpeting all sorts of wrath, and no net appeared to bar them. The dogs flung themselves along the floor or again rose, restlessly, and sought the doorstep; the niggers stuck their feet into the wet yam straw; the old man stripped unceremoniously, and sought his share of the one collapsed-looking pillow, and the sons cavalierly followed his example, leaving the old woman, girls and stranger, to settle any question of delicacy that might arise.

The candidate yawned, looked at his bed, went to the door, looked at the daughters; finally, in downright recklessness, he seated himself upon the "downey," and pulled off his coat.

Well, he pulled off his coat, then he yawned, and then he whistled, and then he called the old lady's attention to the fact that it would never do to sleep in his maddy trousers, and then he undid his vest, and then he whistled again, and then suddenly an idea of her lodger's possible embarrassment seemed to flash upon the old woman, and she cried:

"Gals, just turn your backs round till the stranger gets into bed."

The backs were turned and the stranger did get into bed in less than no time, when the hostess again spoke:

"Reckon, stranger, as you ain't galed to us, you'd better kiver up till the gals undress, hadn't you?"

By this time our friend's sleepy fit was over, and though he did "kiver up," as desired, somehow or other the old counterpane was equally kind in hiding his blushes and favoring his sly glances.—The nymphs soon stowed away, for there were neither hoops to unitch nor corsets to unlace, when their mamma, evidently anxious not to smother her guest, considerably relieved him:

"You can unkiver now, stranger; I'm married folks, and you ain't afraid of me I reckon."

The stranger happened to be "married folks" himself; he unknived, and turned his back with true conjugal indifference, as far as the ancient lady was concerned, but with regard to the gals, he declared that his half-raised curiosity inspired the most tormenting dreams of mermaids that ever he experienced.

A Teacher in one of the primary schools at Brookfield, Iowa, the other day, found among his list of juveniles one who was constantly engaged in some mischief, and at the same time was given to swearing. Having uttered an oath in violation of the teacher's rules, he ordered the aforesaid juvenile to take his place in the corner of the old rickety school-house, and placing a pair of old fashioned iron tongs in his hand, ordered him to watch a hole in the floor until he should catch a mouse, supposing it would be a great punishment. The little urchin gazed steadfastly at the aperture, while the teacher, with his face turned from him, was engaged with the other scholars. At last he heard the old tongs go bang! He turned his eyes quickly upon the youth, who, with a countenance beaming with excitement, yelled: "Master, I've got the darned little cuss!" and, true enough, he had Mister Mouse fast by the head.

—Neither false curls, false teeth, false calves, or even false eyes are so bad as false tongues.

—There is many a good wife who can't dance or sing well.

—Since man by Adam fell, so man by Christ arose again.