

# London Free Press.

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**LOUDON:**  
WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1854.

The cholera has, it is said, disappeared from Martinsburg, Va. Hon. Chas. J. Faulkner has recovered from a severe attack.

**FARMERSHIP IN OHIO.**—The recent session of the Grand Lodge of Ohio granted charters for 15 new Lodges.

**AUSTRALIA.**—Ten thousand pounds have been subscribed in Australia to be presented to Smith O'Brien in the shape of a gold vase.

The American Party in the Legislature of Pennsylvania proves to be stronger than was supposed. The *Harrisburg Telegraph* says that there are over 60 members of the next Legislature known to belong to the American order.

**SOUTHERN EDITOR.**—Mr. Richard G. Brantley, junior editor of the *Norfolk Herald*, was married on Thursday last to Miss Emily R. Ward.

An old lady being late at church, entered as the congregation were rising for prayer; "Lad," said she courtizing, "don't get up on my account."

The "Know-Nothing" organ in Boston declares that the order has nothing to do with, and will have nothing to do with, Free Soilism or Abolitionism.

They are making sugar from pumpkins in France. They say it is likely that the beet will soon be beaten in that business.

The *Memphis Express* has dropped its old name, and assumed the name of the *American*, and expressed the cause of the Know Nothings. It is edited by Dr. Joseph Fowles, one of the leaders of the democratic party in Memphis. If it be true, as stated by some, that a man can't be a Know Nothing and a Democrat at the same time, then the "great Democratic party" will soon be numbered with the things that were.  
[Lebanon Herald.]

**EXCELLENT.**—The editor of the *Mobile Register*, is responsible for the following:  
Propose of marriages. We have a friend (don't say it was us, dear reader!) a six footer who was proposing, on a public occasion, with a magnificent woman. "We are the observed of all observers," said the gentleman. "Yes," replied the lady, "we are ten brilliant stars!" "Put the stars together," responded the gentleman, "and what a brilliant star they would make!"

**THANKSGIVING DAYS.**—The following States have now made an appointment:—Maine, Nov. 20; New Hampshire, Nov. 29; Pennsylvania, Nov. 26; Indiana, Nov. 26; Kentucky, Nov. 20; Ohio, Nov. 20; Massachusetts, Nov. 20; Maryland, Nov. 20; Wisconsin, Nov. 23; New Jersey, Nov. 22; Florida, Nov. 23.

**ATLANTA BANK.**—We learn from the *Atlanta Daily Intelligencer*, that the Atlanta Bank recently received \$77,000 in specie in two days. The bills were sent on by a western banker.  
[Denton Times.]

**THE SYNOD OF VIRGINIA.**—This body adjourned on Saturday last to meet at Lexington on the Wednesday next preceding the Full Moon in October, 1855.

**"SUCH A GITTIN' UP STAIRS."**—A genius has invented an India rubber holder. The only objection to the arrangement is, that you can't lay it down without setting up your. But what of that? The same objection will apply to a thousand other things.

**POPULATION OF MEXICO.**—According to the latest census the population of the Republic of Mexico, the entire number of inhabitants is 7,853,395. There are, in the Republic, 83 cities and towns; 193 large villages; 4,769 villages; 119 communities and missions; 175 haciendas or estates; 6,022 farms and hamlets.

Some "fast" congressmen wear blue coats and brass buttons. The blue is indicative of their feelings, and the brass of their manners.

**A SUI IDAM SUPPER.**—A man dying of apoplexy, in Michigan, the jury of inquest rendered the following true and sensible verdict:—"Died from a visitation of one beef steak, eight cold potatoes, and a fried pie."

**A LITERARY PUN.**—The wit of Douglas Jerrold is never so keen as when exercised on juvenile literary presumptions. When M. Lannartine's merits were being discussed at a club of artists and authors, "Oh," said a clever young author, "he and I row in the same boat."—Douglas Jerrold who was present, turned round and said, "But not with the same sculls."

Entering upon an argument with a metaphysician is like getting into an omnibus—you know where you start from, but it is impossible to tell where it will carry you.—[Punch.]

For "London Free Press,"  
North Carolina Central Railroad.

**Messrs. Editors:**—If you esteem the following reflections and observations upon the Railroads to be made in Tennessee in connection with some of those spoken of by Col. Thomas; you are at liberty to give them a place in your valuable paper.

In the first place, what is the use of, or where is the necessity of building two branches from the North Carolina line; or one to Knoxville some 55 miles, and another from Citico to Athens, some 39 miles, and to Charleston some 45 miles, together making 85 to 100 miles of Railroad, when one branch to the E. T. & G. R. R., in the direction toward Kingston—say 40 miles, or down the Little Tennessee river with the branch of the North Carolina Central Road, suggested by Col. Thomas, to the confluence of the Holston and Little Tennessee rivers, and to a connection with the E. T. & G. R. R., some 35 miles, would avoid the expense of building from 40 to 60 miles of Railroad, and equally subsolve the great public interest?

From the month of Holston the road could be continued it is said to Kingston and thence northward up Emory and through the Emory Gap. Persons of intelligence living near that Gap insist that it is, if not the very best pass in the Cumberland mountains, that it is at least equal to any, and say that the approaches on both sides can be overcome by long and easy grades. It has been said that Col. Pritchard is of opinion that it is impracticable to get down from the Emory Gap to Somerset. If this be so it is an opinion founded on information derived from others, for I have heard him say that he never had seen or examined that pass nor the route through it. Look at the map of the country, for instance Colburn's map of Tennessee and Kentucky, published in 1843; stretch a line from Kingston at the mouth of Clinch to Cincinnati, you will see it passes nearly up the general course of Emory, down the Big South Fork of Cumberland, near to Somerset, and leaving Danville a short distance to the west, runs directly through Lexington already connected by Railroads both with Cincinnati and Louisville.

Suppose this line to be selected by the Blue Ridge Railroad Company for their main stem to Louisville and Cincinnati, what would Charles ton accomplish by it? She would thereby form a connection with the E. T. & G. R. R. by the shortest link that can be made to it, and it might be connected both with the E. T. & G. R. R., and with Chattanooga both by Railroad and by the Tennessee river, and if the road be continued by Kingston she would there again be connected with the Tennessee river at the head of low water steamboat navigation. But continuing up Emory river she would not only be connected with the coal banks but would tap the coal region at its very centre, and still be progressing to Cincinnati by it, is believed, the shortest practicable route. What would the accomplishment for Cincinnati?

Besides connecting her with Charleston by the shortest practicable route, she would tap the Tennessee at the head of low water steamboat navigation and thereby with Chattanooga. But in a short time a Railroad of connection would be made with Chattanooga along the valley at the base of the Cumberland mountains one of the finest routes for a Railroad in the world.—This connection with Chattanooga with its Railroad connections by a route at least one hundred miles nearer than by Nashville, the one to which they have been looking for its accomplishment will be well understood and appreciated by the sagacious citizens of that great commercial emporium, the Queen city of the West.  
Nov. 1854.

From "Raleigh Register."  
The Abolition organs of New York—the *Tribune* and *Times*—are not less severe in their denunciations of the Know Nothings, than the *Standard* and other Democratic prints are with us. The Know-Nothings are known to be bitter and uncompromising enemies of Seward.—Hence abolition wrath. But we should suppose that that fact ought to serve to moderate a little the violent opposition of Southern men towards them. But such is not the case. It is hard to tell which is the bitterest towards this new party, the *Standard* or *Greeley's Tribune*. Hear what *Greeley* says about them:

"The pitiful tricks, the base intrigues, the gross impositions on the masses, which have notoriously marked the recent management of the Order, and which only form a part of the policy all along contemplated by its leaders, have never been surpassed in the worst degradations of Whig or Democratic wire pulling.—If the Order had a single respectable trait before it has none now. It has sunk below contempt, and has not only committed political suicide, but has done it in the least decent and creditable manner. No man of honesty and self-respect can longer maintain any connection with it, or receive with any feeling but scorn and disgust the command to vote for candidates it has been used to put in nomination."  
Poor folks!—what a pity the new order should stand about and have nothing to do with the Abolition party, except to prostitute it!

**OPENING THEIR EYES AT LAST.**—Some of the Southern Democratic papers are beginning to open their eyes, and not only that, but actually to use them, since the late elections in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana. The *Staunton (Virginia) Indica* or says: "The Democrats of the North are corrupt—if it were not so, whereby they have majorities, the desperate spirit of fanaticism would not have so signally triumphed!"

Tom Iver was beaten in the great prize fight near St. Louis on the 27th ult., for \$3,000 by McGowan, Sixty-four rounds were fought.

PROPERTY EXEMPT FROM EXECUTION.

The Legislature of Tennessee has from time to time, since the session of 1820, (says a correspondent of the *Shelbyville Expositor*) passed laws exempting property from execution in the hands of poor persons. These statutes are scattered through some half dozen volumes, and consequently the lawyers frequently have considerable labor in answering the inquiries of persons interested as to what articles of property are thus exempt. It may therefore be of service to them, and to all others interested in such inquiries, to have a brief abstract of these acts published:

Act of 1820, ch. 11, Sec. 1.—One cow and calf, one bedstead and bed containing not more than 25 pounds of feathers, two sheets, two blankets, and one counterpane, one half dozen knives and forks, six plates, one dish, one basin, one pot, one Dutch oven, one spinning wheel, one pair of cotton cards, one chipping axe.

Act of 1827, ch. 20, Sec. 1.—Ten barrels of corn, 300 weight, or wheat, or bacon, as the case may be. And by Act of 1832, ch. 33, this act of 1827 shall be so construed as to include hogs that have been fitted for pork and not killed.

Act of 1833, ch. 80, Sec. 1.—In the hands of a person engaged in agriculture, one plough, one hoe, one set of gears for ploughing one iron wheel, one farm horse, mule, or yoke of oxen, one pair of mechanics tools, such as is usually employed by and necessary for one workman in any particular trade. By section 5, the benefit of this act extends only to the heads of families.

Act of 1842, ch. 44, Sec. 2.—One other bed and furniture, containing not more than 25 pounds of feathers, one other cow and calf.

Act of 1844, ch. 208, Sec. 1.—Five hundred sheep, ten head of stock hogs, all fowls and poultry, six chairs, one bible and hymn book, one beam and gear, and one other feather bed, bedstead, and bedstead, where the family consists of six or more persons.

Act of 1844, ch. 162, Sec. 1.—Five hundred bundles of oats, five hundred bundles of faller, ten bushels of wheat, one stack of hay, one man's saddle, one horse's saddle, one bridle, one cart, yoke, and shaft, and one log chain if the owner has a yoke of oxen. Sec. 2, three hundred additional pounds of pork, and ten barrels of corn. Sec. 4, where a family consists of more than six children, one other feather bed and furniture for every additional three children, and one other cow and calf.

By the act of 1823, ch. 2, Sec. 1.—1833, ch. 80, Sec. 2.—1844, ch. 44, the provisions of the several acts exempting property from execution are extended to the wife and children, administrator, executor, or heirs of the deceased or absconded debtor.

And by the act of 1842, ch. 44, Sec. 1, these acts are made applicable to executions in criminal cases.

But by the act of 1846, ch. 169, Sec. 3, the property is not exempt from seizure for State or County Taxes.

And for the act cited, the provisions of all the acts are extended to the heirs of all families.

For "London Free Press."  
TO MEDICUS.

Sir:—Your article in the "Free Press" of Oct. 28, is at hand, and if you will be so good as to have it re-published, and accompanied with such notes and explanations as will render it at least intelligible, I will be pleased to notice, and be forth coming, in due time. But if you do not, so soon as I have desired so curious a machination of the English language, I shall make my defence. In the mean time, rest assured, you shall not be overlooked.  
I have the honor to be, Yr. A. SERVANT.  
Tennessee, Nov. 10th, 1854.

For "London Free Press."  
ADVISE TO BACHELORS.

**Messrs. Editors:** It is the province of old men, and especially those who have buffeted the storms and vicissitudes of life, until their backs have grown gray, with the frosts of many winters, to advise and counsel their fellows, who have less experience in the world, and less knowledge as to the prerequisites to happiness; to abandon the "error of their way," and seek happiness where it may be found. Taking it for granted my right to advise is conceded, I proceed to the task.

Man was not made to live alone. As an evidence of the verity of this assumption, I refer my Bachelor friends, (for the benefit of whom I write) to Adam, the first man, when placed in the garden of Eden, where he was surrounded by all the beauties and fascinations of that sacred spot, which contained, apparently, all the heart could desire, yet he was unhappy; there was a void within, that sought but vainly to be filled. If he, situated as he was, perfectly with no sin to war his peace, was destitute of happiness in that world, how much more reasonable is it to suppose that we, surrounded and exposed to all the vices and temptations a wicked world can desire, would be also destitute of happiness, without her soothing presence, to cheer, encourage and minister words of kindness, which is truly a balm to the troubled soul; and which none other process saves woman.

Then my Bachelor friends, I advise, encourage and conjure you, for your own good, for the sake of your own happiness, to seek her while she may be found. Procrastination may prove a fatal error, as there are many whose once youthful faces, now have the semblance of age; whose once smooth and ruddy cheeks, are now hewn in furrows, by "time's offset fingers"; and others whose once "raven locks" were the admiration of all who knew them, are now as the "winter's snow." And, by the way I have seen some Editors, who were and are almost destitute of gray locks, either as the "winter's snow," or the raven's pinion. No frustration Mr. Editor. Now Messrs. Bachelors take the advice of an aged friend, woo, win, wed and be happy.

Rash, fruitless war, from wonton glory waged, is only splendid murder.—[Thompson.]

For "London Free Press."  
[For Soc-Doys—Woodbarrow Express Line,] Messrs. Editors:

Knowing your praiseworthy and enterprising spirit in devising your truly valuable and most columns to my labor, I am not only as a practical physician, but as a gentleman and man of honor, of the nicest tone. The party consisted of the elite of our aristocratic circles, and was most particularly sweet, among whom the gentlemanly entertainer was most distinguished, whom for want of a better name we will call Esculapius in honor of the profession which he honors by his most brilliant talents. And the thought we noticed the worthy, pious, and venerable Sessoria Bodkin, Esq., in this place, who appeared to be the very impersonation of ease and good taste, dealing out that savvy and politeness only to be required in the most fashionable and aristocratic circles.

We also perceived the tall and lath-like form of the notorious Honey, Lord, Counter Hoppey, and were pained to note the evident and condescending attitude he assumed—having to endure the presence of respectable ladies for a few hours. It was very plain that he was out of his latitude; he would have been more at ease if he had been behind the counter measuring tape. We were also surprised to observe the boyish and pert Duke of Calcey, whom we can not think has arrived at an age to be permitted to be out so late at night. We learn that this was the occasion of the Duke's first debut into fashionable society, and we are sorry that he made so grand a failure.

For fear of trespassing too much upon your valuable space, we must omit mentioning any other celebrities, of which there were several in this grand assembly, but justifying as this mammoth candy pulling, but justifying as to every sense of the word, unexceptionable. It is long since we have seen such a gallery of wit and beauty combined in one assembly. The festivities were conducted with great grace and vigor, every thing, in way of very coarse brown sugar and New Orleans molasses being provided for the occasion, with the price estimated by a well acquainted merchant, Esulapius, must have amounted, at least, from one dollar to eight shillings on the occasion, but any one acquainted with the almost fabulous wealth and princely generosity of the host's character, will not be surprised at this truly regal expense. But before closing this notice, we feel that we would be doing your readers a injustice if we did not give them an outline of the grand man's character, who is one of the Prince Jack-plum and lady Cream Tartar, whose son and heir married into the equally great and distinguished family of the Calomel, uniting those two aristocratic and time honored families from whom descended our late Esculapius. Upon the demise of the grand father plump, the estate and honors devolved upon the present Lord Esculapius, who still continues to practice the healing art, although placed, as he himself positively asserts, far above the necessity of exertion, but being possessed of such uncommon talents, he feels as if he were accountable for the proper use of them in alleviating the miseries of his fellow man. Esculapius was educated for the mechanic arts, in which he made surprising progress—being endowed with a great mechanical genius, but his talents knew no bounds and the narrow limits of a cabinet shop could not confine them. He entered upon a more noble profession, where his talents could have a proper use. He had touched at his brilliant discoveries, Esculapius being free from professional duties at present, devotes his time in giving entertainments to his friends and patrons in the way of "Candy Pullings," being an adept in the art, he will give a reception to those wishing to learn the method of conducting such parties, and also of making the candy. Persons at a distance desiring such information, will please address Esulapius, post paid, at Square Bodkin's minor shop. He also wishes to dispose of a large lot of candy, left at the late "Pulling."  
ASBODETS.

Morganton, Nov. 9, 1854.

'Tis but a little while, at best,  
That bees have power to lay;  
Tomorrow eggs must addled be,  
That were quite fresh to day;  
O! let the touch be very light  
That takes the wax from the bee;  
There is no hand whose cunning skill  
Can mend a broken egg!

**WHAT THE TELEGRAPH CAN DO.**  
The *Columbus (Ohio) Journal* of the 28th says: "The *Civ. Marshal* received the following telegraph message last from a neighboring town: 'There will be a girl on the line, a clock tower from Cleveland. She is about 10 years old, has blue eyes, a blue sack, and round features. You will please arrest her, and her friends will be here on the first train. She is supposed to be from her parents.' This message was put into the hands of the Police Officers on duty, and on the arrival of the train, a very pretty girl, answering the description, was by them taken in charge, and safely kept until the arrival of her brother, who took charge of her, and they both returned home yesterday morning. Poor girl, she had become fascinated by the good looks of a young man who lived in the same village, and was leaving there to find another situation, she had resolved to follow him. His little dream of the sad consequences of such a step, and of the life of sorrow that awaited her, had no, her plans been frustrated by the aid of the telegraph."

**INCIDENTS OF THE DAY.**—"Fare one, I love thee still," as the old bachelor said to his delectable, and the old maid to her wig.

The man who is a stranger to the finer feelings, has recently had an introduction.

A lady was much affronted the other day, because a gentleman accused her as an old acquaintance.

NOT QUITE SO HAPPY A HIT.—By another child: "Charlie, what makes your cheeks so red?" "Asks his sister's admirer, of a littleurchin five years old.

"Cause I put some of sister's paint on. She puts it on every day."

It was an embarrassing disclosure all around. At least Charlie thought so when the visitor was gone.

For "London Free Press."  
TO MISS—

Let care no longer shade thy brow,  
Swee thy thy the hours as those that a 6 past  
Remembering dear girl thy early vow  
Unfulfilled by me, have eld to the last,  
Shew fortune's change in weal or woe,  
Serenely submitting to thy fate,  
Firmly pronouncing friend or foe,  
Loving apparently or fixed in hate,  
Love that may never cease to be  
—shared by me.  
Tenn., Nov. 18th, 1854. A FRIEND.

A WEDDING SCENE.

There are chimes, merry chimes, in the air.  
What toll they?  
That as, to glad our wedding love,  
Those silvery bells—songs fleet above;  
So from above true joys shall come  
To bless our own, our happy home,  
Both night and day.

There are flowers, fragrant flowers, 'neath our feet.  
What teach they?  
That earth-born pleasures may be spread  
Along the path that we shall tread;  
But, ever should it be our lot  
With haste steps to crush them not,  
They must decay.

There are smiles, short lived smiles, all around.  
What show they?  
They tell us, never but in Heaven  
Is lasting bliss to mortals given;  
That looks of love, like fairy flowers,  
And charms of music laden hours,  
Must pass away.

There is hope, thrilling hope, in our hearts.  
What does hope say?  
The meager strains of life may change,  
Joy flowers may fade, and friends grow strange;  
But those by pure affliction joined,  
Fond hearts in heart, firm mind to mind,  
Are bound for aye.

For "London Free Press."  
NASHVILLE, TENN., NOV. 8, 1854.

**Samuel B.:**—Sir: I propose to drop you a few lines to night as I am left alone in my room. This is one of my melancholy hours which I have learned to enjoy. Melancholy hours, if rightly appreciated and improved, will render a source of enjoyment not to be found elsewhere. You know a fellow gets to studying about the women, and when he is near from them and can't get to them, he gets what I call melancholy. But some folks would call it the blues, when I get in this fix, I love to be alone, and give myself up to such reflections as may crowd upon my mind. I took a stroll around in the business part of the city, this evening, and passed in front of two or three Millinery establishments, where I saw some of the prettiest women. Great God! that I ever had my eyes upon—sheer looked delicious, certain but I dare not touch them. Such tempting articles I don't think ought to be exposed to view, unless a man is allowed to lay his hands upon them and examine them. There seems to be very little excitement among the Know-Nothings in the city at this time, so much so that I don't know any think about them. I heard that Brownlow had declared himself for Governor upon their platform.—There are 230 students now in the Medical Class, and increasing daily, it is thought, it will run up to 250. I visited the Capitol on Sat. Saturday, it is a fine building, of which the citizens of Tennessee may justly boast, it is 270 feet long and 140 feet wide, and the whole height from the ground to the top of its dome will be, when completed, 165 feet high, which dome is intended for an observatory: it is situated upon a beautiful eminence, which gives a bold view of the entire city. There was considerable excitement here the other day, about a wild bull that visited the city; he was pursued by a number of men, and headed, tied and hauled off in a wagon.  
OLD SREX.

**THE "KNOW-NOTHINGS."**  
Can't you hear the dead tramp of a rallying host,  
As it gathereth strength, from inland and coast?  
Can't you see a mysterious banner on high,  
And hear to the welkin, a new battle cry?  
'Tis the sound of a nation, uprising in might,  
'Tis the flag of the free flying against the light—  
'Tis the scream of the Eagle—the Patriots cheer—  
That bugle-like ringeth when danger is near.  
From hearthstones where happiness sitteth serene—  
From dwelling and worship,—they came all unseem,  
From mart and from field—from forest and town,  
They come with the ballot—and Patriots frown,  
They come as men come, to a duty severe,  
That saddens the heart,—while forbidding a tear.  
They come with a mandate, the world must obey,  
And the sycophant Demagogues are silent, to day.  
Let that stout scale the mountains, and wander in vale,  
Let it mount on the billow, and speed with the gale—  
Let it circle the Earth, like the voices of Truth,—  
'America shall govern the home of its youth."  
With thunder's groans marking the lightning's fire birth,  
Is the gathering tread of each Patriot son  
Round the citadel heights that our fathers have won.

Where the night seemed advancing in darkness and gloom,  
Lest the dawn of another bright morning bath come,  
For from the residue as the pillars of Truth,  
'Americans shall govern the Home of their youth."

Deal gently with those who stray, draw them back by love and persuasion. A kiss is worth a thousand ticks. A kind word is more valuable to the lost than a mine of gold. Think of this and be on your guard, so who would chase to the grave an erring brother.

The *Charl-stown Spirit* of Jefferson heads an article with the interesting inquiry—"Where is Democratic party?" Echo very distinctly answers, strange as it may seem, *nowhere*.

A Hint or Two.

Never make use of an honest woman's name in an improper place, at an improper time or in a mixed company. Never make assertions about her that you think are untrue, or allusions that you think she herself would blush to hear. When you meet with men who do not scruple to make use of a woman's name in a reckless and unprincipled manner, shun them, for they are the very worst members of the community, destitute of every sense of honor, every feeling of humanity. Many a good and worthy woman's character has been forever ruined, and her heart broken by a lie, manufactured by some villain, and repeated where it should not have been, and in the presence of those whose little judgement could not deter them from circulating the foul and degrading report. A report. A slander is soon propagated, and the smallest thing derogatory to woman's character, will fly on the wings of the wind, and magnify as it circulates, until its monstrous weight crushes the poor unconscious victim. Respect the name of woman, for your mother, and your sister are women; and as you would have their fair name untarnished, and their lives embittered by the slander's biting tongue heed the ill that your own words may bring upon the mother, the sister, or wife of some fellow creature.

The South Side railroad cars came up to Percival's Island, opposite Lynchburg, on Thursday last week, and as far as passengers are concerned, that work may be considered as completed.

The best life preserver in the world is a marriage certificate. One-half the rheumatism in the market is only vice, assuming the shape of canes and crutches.

A bluff country farmer, meeting the parson of a parish in a by lane, and not giving him the way so readily as he expected, the parson with an erect chest told him "he was bettered than taught." "Very true, indeed, sir," said the farmer, "for you teach me and I feed myself."

**A QUERY.**—Which travels at the greater speed? heat or cold? Heat because you can easily catch cold.

The gentleman who embraced an opportunity, is of the decided opinion that it does not come up to some of his female friends. What a rascal!

It is a law which God himself has made that the arrow which is shot from the persecutors bow shall rebound and pierce the persecutor's heart.

If you would be pungent, be brief, for it is with words as with sausages, the more they are consumed, the deeper they burn.

"My son, take the jug and fetch me some beer."  
"Give me some money, then, father."  
"My son, to get beer with money, anybody can do that; but to get beer without money, that's a trick."

So the boy took the jug and out he goes; shortly he returns and places the jug before his father.

"How can I drink," said the father, "when there is no beer in the jug?"  
"To drink beer out of a jug," said the son, "when there is beer, anybody can do that; but to drink beer out of a jug when there is no beer, that's a trick."

**FATAL DUEL NEAR COLUMBIA.**  
Columbia, Nov. 6.—A duel took place, fourteen miles from this town, this morning, between PETER GAFFNEY and Dr. DEXAS W. RAY. The former was killed at the second fire. The latter was unhurt.

**THE GRAVE.**—It buries every error—covers every defect—distinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave of an enemy, and not feel a compunction thro' that he should have warred with the poor landlord of earth that lies mouldering before him?—[Irving]

"Bill, did you ever go to sea?"  
"I guess I did. Last year for instance I went to see a gal; but I only called once."  
"Why so?"  
"Cause her brother had an unpleasant habit of throwing hot jacks at people."

"What did you hang dot eat for, Isaac?"  
"asked the school marum. The boy looked up, and with a grave look answered—"For necessity, marum." He had fifty marks immediately put down against his name.

"THE DOCTOR."—A doctor in Ohio writes to his father as follows—"Dear daddy, I concluded I'd come down and get graded into a doctor. I hardly dot think I was in more than 3 hours, afore out I cum as slick a wun as ever you seen.

Hale Columby happy land,  
I'nt a Doktore, I'll be hanged'd,  
I pukes, I purges, and I sweets em,  
Then if th'd, w then I lets em.

I gits plenty of custom, because they says they die crazy. When you rize, don't forget to put doctrine afore my name."

"Sonney, I don't see anything growing about here—what does your father raise on this land?"  
"Wall, he raises backmacks, grasshoppers hoptons, and some other vegetables, Yesterday he raised a double-breasted pig pen right under the window, and mother raised old Cain.

Samuel, possessor of the vitamins as reads no newspapers? "Your father married a woman that read none, and your the sad consequence! You're as ignorant as a 'orse! Hignorant people says it's throwing money away to take papers, and fooling away time to read 'em."

The man who got into a train of thought, was taken into custody at the first station for traveling without a ticket, and sentenced to three days' imprisonment in a brown study.