

HANNIBAL JOURNAL

AND WESTERN UNION.

HANNIBAL, MO., OCTOBER 23, 1851.

VOL. 2--NO. 8.

O. CLEMENS, Editor and Publisher.

R. F. LAKENAN, Attorney at Law, and General Real Estate Agent.

Office on North side of Bird, between 1st and 2d st. WILL attend to the collection of debts and other professional business entrusted to his care. He has complete Abstracts of Title to all tracts of land in Hannibal, and will furnish to those desiring it, an abstract of all the conveyances, on record, of any lot in the city.

He is commissioned to take Depositions, Acknowledgments of deeds, &c., for the States of Virginia and Kentucky.

Smith S. Allen, Attorney at Law.

HANNIBAL, MARION COUNTY, MISSOURI. WILL promptly attend to all professional business entrusted to his care in the counties of Marion, Ralls and Pike. He will give particular attention to the securing and collection of debts in any part of the State. Office on Bird street, four doors above the corner of Bird and Main, in front of the Marshall and Recorder's office.

BERAGE Dea Laines, a new lot of goods for ladies' dresses.

COLLINS & BREED'S.

NO HUMBGERY!

T. B. STEVENS, opposite the City Hotel, has just received, in addition to his former stock, a large assortment of Jewelry ever brought to Hannibal. He invites his customers to call at the above establishment, where they will always find the richest and most extensive assortment of Watches and Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware, consisting in part of Gold Chains, Lever Watches, Breastpins, Earrings, Finger Rings, Lockets, Gold Fob, Vest and Guard The Voltaire, Gold and Silver Spectacles, Card Cases, Silver Cans, Tea Pans, Castles, Canteen Bells, Cigar Cases, Shot Bags and Pouches, &c. Good Watches of every description carefully repaired and warranted to keep time if well used. The money returned.

THOS. S. MILLER, (Successor to Miller & Bower.)

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HANNIBAL, MO.

Liberal Cash Advances made on Consignments.

M. P. GREEN, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

COMMERCIAL ROW,

OVER W. M. HAWKINS' STORE.

HANNIBAL, MO.

J. W. BARTON, THOS. SUNDERS, Late of Quincy, Ill. Late of Hannibal, Mo.

BALSTON & SUNDERS, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

SACRAMENTO CITY, CALIFORNIA.

april 6th

BLACK Lace Veils, French Working Collars and Caps, a very large lot, selling awfully cheap at COLLINS & BREED'S.

Boys' Clothing.

Received this day, a large addition to our stock of Boys' Clothing, consisting of Sacks, Jackets, white and brown, Drill Pants, Cottonade, ditto Vests, &c. &c. (may 15th)

HIRAM McVEIGH & Co.

BLEACHED and Brown Muslins of all kinds, Checks, Flannels, Tweeds, Cassinets and Jeans, apr 24

COLLINS & BREED'S.

SADDLERY and Hardware, an assortment for sale very cheap by apr 17

T. R. SELMES.

GINGHAMS.

A fine lot of GINGHAMS for sale on reasonable terms by COLLINS & BREED.

Ribbons.

A FINE assortment of spring and summer Bonnet Ribbons, also Satin and Mantua Ribbons for sale apr 24

COLLINS & BREED.

JUST opened a new lot of SHOES and SHOES of all qualities, among which you will find some beautiful excellent kid ties for the Ladies—at WM. HAWKINS.

STEP in and examine those fine Blankets, and Ready made clothing at the store of Wm. HAWKINS.

W. HAWKINS.

J. W. SPALDING & CO., COMMISSION and forwarding Merchants, dealers in Star Candles, Starch, Soap, Lard Oil, Cheese Butter, Eggs, &c. No. 93 Commercial St. near Lewis' St. Louis, Mo.

REFERENCES.

Springer & Whitehead, Harrison & Hooper, S. S. Rowe (Cashier), Cincinnati, J. H. Stages & Co., J. J. Adams, New Orleans; Loker, Beck & Co., Chouteau & Valle, Wm. Morrison, St. Louis; H. R. Buehl Co., New York.

mar 27 if

BENTON SALOON TO RENT.

THIS is the largest and best room for Balls, Public Shows, Lectures, Political and other Meetings in Hannibal. To rent by the day or week. Enquire of T. R. SELMES.

ap 17

CALICOES.

CALICOES of all colors and descriptions, for sale cheap by apr 24

COLLINS & BREED.

BONNETS—Going off fast and for sale unusually low by apr 24

COLLINS & BREED.

Fresh Teas!

JUST now received from that celebrated Tea District, Poyang Hho, also some of Linn Foo's choice Imperial, &c. (oct 24)

T. R. SELMES.

William Hawkins

HAS just opened his stock of STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS—Ready made clothing—Boots, Shoes, Quarters and Groceries. Call and examine our goods, you will think our prices will you oct. 24

W. H.

THE subscriber has now on hand and is daily receiving the largest and best assortment of GOODS, suitable for this market, ever brought to Northern Missouri. He returns his sincere thanks for the untiring support he has always received, and no effort shall be wanting on his part to merit its continuance. T. R. SELMES. feb 28

SELECTED POETRY.

From the Home Journal

ROMENICK.

BY ALICE CAREY.

The lamps are all lighted, how brightly they gleam,
The music is flowing, soft stream upon stream,
While youths and fair maidens, untroubled with care,
Half blush as they whisper, how happy we are!

Well, braid up your tresses with gems as you may;
Fly light through the dances, and smile and be gay;
The glow of the roses, the flow of the wine,
Are not for a harem as weary as mine.

O give me a cottage half hid in the leaves,
With vines on the windows, and birds on the eaves,
And a heart there whose warm tide shall flow like the sea,
But never, O never, for any but me!

ORIGINAL STORY.

A Glimpse of the Elephant.

WRITTEN FOR THE JOURNAL AND UNION.

BY ONE OF THE UNINITIATED.

Slowly and gloomily as the mother of the giant brood to the incantations of Odin did the person arise from his recumbent position; doubly heavy were the maledictions leveled at the offending Bony; triply louder were the jeerings of the Hidalgo around. But Bony little cared for Mr. Waller's wrath, nor did he trouble his poll concerning the perdition of Tophet to which his irate denouncer so summarily doomed him, for he trotted off at a turtle's snail pace, (his best gait,) snorting as if vanquishing some ever-glorious exploit. And well might he boast, for never before, either in the enjoyment of the pulpit or the mysteries of the game, where jack takes the nose, horse-racing, psalm-singing, cock-fighting, or electioneering, had Sykesey been overthrown.

Great Caesar fell, and O, what a fall was there! The reverend was bedraggled in the mud, with none so poor to do him reverence. Reuben indeed, by way of consolation, said,

"Ye durned fool, can't ye manage an old plough horse yet? When ye want to stop, just pull them strings! You've turned up jock this time, any how, with a look to it."

But the driver intimated, as his private opinion, that it was old Bony that had turned jock down. But they were none of them in a very pleasant humor, and their wit was greatly flinched with acerbity. Mr. Waller finally, however, contrived to entrap his Bony, and remounting, the procession jogged on in dismal array, passing the little village of Westport.

In a short time the beautiful rolling prairie which is the eastern verge of the Great Plains, extended before them. "The Rhine, the Rhine, our own imperial river!" exclaimed Chaloner, one of the knights-errant; but there was no broad stream rolling its blue current along in majesty, but the wide stretching prairie was spread as a verdant velvet carpet, and the blooming petals of numberless wild flowers lifted their tiny buds and commingled their modest beauty with the vivid lustre of the prairie grass.

Lowly whetting hillocks, clad in all the general vestments of the early May, diversified the surface of the prairie; and here and there the ride cabins of the Shawnee crowned the rising mounds, the blue smoke curling from their ample hearths. To the right of the road, amid a leafy grove arose the white spire of a little church, and instead of the mighty rivers of the old Fatherland, or our own magnificent Father of Waters, a little purling brook with the green willow bending over its tide and the lordly cottonwood towering upon its banks sported downward with musical murmur among violet covered meads and bowers, where the toes entwined its blushing blossoms with the pale gems of the bramble. Here in its vale were dispersed camps of Calumetians, awaiting for a little duration in peaceful quietude e'er they should renew, or rather begin, their toilsome and perilous pilgrimage to the promised land of their deities.

Our hero and his company turned off from the road, and going some two miles down the stream they found a pleasant retired spot, where a mossy fountain welled forth its liquid crystal, and prepared to pitch camp. The gathering was thrown off the miles, the animals pecked, a blazing fire was kindled, and they prepared to enjoy a comfortable evening. Harry Chaloner fried the bacon, and as it was unanimously voted not to task the skillful Reuben's power again in the bread line, and the virtuous Sykesey's flapjacks not having proven decidedly palatable, a young man named Tyndall was pressed into the service, and succeeding to a miracle in producing an admirably soggy compound, was proclaimed Baker General to the expedition.

Slowly set the sun behind the western mound, his last glorious beams lighting up the surrounding heaven as a vast enkindling dome, and all Nature's fair dominion exulted in his parting smiles. Meantime our hero, not to be outdone in felicity by inanimate Nature, spread a blanket near the fire, seated himself thereupon, a Turk, and drew from his pocket a short pipe of peculiarly dirty appearance.

"Hallo! my honest and true loved friend, is that the pipe of peace?" inquired Tyndall.

"No, sir," quoth Reuben, "this is the piece of a pipe."

He charged his fascinating engine with a handful of tobacco, and placing a coal upon the bowl, he immediately seemed to enjoy unalloyed bliss from its odorous fragrance. But the heart of man is ever doomed to remain the mockery of Fortune—ever liable to be overcome by the cruellest disappointment. An explosion, startling Tyndall and overwhelming the parson to such a pass that he emptied his bowl of bean soup down his boot leg and stumbled backward into the fire, shattered the blest receptacle of the herb of Nicot to the four winds, and left the low lantern jaws of Mr. Appteece sticking into the air at a tangent, his eyes peering above in the wildest manner, whilst his tightly compressed teeth yet grasped the stem in undaunted girth. But there was no great harm

done save the ruin of the companion of our respectable hero's solitudes, and the damage to Sykesey's forehead. Reuben, like many other greenhorns, carried his percussion caps loose in his pocket with his tobacco, and from one of these sprung the disaster.

The low, mournful, but incessant wailings of the prairie wolves now smote upon the eardrums of our voyagers, making high their wailing and their yelping melody. In such illustrious performers were they; now their wild wails were chorused a strain of growls and snaps, as one of the performers favored another with a *fac simile* of his rows of polished ivory, as upon their dulcet pipes waxed fainter as though piping a *mosque* over the wounded.

Unfortunately, a little imp of a mule, who about half his pack yet on him, came rushing and kicking into camp with sundry paws industriously thumping against his side. Sykesey bounced into the tent and hid himself under a roll of blankets, and the war-horse of the pots went flouting and leaping in his frantic career.

The entire cavalcade of our fellow sojourners were stricken with a panic—picket pins drew up and larvae snappled in a male truly distressed—faint glimpses of heels twinkling in the twilight were visions not consolatory to the astounded owners, and a rushing sound as of mighty waves marked the exit of the *bona brood* without applause. The mischievous satan of a donkey which had originated all this rumpus in the wigwam, now apparently sated, with the trouble he had caused, stopped to munch a few tender morsels of grass. The valorous Sykesey sallied forth with inimitable ardor to apprehend the delinquent. He approached him near enough to grasp the broken *riata* which trailed in the dust, and seized it with the avidity of a miss in her teens colling a heartsease. But woe is me! He effected the manueuvre too violently; a corollary evinced by a jerk of the mule's head which brought the worthy parson to his knees—a result not before attained for twenty-six full moons. The mule, rendering his fore-foot an axis, thereupon revolved with impetuous facility, handling his heels in an exceedingly formidable manner, and kicking as if for a water. Fain would Mr. Waller have sounded a retreat, shrug of all the victor's laurels; but those terrible hoofs imposed a circle invisible, but by no means imaginary, beyond which prudence dictated it would not be desirable to venture.

"Wo! wo! wo!" you little devil, you won't you stand still?"

But the little devil capered like a sky-rocket, or tory horse engine in full blast.

"Wo! wo! wo!" you little devil, you won't you stand still?"

But Sir Charger, in no respect mollified by his altered deportment, would not hearken to his reasonable request. Sykesey was occasionally on his feet, but often levanted and (losing the softness of a rural otomy, conceiving all his efforts for a *coup de main*—a gigantic *plus ultra* of intrepidity, he broke the laric and went backward, spinning like a top, full twenty feet, and in the midst of his vagaries he shouted,

"Well, go now, you diabolical old sea sarpint!"

And Donkey pocketed his advice, for he scudded away under a full press of canvas, like a quarter horse, or to use Sykesey's own apt and expressive illustration, like a streak of greased lightning in a stumpy field.

The waxing crescent of Cynthia was now bright no more in the heavens, and the pale little stars flickered coldly in the darkened vault of night, twinkling cheerily in the profound arch of the firmament, as sentinels guarding the slumber of Earth's inhabitants. Weary wanderers were seeking repose after the toils of the day just forever gone, not a zephyr sighed over the sea, disarming the quiet midnight; and only the uncouth symphony of the tuncful *cygales* clashed upon the silence of the scene, a silence truly far more affecting than all the eloquence of Tully or Horace—than all the inspiration of Dante or Byron. And our travelers, abandoning all hopes of recovering their errand miles until morning, suffered themselves to be lulled to rest in the oblivious embraces of poppy-wreathed Somnus.

CHAPTER III.

Detailed a search for strays, and the finale thereof, and a narrative showing the progress of the expedition.

The earliest dappings of Aurora's spell were yet so secretly enlightening the gloomy horizon, the faint straggling rays of the advancing luminary, were yet scarcely invading the dark dominions of substantial night, when Chaloner and Tyndall took upon themselves the task of awakening their companions. And verily it was a task no light matter. Go, subdue the Neanean lion; cleanse the Augean stables; defraud Cerereus; and carry off booty, the mast conjux of the dread sovereign of Hades, then wilt thou be qualified to awaken the sleepy Reuben. Perseverance, philosophers say—and who dare impugn these consistent gentlemen?—eventually overcomes all difficulties; and by dint of perseverance in the shape of divers kicks and cuffs in no wise lightly applied, Mr. Appteece was aroused to a striking appreciation of his situation. Our worthy friend was persuaded to arise, and as no dressing was requisite, he started off at a very slow rate indeed, to search for the mules departed.

But he had not proceeded far, when he espied a wolf on a hilltop. Not especially admiring the companionship, he deemed it prudent to beat a hasty retreat, and therefore the valiant knight of our annals stamped with quite as much velocity as the mules had exercised. But if the daring Appteece retreated, the wolf retreated with much greater expedition.

Fortunately our hero discovered the crimson fruit of the strawberry strewn thickly around, and piouly resolving to let the mules go to hell, or some other sea-port, he devoted his undivided attention to the useful and commendable task of devouring said fruit. Beyond dispute there is no quality of the intellect so highly valuable to its possessor, as energy; an admirable attribute, with which Mr. Appteece demonstrated himself to be endowed to the degree of surplusage.

He wagged his long extended Philistine slayers in a fashion fearful in the extreme, and yet bearing upon his Adonislike features an expression of the most intense gratulation.

His long, boney fingers extending among the luxuriant herbage of the gentle knoll, ever grasping the lucious berries that blushed like rubies in the verdure, made a horrible inroad upon their innumerable hosts. For two long hours did the incomparable Reuben labor with unimpaired activity, and sooth to say, unabated appetite, when, rising to renew the attack upon more favorable auspices, his keen grey eye discovered two wild looking horsemen upon a distant ridge, driving a gallop of loose animals before them, and galloping as fleetly as the Puerto. But an instant elapsed, and our hero was prepared for any emergency; a second glance convinced him that they were Indians, and away sped our gallant voyager, as rapidly as his long spindly limbs could carry him.

Away o'er hill and valley, as sweeps the wind of Sahara amid the barren regions of Numidia, darted the indomitable Reuben. His pursuers raised a demoloike shout of triumph, and pressed on with nearly superhuman celerity. Their steeds snorted as the charger o'er the opening of the fray—their unshod hoofs clattered down the descent of the mounds, now they dashed through the tiny water-brooks at the base of the hill side, now they trampled in the dust the wild flowers of the prairie, whilst the prairie owls tumbled into their holes with prodigious alacrity, wondering what the devil was to pay, among the lords of creation. The chase seemed for a life or death, and as the exulting champion of Appteece could not stay with Chatterton's heroine, "lye and all yts goodes I scorn," he did ample justice to the importance of the demonstration. His eyes were straining and bloodshot, his drops of perspiration started from his heated forehead, his tongue cleaved to his mouth, his breast struggling for a gasp of breath, heaved as in throbbing convulsions, and the white foam gathered about his lips.

"Oh God, help me, he exclaimed in an agony of terror, and then he raved as a maniac. At length the distant camp became visible to his longing eyes, but it appeared to him a farewell glimpse. Still he strained every nerve until the sharp crack of a rifle and a bullet seemingly whistling about his ears, plunged him into new horrors. He pitched headlong, full two rods down the slope of a mound, religiously believing his descent to be an unpropitious departure for the unknown land of shades where

Tom demum horseone stridentes cardines sacrae Faintest ports.

Dark were the clouds which overshadowed the sun of Appteece, heavy were the fogs obscuring his rays, and the blint and comminuted lady who turns the ever revolving circle, that rolls as uncertainly as a great roulette wheel, was pleased again to admit the star of his destiny to emerge from its darkness. That very bullet which so frightened him, and to a certain extent overturned his centre of gravity, was a Goldenrod to Reuben, for, at the crack of the rifle, the herd of loose animals which his pursuers were driving, eloped in double quick time in every direction, and the incontinent pursued, taking an air line, made off for camp, at a greatly accelerated rate, forgetful of the maxim of returning good for evil, as he did not so much as offer to condole with his chasers under their accumulated misfortunes, of which he evidently was the cause.

Meantime Mr. Waller was taking a most curious and accurate observation of surrounding objects, and beholding in amazement, as well he might, our hero's demonstration from afar off, he bawled out to Plint, the remaining member of the little troop, in this classical phrase.

(To be continued.)

HONORS TO KOSSUTH.

Recall of Owen, Consul at Havana.

Orders for the Arrest of the Syracuse Rioters.

DEATH OF A DISTINGUISHED MAN.

The following important dispatches we clip from the Louisville papers of the 11th. We are extremely gratified at the course the President has adopted in reference to the Syracuse rioters, and also to the recall of Owen our Consul at Havana.—St. Louis Intelligencer.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 9.

The President has given orders to the naval stations to fire salute, and extend all military honors to Kossuth, at New York and other places, on his arrival. A grand dinner will be given him at the President's house.

The reported recall of Consul Owen, at Havana, is confirmed. A letter from the President informs him that his defence is wholly unnecessary.

Bets are offering largely on the election of Sumner the Whig candidate for Governor of Virginia.

Secretary Stewart says his election is more than certain.

The President has sent instructions to arrest all persons engaged in the Syracuse riot and urges their removal for trial, on the charge of treason.

Commodore Warrington yet lives though there is but faint hopes of his recovery.

The venerable Francis Dodge, of Georgetown, a millionaire, and extensively engaged in mercantile affairs at the North, died last night.

The Plague in the Canary Islands.

The Havana correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune sends the following account of the terrible mortality prevailing at the Canary Islands, and which is supposed to be the plague. It is terrific beyond measure, and the people of Havana are fearful that it will be brought to that city by the slave dealers.

History does not record anything so sad as the spectacle which the Island of Grand Canary has presented, and still presents. The best directed attempts to vain to relate such misfortunes and horrors, and words would not be sufficient to depict their intensity.

The epidemic now raged with such fury that the inhabitants in consternation abandoned the town, without caring for anything but their persons, to such an extent that they even forgot the ties of blood. Death surprised them in the midst of their flight, so that the roads were covered with corpses, over which not a tear of friendship, or of filial fraternal love, was shed, because

ror had smothered every sentiment except that of self-preservation. As was to be expected, the fugitives, carrying with them the fatal germ, infected the country, which became the theatre of the most horrible scenes.

The beasts, abandoned in the city, perished for want of food, and the decomposition of their bodies, together with those of the human corpses which remained unburied in the streets, vitiated the atmosphere to such an extent that any unfortunate person who might return to the city fell dead almost as soon as he entered a house.

However, this new *contempt* was stopped as soon as possible by the energetic measures taken by the worthy Military Governor, and by the humanity of the second alcade of the Corregidor, and various young men, many of whom fell victims to their heroism.

At last the supposition was confirmed that the epidemic was not the cholera, but the terrible plague of the Moors, it having been ascertained that it was introduced into the island of Grand Canary by the fishing vessels which frequent the western coasts of Africa. The persons in the island devoted to this traffic, numbering about 1,800, have almost all perished, as there remain only enough to man a single vessel. According to the declarations of the masters of the fish vessels, on all the western shores of Africa there reigns a deadly pest which carries off the inhabitants, the mortality being so great that corpses are strewn upon the earth in incredible numbers, and their decomposition augments the influence of the corrupted atmosphere.

As soon as the Commandant General of the Province learned of the abandonment of the city of Las Palmas, he sent a portion of the garrison of the capital to bury the dead, but the greater portion of the soldiers were attacked by the epidemic and died. In short, in order to give an idea of the ravages of the pest, it is only necessary to state that in two months 6,000 persons died in the city Las Palmas, and 16,000 in the whole island. Up to the last dates the plague had spared the towns of Agnete and Fejeda.

The bishop is one of the persons in Grand Canary who have contributed most to the alleviation of suffering humanity. This holy prelate and worthy pastor, with a resignation truly evangelical, displayed the utmost charity, zeal, and interest in behalf of the unhappy people. He was, and still is, untiring in traversing the streets opening his purse, giving spiritual consolation, establishing a hospital in his own palace, and ministering to the unhappy victims with his own hands. The Brothers of Charity and the youths of the Hospicio, imitating his hero, who has acquired eternal glory, and who appears messenger of the Most High, lent all their efforts to assist the afflicted.

At the last dates, August 12th, the epidemic abated considerably in the city, though it still raged in the country.

Singular Suicide.

One of the Paris journals contains the following:

"A commercial traveler, whose business frequently called him from Orleans to Paris, M. Edmund D—, was accustomed to go to an hotel with the landlady of which he was acquainted. He arrived a few days ago at the hotel where he was in the habit of staying. On Thursday evening, after supper, he invited the people of the hotel to go to his chamber to take coffee; and he promised to tell them a tale full of dramatic incident. On entering the room his guests saw on the bed, near which he seated himself, a pair of pistols. 'My story, said he, has a sad denouement, and I require the pistols to make it understood.' As he had always been accustomed, in telling his tales, to indulge in expressive pantomime, and to take up anything which lay handy, calculated to add to the effect, no surprise was felt at his having the pistols. He began by narrating the loves of a young girl and a young man. They had both, he said, promised, under the most solemn oaths, inviolable fidelity. The young man, whose profession obliged him to travel, once made a long absence. While he was away, he received a legacy, and on his return hastened to place it, at her feet. But on presenting himself before her, he learned, that in compliance with the wishes of her family, she had just married a wealthy merchant. The young man thereupon took a terrible resolution. 'He purchased a pair of pistols like these,' he continued, taking one in each hand, 'then he assembled his friends in his chamber, and after some conversation placed one under his chin, in this way as I do, saying in a joke that it would be a pleasure to blow out his brains. And at the same moment he pulled the trigger.' Here the man discharged the pistol, and his head was shattered to pieces. Pieces of the bone and portions of the brain fell on the horrified spectators. The unfortunate man had told his own story."

As we expected.—The New York correspondent of the Washington Union comments very freely upon the Syracuse outrage, and explains:

"What an exhibition of the fruits of higher law Whiggery, as expounded by the Tribune and its other organs!"

He then attributes this and the Christiana tragedy to the fact that Whig Governors preside over New York and Philadelphia, points out what they ought to do, and ends with saying:

"This is what would be done were they presided over by Democratic Executives; and this is what they will, in any event, be able to do if they are true to themselves at the coming elections."

Here we have you! Here we pin you, man!

The Mayor of Syracuse, through whose want of vigor, if not want of heart, to execute the law, this outrage occurred, is Horace Wheaton, whose name will be found in every Democratic paper of the State as the Democratic candidate for Canal Commissioner, for whose success the Washington Union is most anxious, and every other paper of that school in the slaveholding States.

[Wash Republic.

In Hindoostan, unmarried females, more than sixteen years of age, are regarded as infamous.

TWO OR THREE GOOD ONES.

FROM THE EDITOR'S TABLE OF THE KNICKERBOCKER, FOR OCTOBER.

"Lawyers are a grave, sedate race when 'on duty,' but 'out of court' we know of no class who cultivate the humorous more assiduously, and we may add, more effectively. Read the following, for example, sent us by 'one of 'em!'"

"In one of the western counties of the down-east State, there 'waved' many years ago, and for many years, an artillery company, famous in all the country side for its parades and sham-fights. To see the Paris artillery of a 'train-day' was 'an aim and an achievement.' In the time of the 'last war' with England its meetings were frequent and exciting. Lieutenant J—, a remembered for his love of liquor, hate of the 'federalists' and habitual use and misuse of the word 'business,' was 'balmy' beyond question, when, late in the afternoon of training-day, he was invited, by the captain, in accordance with the usage of those days, to take command of the company for a short drill before breaking up. Braicing himself as well as he could against a large elm, he commenced giving orders: 'Follow orders, please sword!' said he. After some little while he roused himself and repeated, 'please sword!' 'Why, lieutenant, we've been paged for five minutes,' exclaimed one of the sergeants. 'Well, the business is, keep paged!' hiccoughed the lieutenant.

"It was in the same county, in the time of the old Common Pleas Court, that an elderly and garrulous female witness was called to give her testimony in a case before the bench. Her answers to the counsel were so confused and unsatisfactory, that at length the judge (afterward Chief Justice of the Supreme Court) interfered, and inquired who she had been talking about. 'Nancy Kneeland, now in divine presence,' was the prompt reply.

"At a recent term of the court in an eastern county, J—a H—n, or 'Uncle Jimmy,' as he is familiarly called, was a jurymen. Several actions of H—, a 'clock-vender, came on for trial. All the cases, good and bad alike, going against the plaintiff, some one asked 'Uncle Jimmy' how it happened? 'Why, said he, 'Most all of the Jury had some of them clocks!' There was 'retribution' moral and legal!"

"During the war of 1812, it happened that an invasion was expected in the town of Lynne, situated at the mouth of the Connecticut river. The 'spirit of the times' had previously manifested itself in militia gatherings and organizations; and the individual who had undertaken to discipline the rustics in the art of war was one Captain Tinker, who had advanced his company to a high state of 'theoretical practice,' through the aid of broom-sticks and corn-stalks, interspersed here and there with a rusty old 'Queen's arm.' Well, several ferocious and determined 'parades' were executed, in anticipation of the enemy's advent. Balls were cast, guns scoured, flints picked, and the 'troops' were set to work in digging a trench which should command the entrance of the river, under the supervision of Col. S—, who was a veteran of the revolution. It was not long before some gunboats were seen approaching, closely followed by two English frigates; and as they came within range a shot or two was fired. The 'troops' were all duly excited, and thrust through their embankment, the muskets of two volunteers, fully charged with death-dealing material, stood, grinning grim defiance to foreign invasion, and awaiting their discharge. But at this juncture our doughty captain was not to be found. The valiant colonel had ridden up and down the lines in vain search of him; but at length he espied in the distance a dirt-covered head hobbing up and down occasionally from the ground, whose continuations were evidently busily engaged in finding the bottom of a deep hole. In the summit-tide of passion, the colonel rode up to the spot and exclaimed: 'What the devil are you doing in