The Lamoille News.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE POLITICAL, ECONOMICAL AND DOMESTIC INTERESTS OF LAMOILLE COUNTY.

TERMS:—$1.50. HYDE PARK, VT., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18, 1877. VOL. 1.—NO. 1.

LAMOILLE NEWS.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, AT
HYDE PARK, VT.

TERMS.

Per year, if paid in advance,	$1.50
" " if not paid in advance,	2.00
Single copies,	.05

Rates of Advertising.

One column one year,	$100.00
" " six months,	60.00
" " three months,	35.00
" " one month,	15.00
One-half column one year,	60.00
" " six months,	35.00
" " three months,	20.00
" " one month,	10.00
One-fourth column one year,	35.00
" " six months,	20.00
" " three months,	12.00
" " one month,	6.00
One-eighth column one year,	15.00
" " six months,	10.00
" " three months,	5.00
" " one month,	3.00
Notices of Liberations and Estrays,	$1.50 each.
Probate Notices,	2.50 each.
Business Cards,	2.00 each.
One inch one week,	$1.00
" " each subsequent week,	.25
Two inches one week,	1.50
" " each subsequent week,	.35
Three inches one week,	2.00
" " each subsequent week,	.40

BUSINESS CARDS.

H. W. HENDRICK, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Hyde Park, Vt.

M. O. HEATH,
ATTORNEY, Johnson, Vt.

VALLEY HOUSE,
P. BUTTS, Proprietor, North Hydepark, Vt.

VAN NESS HOUSE,
C. BARBER, AND O. B. FERGUSON, Proprietors, Burlington, Vt.

BRIGHAM & WATERMAN,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
WALDO BRIGHAM. GEO. L. WATERMAN.

J. B. FASSETT,
DEALER IN MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, Johnson, Vt.
Organs set up on trial. Orders solicited. 1

T. J. BAKER,
DEPUTY SHERIFF AND AUCTIONEER, Johnson, Vt.
All business done with accuracy and dispatch. 1 26

E. B. SAWYER,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, AND SOLICITOR AND MASTER IN CHANCERY.
Office in American Hotel. . . Hyde Park.
After May 1st, Fridays and Saturdays of each week at North Hyde Park. 1

H. C. LAMPHER,
DEPUTY SHERIFF AND AUCTIONEER, Hyde Park, Vt.
Business from parties residing out of the county will receive prompt attention.

AMERICAN HOUSE,
F. KELLEY, Proprietor, Hyde Park, Vt.
Having rented the American Hotel and closed the Union House in the village, we are now prepared to take good care of the patrons of both houses, and hope to give satisfaction to all.
1 J. F. KELLEY.

CARROLL S. PAGE,
DEALER IN
Hides, Skins, and Sheep Pelts,
STOVES AND LUMBER.
1 Hyde Park, Vt

W. J. PECK,
DENTIST.
All work warranted. 1 Johnson, Vt.

MINER, POPE & CO.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
Teas, Coffees, Spices, &c.,
BURLINGTON, VT.
If you want pure goods, get such as bear our label. 1

H. R. MACK.

POLISHED
MARBLE & GRANITE
WORKS
HARDWICK, VT.

Would respectfully inform the people of LAMOILLE COUNTY that, notwithstanding the HARD TIMES, he has on hand the largest and most complete stock of

MONUMENTS
—AND—
HEADSTONES

ever offered for sale in Northern Vermont, which he is now selling at from

15 TO 25 PER CENT. DISCOUNT

from former prices. It will, as heretofore, be his aim to furnish the very best quality of work, and at the lowest prices consistent with GOOD WORKMANSHIP.

Parties wishing MONUMENTAL WORK are especially invited to call and examine this stock.

HENRY R. MACK.
Hardwick, April 9, 1877. 1-6

JOB PRINTING
Neatly and promptly done at the
THE LAMOILLE NEWS OFFICE.
Orders by mail will be promptly attended to.

POETRY.

THREE CANZONETTES.

In Harper's Magazine for November there is a beautiful poem by Miss Mulock, entitled "Magnus and Morna: a Shetland Fairy Tale." We cull from this poem a few passages that suffer least by being presented separately:

CRADLE SONG.

Sleep, my baby, beside the fire,
Sleep, child, sleep:
Winds are wailing, nigher and nigher,
Waves are rising, higher and higher,
Sleep, child, sleep:
While the father, out on the sea,
Toils all night for thee and me.

Sleep, my baby, content and blest;
Sleep, child, sleep:
Whether the heart in my mother's breast
Be light or heavy—so best! so best!
Sleep, child, sleep:
While thy father, out on the sea,
Toils all night for thee and me.

YOUNG AND OLD.

When we are young our boys are sweet,
They climb our knees and lie at our feet:
When we are old they are hard to please,
Cold as the rock and wild as the breeze:
They kiss us kindly and speak us fair,
But we know their hearts are otherwhere.
O, my son 's my son till he gets him a wife,
But my daughter 's my daughter all her life.

When we are young our days are bright,
And full of hope from morn till night:
When we are old we sit alone,
And think of pleasant days long gone,
When the house was full of the children's noise,
The wilful girls and the naughty boys
Oh, my son 's my son till he gets him a wife,
But my daughter 's my daughter all my life.

"WHEN A MAN COMES HOME."

When a man comes home,
Don't begin to wrangle;
Better far to sleep
In the hungry deep,
'Neath white sheets of foam,
And of sea-weed tangle,
Peace, peace, peace:
Cease, cease, cease.
When a man comes home,
Don't begin to wrangle.

When a man comes home,
Let him enter smiling;
Take the children sweet,
Playing round his feet;
Throw off grief and gloom,
And the world's beguiling.
Peace, peace, peace;
Cease, cease cease.
When a man comes home,
Let him find all smiling.

When a man comes home,
He should still remember
'Tis not always May,
Either work or play—
Sure as June will come,
There will come December,
Peace, peace, peace;
Cease, cease, cease.
Evening brings all home,
And sunshine in December.

OUR STORY.

UNCLE ZEKE'S CONSCIENCE.

On the banks of the numerous creeks that indent the western shore of the Lower Chesapeake stands a little house built of plain slabs roughly riven, and ingeniously roofed with a combination of old shingles, pieces of pine board, straw, rags and rubbish, wonderful to behold. This is Uncle Zeke's cabin.

Some years ago there moved to the neighborhood of Uncle Zeke's cabin a gentleman from New York, whose identity may be disguised under the name of Smith. The new comer engaged vigorously in farming, and by liberal employment and prompt payment soon gained the good will of all the colored men around him. Uncle Zeke in particular was never weary of chanting his praises, and many a bushel of oysters did Zeke convert into money at Bellevue, as Smith's estate was called. But all the good will of his humble neighbors did not suffice to protect Mr. Smith from pilferings. Shoats would disappear mysteriously during the night, geese and turkeys would take wing for parts unknown, and in particular the corn crib would frequently show by unmistakable signs that its sancity had been violated. To the story of these various losses would Uncle Zeke incline a sympathetic ear, and his "Well, now, who ever hear de like o' dat? Clar to goodness dese yere boys is gettin' wusser an' wusser," evidenced alike his detestation of the crime and his contempt for the offender.

Smith's patience was at last exhausted, and he determined upon vigorous measures for the protection of his property. His first experiment was to place a large spring rat-trap, artistically concealed in a heap of shelled corn, close by the cat hole in the corn crop door, expecting that the unwary thief plunging his hand recklessly through the hole into the heap, would be caught and held until some one came to set him free. But lo! next morning the trap was found sprung and the heap of corn diminished, but thief had vanished and left no trace behind.

At last a good sized box arrived from New York, and the next day the local carpenter was ordered to fix two brass handles to the corn crib; one to be put alongside the door for convenience, as Mr. Smith publicly explained, of steadying one's self while turning the other. The second handle had a latch attached to it by which the door was secured on the inside, and was set in such a position that any one turning it must hold on by the other knob to prevent being thrown backward by the opening door. Both handles were profusely decorated with glass, and elicited much admiration from the hands, who submitted them to a critical examination. The carpenter's work being finished, Smith, in presence of all his colored employees, solemnly repeated, in front of the corn crib, the first two lines of the second book of Virgil's Æneid, and announced that his corn was thenceforward secure. A box, stated to contain seeds, was that afternoon deposited in the crib, and during the early part of the ensuing night the proprietor of Bellevue secretly busied himself with a coil of insulated wire.

Numerous and divers were the speculations among the darkeys. Jim Oakley "'lowed Mis' Smith done witched dat ar corn house, sho 'nuff. Tell you, gemmen, you touch dem 'ere handles, evil sperit carry you 'way. No such ting's evil sperit! How you know dere no such ting? Hush, boy; go see what de Bible say 'bout dem ting." Pete Lee "didn't b'lieve in no sperits; got a gun fix somewhar inside dat house; turn de handle an' de gun go off. Seen dem tings afore up country, when I live in Goozleum." Another theorist averred that "while Mis' Smith sayin' dat ar Scripter ober dem handles he seen a white pigeon come a-sailin' roun' an' roun', an' done light on de peak o' de corn house roof. High! tell you, sar, sumpin' up, sho'."

Uncle Zeke, like the rest, was troubled in his mind, but, unlike his fellows, he determined to waste no time in speculation, but to seek his information direct from headquarters. Prepared with half a bushel of oysters as an excuse for conversation, he sought an interview with Mr. Smith, and boldly propounded his questions.

"Mis' Smith, what you bin a-doin' to dat ar crib o' yourn?"

"Why, Uncle Zeke, what do you mean? I have not touched it."

"Oh, nuffin, sar; sorter curus like. Hearn all de boys talkin' 'bout it—neber see nuffin like dat afore."

"Well, Uncle Zeke, I can't very well explain it to you; but I just advise you—don't go near that crib after dark, or you may see something you won't like." And Uncle Zeke departed, revolving many things in his mind.

It was midnight—the hour when churchyards are said to yawn, not with exhaustion, but returning animation. In front of the enchanted corn house stood Brother Ezekiel, a lengthy pole in his hand, and a capacious meal bag over his shoulder.

In silent meditation he stood for some five minutes, deliberating on the best plan of attack. The great Newfoundland watch dog bounded toward him, evidently in rejoicing welcome. Forth from his pocket the old man drew a savory bit of fried bacon, which the faithless Bos'en eagerly devoured. The reflection ended, the dog lay contentedly on the ground, and watched the subsequent proceedings with the air of a totally disinterested observer.

"Clar to goodness, now," muttered Uncle Zeke, "wish't I un'stood 'bout dis ting. Can't be no spring trap like a las' time, kase how he gwine to spring froo de do'? Ke! ke! Done bodder Mis' Smith sho 'nuff when he find dat ole rat trap sprong and nuffin cotch. High! Can' fool disser chile wid no traps. No, sar! done see too much for dat."

Uncle Zeke paused, scratched his head meditatively, and then resumed his soliloquy:

"Well, I declar', ef disser don't beat preachin'! Mus' be a gun in dar. Ef ain' no gun, den dere ain't nuffin dere—all foo'shness. Anyway, I's gwine for try him."

Uncle Zeke threw his bag to the ground, stepped to one side of the house, and with his pole struck a sharp blow on the brass knob nearest him. Nothing followed. He pried against it with his stick, but still without effect. He went to the other side of the house and repeated his experiments on the second knob, but still all remained quiet.

Uncle Zeke now drew from his pocket a skeleton key, mounted the ladder, and in a trice had opened the padlock which held the door.

"Dar now, jus' 's I thought. De boss done humbug dem fool nigger, make um tink disser house 'witched. Ain' nuffin dar, sho 'nuff."

The old darkey reached up and cautiously turned the handles. The door opened a little, and, casting away all fear, Uncle Zeke boldly reached for the other knob, to steady himself while he swung back the door.

Literally like a flash of lightning the electric discharge passed through him. The muscles of his fingers contracted, and he could not release his hold of the enchanted handles. At last his feet slipped from the ladder, and the weight of his body tore his hands adrift. Like a log the old man dropped to the ground, there groaning, praying and generally demoralized.

"Oh, de lawsgoramity! Oh, my heabenly Marster! Who ever t'ought o' dat! My conse'ence done wake up! my conse'ence done wake up! Heern 'bout it often, an' now I knows it. Oh, my heabenly Marster! if you lets up on me dis time, Uncle Zeke neber touch nuffin no mo'. Clar to goodness I's a change' man from dis day. B—r-r-r-r-r"—And what, with the shock, the fright, and the fall, Uncle Zeke's senses seemed leaving him.

"Ezekiel!" said a solemn voice. Instinctively Uncle Zeke answered: "Here me," and looked in the direction of the sound. Oh, horror! A figure clad in white was nearing him with slow and solemn steps. As the mysterious visitor approached it seemed to rise until it towered to the height of at least ten feet. The wretched Ezekiel, on his hands and knees, his eyes protruding, and his jaw dropped, remained as if paralyzed.

Suddenly the phantom bowed itself, and its head descended with incredible swiftness, and smote the unfortunate Uncle Zeke senseless to the earth.

Three days later, as poor Uncle Zeke lay, racked with rheumatism and tormented with spiritual fear, upon his bed in the single room at his cabin, the door opened, and in walked Mr. Smith, of Bellevue.

"Good morning, Uncle Zeke. Why, what's the matter with you, old man?"

"Oh, Mis' Smith? oh, Mis' Smith, I does not know how to express myself lately. De angel ob de Lord done wrastle wid me, an' my conse'ence woke, an', oh, my heabenly Marster, I's one sufferin' sinner. Mis' Smith, is you bin—is you done—is you m-miss any ting wid dat ar c-corn house o' yourn?"

"No, indeed, Uncle Zeke; nobody been near it. Everything all right now."

"An' nobody done touch de lock? Do' lock' ebery mornin'?"

"Yes, indeed. Why, who do you think would touch it, old man?"

Uncle Zeke answered not, but his lips move convulsively, as he muttered: "Knowk me down fus, an' den lock de do' an' took de key. Now I knows it was de angel ob de Lord."

Needless to say that thence forward Smith's premises were safe. Pigs might squeal: "Take me out, take me out;" barn and corn crib might be left open; but the rumor of Uncle Zeke's terrible experience had gone abroad among the darkies, and not a man of them could have been induced for love or money to land on the shores of Bellevue after dark. Smith judiciously kept his counsel, and it was many months before he related to me how, with a powerful galvanic battery, he had shocked poor Uncle Zeke's nerves, and with the aid of a mask and a sheet on a hickory pole, enacted an elongated ghost. But he seldom failed when he met Uncle Zeke to inquire into the state of his conscience, and the awakened and repentant African would roll his eyes piously upward and reply:

"Much better, sar, t'ank de Lord. Ain' trouble me in long time now, sar."

But no persuasion has ever induced Uncle Zeke to relate the history of that awful night when his conscience awoke to trouble him, and the angel of the Lord appeared and smote him.—[Harper's Magazine.

"I don't see how you can have been working all day like a horse," exclaimed the wife of a lawyer, her husband having declared he had been thus working. "Well, my dear," he replied, "I've been drawing a conveyance all day, anyhow."

Summer is coming!
The pigs are squealing:
The dogs are ki-yiying;
She cats are mollrowing;
The roosters are crowing.
And the man who tries to sleep through all the racket anathematizes the whole dog-goned menagerie in a manner more emphatic and feeling than blithe.

Judicious advertising brings success.

RELIGIOUS.

Life's mystery—deep, restless as the ocean—
Hath surged and wailed for ages to and fro;
Earth's generations watch its ceaseless motion,
As in and out its hollow moanings flow.
Shivering and yearning by that unknown sea,
Let my soul calm itself, O God! in Thee.

"DEM SUPPOSES."

Those who are so anxious about the future as to be unhappy in the present, may learn a lesson from a poor colored woman. Her name was Nancy, and she earned a moderate living by washing. She was, however, always happy. One day, one of those anxious Christians, who are constantly "taking thought" about the morrow, said to her:

"Ah, Nancy, it is well enough to be happy now, but I should think your thoughts of your future would sober you. Suppose, for instance, that you should be sick and unable to work; or, suppose that your present employers should move away, and no one else give you anything to do; or suppose"

"Stop!" cried Nancy, "I never supposes. De Lord is my Shepherd, and I knows I shall not want. And, honey," she added to her gloomy friend, "it's all dem "supposes" as is makin' you so mis'able. You'd better give dem all up an' jes' trus' in de Lord."

The National Baptist says: "The December number of the Missionary Magazine gives some facts of an economical interest. In one of our Indian "wars," so called, fifteen or twenty Indians were killed, at an expense, according to President Grant, of $30,000,000, or nearly $2,000,000 each. To dislodge a handful of Modocs from the lava beds cost us a hundred lives, and $6,000,000. Now, over against these, put the cost of missions. It cost, at the very outside, a few hundred thousand dollars to civilize and Christianize the Seminoles, Cherokees, and Choctaws, to give us John Jumper, instead of Captain Jack. It cost a little more than a million dollars to civilize the Sandwich Islands. Take the late political campaign. It was estimated that in New England 400 barrels of oil were used up every night, during the active part of the canvass, for torchlight processions. And this was but a fraction of the expense of the display. Each of the parties spent millions, perhaps many millions. We do not altogether object to this, in so far as it served to educate and arouse the people. But when we remember that the cost of one torchlight procession would have educated a thousand colored children for a year, would have educated fifty or a hundred men who would have been leaders among them, would have started a half-dozen mission schools in the slums of New York, and gone far to transform beasts into men, we confess that we can see where the money might have been better spent.

If we were fallen angels, with powerful intellects, accustomed to solve eternal mysteries, glowing, like stars in this, our nether firmament, and with vast moral energies, and ages in which to perform, I can imagine that God would have given us a very different an immeneely fuller scheme of doctrine and duties than he has given. But remembering that so brief is life that we can know but little, he has flashed the saving truth before our souls, so that he may run that reads. The dying thief saw that truth at the opening gates of Paradise, a fuller, deeper truth than all the philosophies and religions of the world could bring to the most ardent students. There is no surer evidence of human ignorance and folly than the determination to believe nothing that we cannot fully fathom. As well might an insect try to fathom the ocean with one dip of his proboscis, as for one of us to sound the nature of God, or of eternity, in the brief space of a human life. Behold the consideration of God in telling us, so simply and yet so clearly, all we need to know; and telling it in such a way that it falls into the heart as easily as light through a window into your dwelling, if you will only make your heart walls transparent with sincerity.—[Cook.

At the opening of each year at Mt. Holyoke Seminary, while Mary Lyon was at its head, her first work was to call around her the professed Christians among the students, to impress upon them their responsibility in reference to their influence over their unconverted companions, to encourage them to consecrate themselves afresh to the Master's work, and to secure their prayers and personal efforts for the salvation of every unconverted pupil in the seminary. The result was, that every year, sometimes in the early weeks of the first term, a marked spiritual awakening would manifest itself, and before the year closed nearly every young woman in the institution would be gathered into the Christian fold. Such a preliminary work as this is now needed in the Churches. The hearty awakening and consecration of professed Christians, and their expressed interest in behalf of the unsaved around them, would not fail of being followed with blessed results.

UNFINISHED WORK.—Nothing teaches more impressively man's frailty than his unfinished undertakings. Lying in the quarry near the Syrian city of Baalbec is the largest worked stone in the world, a gigantic block nearly seventy feet in length, almost detached and ready for transportation to its niche in the titanic platform of the Temple of the Sun. It seems as though the workmen had just momentarily left their labor, and we fancy that we must soon see them returning. But forty centuries or more ago some providential emergency called them from their work; and there lies the huge block, and yonder is the cyclopean wall with its vacant niche, one of the most striking and impressive of the unfinished labors of the world. And so the colossal Kutub Minar, though a finished column in itself, is but a fragmentary memorial of a gigantic unfinished plan; and as such it will doubtless stand to teach many generations yet to come that, though man may propose, heaven will dispose.—[Myers' Remains of Lost Empires.

LET'S LAUGH A LITTLE.

There was a burst in a tin conductor leading from the roof of the house on the corner of Rose and Myrtle streets, the other afternoon, and the water thus escaping ran across the walk. Toward night the weather stiffened up and the loose water became a sheet of ice. About four o'clock the next morning there was a slight fall of snow. In the basement of the building an Italian gentleman has a fruit store. Shortly after six o'clock this morning he had his outside wares in a line of display. Peanuts being a speciality with him, two or three bushels of that article made a tempting pile on a large stand. While he was making this arrangement a carpenter with a tool-box on his shoulder came around the corner, and stepping on the concealed ice, immediately threw his tool-box into the street, got up himself, looked around to see what had happened, and then picked up his tools. This so amused the Italian that he felt obliged to rush into the shelter of the basement to conceal his delight. Had he been a native of this country it might have suggested itself to him to sweep the thin guise of snow from the ice and to sprinkle salt or ashes upon it, but being a foreigner and not very well acquained with our language, he did not think of this, but instead he posted himself in a position to give him a good view of the corner and patiently waited for developments. He saw them. If his object was to get an idea of the fullness and flexibility of the English language he could not have possibly adopted a better course.

Scarcely had the carpenter gathered up his things and limped off when a man smoking came hurrying along. When he reached the ice he suddenly turned part way round, bit a briar-wood pipe completly in twain, and slid on his breast off from the walk into the gutter. He got up, cautiously recovered his pipe, and melted away. The Italian shook all over.

Following closely after this mishap was a laborer with a dinner kettle. When he touched the ice it was difficult for the fruit merchant to determine whether it was his feet or another part of his person—it was done so quick. The new comer appeared to suddenly come apart and shut up at the middle, and in the same flash the tin pail described a circle of lightning rapidity, and was then slapped against the pavement with terrific force. At the same instance the Italian saw a piece of pie, several half slices of buttered bread, two hard boiled eggs, a piece of cold beef and a fork and spoon fly off in different directions, while a pint tin of coffee made its appearance, and emptied its contents in the prostrate man's lap. While this individual was getting up on his feet, and securing his pail and cutlery, the Italian managed to blend considerable instruction with the amusement.

Then there came a man with a board on his shoulder. He laid down on the board, with one of his hands under the board. Then he got up, and put the injured hand between his knees, where he pressed it tightly, while he used the most dreadful language the Italian ever heard, and he didn't hear it all either, being so convulsed with laughter asto necessarily divide his attention.

And thus the performance went on until after eight o'clock. Scarcely ten minutes elapsed between the acts. Sometimes a boy would be a hero, then again a couple of merchants or perhaps somebody connected with a bank. Whoever it might be he went down, and went down hard, and the Italian watched and improved his mind, and began to think that this country had its advantages as well as its disadvantages. It was eleven minutes past eight when the final catastrophe occurred. This was consummated in the person of a long slim man with a picture under his arm, and a very large woman carrying a basket. The long, slim man was somewhat in advance. The Italian being impressed with the conviction that something of an extraordinary nature was about to transpire, stared with fairly bulging eyes at the coming figure. No sooner did the tall, slim man touch the treacherous spot than the venturing foot kicked out most savagely at the atmosphere, and his body shot round like fireworks. The picture flew from his possession at the same moment, and being thus freed he made a spasmodic clutch with all his limbs at once for a place of refuge, and in a flash his legs whipped about a corner leg of the inoffensive peanut stand, and the great shining yellow pyramid followed him to the pavement. The horrified Italian, stunned for an instant by the enormity of the catastrophe, sought to plunge out to the rescue of his goods, but was too late. The dashy woman having rushed to the aid of the tall, slim man, who was her husband, was caught herself by the subtle foe, and in her descent, which was by far the most vigorous of the series, she took in two-thirds of the peanuts, and the crash of the demolished fruit as she pinned it to the walk might have been heard four squares away.

The unhappy vender reached the place in time to be taken in himself and the addition of one hundred and thirty pounds of maccaroni-fed Italian added to the dismal proportions of the scene. How they got disentangled and on their feet no one seems able to explain, but the result was reached amid an appalling uproar of Italian, English and feminine noises.

What a great matter a little fire kindleth. Ten cents' worth of salt would have saved all the misery and distress. As it is, Danbury has some twenty persons with damaged backs or legs, the owner of the building has four suits on hand for damages, the tall, slim man and his wife are confined to their beds, and on Saturday last the Italian was morosely squatted along side of the funnel of a steamer bound for Italy.—[Danbury News.

What is more invigorating than a good hearty laugh? The world is sad and careworn enough. It learns more than enough of crimes and misery through the press. All manner of debauchery and misfortune is served up hot, as though about the only thing people cared to read was that which would create a shudder from horror, or disgust at the inconstancy and weakness of frail human nature. It never hurt us to laugh. We feel indebted as much to the wits as to the philosophers of the world and while we may be able to contribute little ourselves, we shall set apart a column each week, to be devoted to what appears to us to be especially amusing. It has been said of Mr. Lincoln, that he used to keep one or two volumns of such writers as Artemas Ward, Philander Doesticks and Josh Billings, lying near at hand, and when weary and perplexed he would take one up, and, after indulging in a hearty laugh at theirdrolleries, resume his work.

A truckman of Louisville, who collided with two buggies, removing a wheel from each, ran over a small boy playing marbles and finally upset in a building excavation, is being pressed to go East and secure a situation as a New York pilot.