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MISCELLANY.

HOW TOM CORWIN RID HIS SISTER OF AN OBNOXIOUS LOVER.

BY A WESTERN MAN.

Every one has heard of the eloquent, pathetic and humorous stump orator of Ohio. He was pronounced by Mr. Clay (of most competent authority) to be the finest stump speaker he had ever heard; and in this opinion I most heartily coincide, after having heard Clay, Crittenden, Jones of Tennessee, Polk, Benjamin, Soule, Randall Hunt, Tom Marshall, Gen. Lamar, Bates, Douglas and a host of others.

Well, this great orator carried his love of fun into every department of life. In the private circle, where he knew every person and unbosomed himself fully, he was the most delightful. I do not know that he now, as age and infirmity are creeping on, indulges his proclivity to humor so much as he used to do. But some twenty years ago he used to tell, with great gusto, the following story:

"In early life—so early that I cannot remember the removal—my father 'pulled up stakes,' and carrying with him the household goods, went from Bourbon county Kentucky, where I was born, to Ohio. Notwithstanding a rough and tumble struggle with the world, he had a hard time to get on, owing to a numerous and rapidly increasing family. Well, family matters had not much improved when I had reached my thirteenth or fourteenth year."

"At this time there lived in the neighborhood a young man named Pickering. He had inherited a well-stocked farm, was good looking, and made strong profession of religion. This latter qualification caused him to find peculiar favor in the eyes of my father, who always was blinded by professions of extra piety."

"This fellow had a strong hankering after one of my sisters, who was a very pretty girl. To her he was peculiarly distasteful. She seemed always excessively annoyed at his presence. Yet he was ever at her side. She dared not dismiss him entirely, for fear of the paternal anger. Things went on this way for a year or two, and as I partook largely of my sister's hatred of him, I resolved to get rid of him some way. I cast about for a plan for some time, but nothing occurred which gave me the slightest hope of success."

"At last returning home late one summer night from the mill, I found the family at their night devotions. Passing by the window of the room in which they were assembled, I saw that Pickering was there, and pretty soon I discovered that he was nodding, and finally his head dropped. Now was my opportunity. I stole slyly into the hall and reaching the hall door which was slightly ajar, close by which Pickering was, 'on bended knee,' I reached in and quickly pulling his chair from him, he fell heavily, as a sound sleeper would upon the floor. The noise alarmed all. The old gentleman stopped in the midst of his almost interminable prayer, and saw the position of Pickering. All the family laughed out right; even my mother smiled."

"Pickering endeavored to pick himself up as rapidly as possible, but he had touched the old man upon his tenderest point. It was evident, from his rubbing his eyes, that he had slept under the old gentleman's ministrations; and had not my father a reputation far and wide for the fervency and strength of his ministrations, and was not Pickering his professing brother? It was too much.—Slowly yet most dignifiedly did the old man approach him. 'Bacon, hypocrite!' he cried in thunder tones. 'Never enter my house again.'"

"Pickering was thunderstruck. He felt that he could make no apology which would not add to the insult. He had no suspicion of the exterior force which had aided him in his fall. He at once found his hat, took up his line of march, and completely crestfallen, passed by me as I stood gazing in the shadow of the porch."

"At a suitable time I entered, got my supper, was told by a brother, in hurried whispers, what had happened, and then I stole off to bed, affecting ignorance and laughing most heartily, as I unconsciously myself in the sheets, at the complete success of my plan."

"Next day I cautiously imparted my

secret to my interested sister. She was in her own room at the time, and she threw herself upon the bed and rolled in agonies and convulsions of laughter. She had emancipated forever from the attention of an obnoxious lover.—The old gentleman did not hear the real state of the facts for full twenty years afterward, but when he did he laughed heartily."

FAT CONTRACTS—ADMINISTRATION EXTRAVAGANCE.

The New York Courier and Enquirer thus alludes to the contracts of the War Department, for furnishing supplies for the Utah expedition. If what it here states be true, the Utah war is to absorb millions of the public money, and many a tool of the Administration will become suddenly rich. The Courier says:

"We are on the eve of a war with a band of religious fanatics, the duration of which no man can foretell; and yet it is said that the Administration has made contracts for supplies, which are to continue during the war. It is supposed that for the carrying on of this war for a single year, not less than fifteen thousand horses will be required. Certain parties, it is said, have received a contract for the supply of all the horses that may be required during the war, to be delivered in Missouri at one hundred and fifty nine dollars each, or two million four hundred thousand dollars for the horses required this year! These horses, it is said, will not cost the contractor a clear profit of one hundred dollars each, or one million five hundred thousand dollars on this year's delivery. How many millions are to be made out of this contract?"

"Then, again, the item of Indian corn for the purpose of feeding the enormous number of animals required for conducting this war; viz., oxen, mules, cavalry and draught horses. It is said that contracts have been made with certain parties, not to furnish a certain quantity of corn, but to furnish all that the government may require during the war, deliverable in Western Missouri at ninety-eight cents per bushel, which is not notorious that half that sum per bushel would afford an enormous profit. How many millions are to be made out of this contract? Rumor also says that the first order for Indian corn under this contract is two hundred and fifty thousand bushels; and further, that the contract for transportation to Salt Lake Valley is equal to ten dollars per bushel."

THE ADMINISTRATION AND CUBA.—The Washington correspondent of the Press says:

The rumor that the President had prepared a message on Spanish affairs, which he would submit as soon as Congress had disposed of the Kansas question, is well-founded only to this extent: For several weeks the relations of the United States with Spain and her dependencies have been matter of debate and inquiry on the part of the Cabinet. No message has been written, and the particular action to be recommended yet undetermined; but I learn from high authority that the President is resolute to adhere, in all emergencies which may arise in the progress of the controversy, to the Monroe doctrine. While desiring the acquisition of Cuba, it is uncertain what will be the recommendation to Congress on the subject. It is surmised, however, that this point will be purposely left open for chances of a greater success than is possible now, in future steps of negotiation on the other points at issue.

The correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer, referring to the manner in which the members' stationery fund is used, says:

An attempt is being made to prejudice the late Clerk of the House of Representatives before the committee on his accounts and the country, because in his list of contingent expenses, under the head of stationery, appeared several items not supposed to pertain directly to the outfit of a Congressman. Among these are a number of dressing cases, perfume boxes, cigar cases, and even ladies' reticules. The explanation is perfectly simple, and should be made in justice to that official.

By a standing rule of the House, or else at every session, an appropriation is made to provide each member with a certain amount of stationery. On the books of the clerk having charge of that department is credited with the amount to which he is entitled, and draws what he requires during the session until the sum is exhausted.

Some members use it all up in stationery while others receive the whole or a portion of it in money. Others still, who prefer to present to their wives and daughters, or lady-love, some token from Washington, direct the purchase in lieu thereof, of some article as is mentioned above. There is the whole foundation for this willy charge.

THE DESKS OF CONGRESS.—The desks in Congress are one great cause of long speeches, protracted sessions, and talk for Buecumbe. The members sit comfortable in their seats, read the paper, write letters, frank documents, and adjourn. In the British Parliament there are no such conveniences. The members go to the House to attend to their parliamentary duties; men who have nothing to say are not allowed to speak and those who have anything to say are allowed to speak only to the purpose.

The Legislature of Virginia has voted a gold watch to the widow of the late gallant Henderson, of the ill-fated Central Anties.

SONG TO THE ABSENT.

BY L. VIRGINIA FRENCH.

"O'er the E. M. M. mountains,
O'er the dark sea fairs;
Come thou long parted one,
Come to thy home."

My Love, when you are far away,
Some shadow from a misty sphere
Hangs o'er the "Indian summer" days—
It could not fall if you were here,
I look abroad—the autumn trees
Like banners to the sky are tost,
And thro' them sweeps the lonely breeze,
And sighs, as if for something lost.

And when the stars come out at night
I gaze into the twilight skies,
As 't is my wont to seek the light
Of love within your dark ning eyes,
When softly sweet affection's beams
Steal upwards from their deeps afar,
And glow to mine, until it seems
Within them God has lit a star!

Then when I say my childlike prayer
With low-bowed heart, and bended knee,
I turn—as sure to find you there—
And start, and wonder can it be
That I in vain at close of day
Have listened for your footsteps' trace,
That you are sleeping far away,
So far from love, and home, and me.

Thro' the still chambers of my soul
Your voice, with sweet warm and deep,
Re-echoes, till its faintest tone,
Like music fills my lonely soul,
Then in the land of dreams how oft
My hand is fondly clasped in thine,
While round me ever, close and soft,
Thy strong, protecting arms entwine.

My hand is on your brow and cheek,
That touch you now so well may ken,
And little words I have to speak,
Of love and joy—I say them then.
And wild doves in herdowny nest
Beneath the forest's sheltering dome,
Not half so sweetly sighs to rest
As I—upon thy bosom's home.

PROSPECT FOR WHEAT.

We have recently passed through four counties in East Tennessee, and we were somewhat particular to notice the prospects for wheat, the coming harvest. The prospects are cheering in the highest degree, and while the quality of the young wheat is so very good and promising, the quantity promises a yield never before realized, should the season be favorable.—Knox, Why?

IMPROVEMENT IN STEAM BOILERS.—Among the recent patents issued was one for a steam boiler invented by Geo. Norris, of Philadelphia. The patent is a closed chamber between the fire box and tube sheet, for the purpose not only of preventing any combustion going on in actual contact with the tubes of the boiler, but also for the purpose of equalizing the heat before it reaches the tubes.

MR. DOUGLAS AND THE ADMINISTRATION.—I am informed by many persons who have opportunities of knowing that Mr. DOUGLAS does not expect any reconciliation with the party of which he was so lately the admitted popular leader. He considers that party incurably corrupted and perverted by the influence of the Administration, and by the seditious and incendiary schemes of the Southern Secessionists. These men, Mr. DOUGLAS thinks, have had the power to debauch the Democratic party. It has, under their lead, left the line of progress marked out by principle, and is hurrying along the downward road which leads to civil commotion and dishonor. He has not left the party, and he trusts that a majority of the honest masses of the party have not left him, but in any event he goes no farther with the propagandists of slavery. He favors the formation of the greatest possible number of Free States. He will oppose the policy of collecting the Indians on the Northwestern frontier. He will have no line which a white man shall not pass. He still pursues the policy which he inaugurated in 1844, fourteen years ago, in the Nebraska bill first presented by him to Congress, and which was defeated by mistaken sympathizers with the Indians.—Cor. N. Y. Cour. & Eng.

FILIBUSTERISM.—It is stated that the President has directed the issuing of instructions to the Federal officers, to prevent the organization or fitting out of unlawful expeditions within the limits of the United States, for the invasion of the Northern States of Mexico. This measure is adopted on the representation of the Mexican Minister, that he has cause to apprehend that parties in the Southwest are about engaging in such an expedition against the State of Sierra Madre.—Washington Star.

Double the quantity of ice, is estimated, has been cut the past season in the vicinity of Boston as compared with any former season. Mr. Wilde, of Medford has hauled about 450,000 tons of Spot Pond, and other parties have cut one hundred thousand tons more.

A bachelor editor says the reason that women do not out themselves in two by tight lacing is, because they lace around the heart, and it is so hard that they cannot effect it. Ain't that orial? Vile old fogey!

"Boys" said a pedagogue the other day, "what is the meaning of all that racket in the school?" "It is Bill Sikes, sir, who is all the time initiating a locomotive." "Come up here William; if you have turned into a locomotive it is high time you were switched off!"

The eyes of the mind (says Dr. Johnson) are like the eyes of the body—they can see only to such a distance; but because they cannot see beyond this point, is there nothing beyond it?

BURNING OF THE STEAMER SULTAN—STATEMENT OF THE CAPTAIN.

The telegraph has already announced the loss of the steamer Sultan by fire.—The following contains full particulars:

STATEMENT OF CAPT. HANNUM.
I am or rather was the Captain of the steamer Sultan. I left St. Louis Thursday evening, and when opposite Bricey's Landing, it being about 3 1/2 o'clock in the morning, being asleep, I was aroused by the watchman, who informed me that the boat was on fire. I immediately ran out and discovered the fire to be in the watchman's room. Captain Grey, the pilot, was at the wheel, and rounded the boat too, and she was up to the bank by the time I got to the fire. I saw that it was useless to try and put the fire out, and instantly gave orders to stop the laboard engine—she was then going ahead on both engines.

A line was got out and some fifteen of the crew jumped out to make it fast. I then started for the cabin to see that everybody was out, but the flames had spread with such fearful rapidity that I could only get to the Clerk's office, and in my efforts to reach even that far, the heat of the flames were so hot as to scorch my face, and the smoke so thick as nearly to suffocate me. I started back for the forecastle and found the boat was swinging out into the current. It seems immediately after I started for the cabin, the line which held the boat fast had either parted or torn up the sapling to which it was attached. Whilst up stairs the ladies and other passengers on board, had crowded upon the forecastle, and I then gave orders to launch overboard the "stages" for the safety of their lives. The ladies were all got on one of the stages, and other passengers jumped on also, some jumping into the river and swimming to the stages. I should have made use of the yawl, but the flames cut off all communication to it, although it was in the water untouched.

Mr. Barnes, the second clerk, one of the assistant engineers, and three other persons and myself were the only ones left on board after the stages drifted off. I again started up stairs and managed to make my way up to the hurricane deck and found the laboard wheel was still going ahead and tried to see if the engineer could not stop it but the pilot was gone. I now returned to the forecastle and the flames were spreading fearfully; but the boat was then burning clear to her boilers. As I could not swim and knew my chances to be rather slim to reach shore without something to bear me up, the assistant engineer and an Irishman assisted me to launch the skid, which we all three got on. There were two other persons on board, and they refused to leave. Capt. Moore, the first clerk, jumped overboard with two sticks of wood. I did not hear or see anything of him until I had been about fifteen minutes in the water; he was then swimming down with the current and cried out to "Captain, is that you?" I answered "Yes," and he then wanted to know how he could get to me.

I told him there was no possible way for him to do so unless he would swim to me; that I had no means of getting to him, only by drifting. That was the last I saw of him. Mr. Henry Ely, the pilot, jumped overboard with a table, and I saw him about the same time that Capt. Moore spoke to me. He also cried out to me, "Keep in good spirits, Captain, we shall drift ashore." I asked him what part of the river we were in, and he could not tell me; but wanted to know where I was going, to which I replied, "I was drifting with the current." I saw him fall full fifteen minutes afterwards. Although the weather and water were cold, yet I did not feel the effects of either until I had been about ten or fifteen minutes on the skid.

After floating until I was about exhausted, I was picked up, with my two companions, by Mr. Frank Bricey, who was in his skiff with two other gentlemen, who were rescuing as many as they could from a watery grave. We were put ashore at Moreau's Landing, and from there I procured a skiff and came down the river to St. Genevieve, to see if I could not rescue any of those who were still in the river. I did not meet with any.

The crew consisted of fifty-two persons, and there were about from ten to twelve passengers. From what I can ascertain, I suppose no less than twenty lost their lives. Capt. Moore, first clerk, barkeeper, steward, one of the assistant engineers, and watchman, are supposed to be among the lost. Mr. Ely, the pilot, was rescued by Mr. Bricey, but died a few minutes after he was got on shore.

Rev. Rowland Hill once said—"I do not want the walls of separation between different orders of Christians to be destroyed, but only lowered, that we may shake hands a little easier over them."

AMERICANISM IN INDIANA.

(From the Louisville Journal.)

On Tuesday, the 30th ult., a mass meeting of the American party was held at Terre Haute, Indiana, which is said to have surpassed in numbers and enthusiasm any political assemblage that has been witnessed in that section of the country since the memorable meetings of the campaign of 1840. The meeting was ably and eloquently addressed by Hon. R. W. Thompson. The Terre Haute Union, alluding to this speech, says: "Never did a man speak with a more universal approbation of an audience. All, to whatsoever party they may have belonged, were filled with enthusiasm, and seemed to forget, for the time, that there was any party other than the American. Would to God that this were true, for then our country would be safe—sectional issues, abolitionism, and fanaticism would be buried in one common grave." We most cordially reecho the sentiments of the Terre Haute Union. Dick Thompson is emphatically a national man. His speeches are dictated by a heart that beats only in unison to true patriotism and nationality. He is an American from the soul to the surface, and we wish his voice could be heard and his counsels heeded in every precinct in our neighboring States.

We cannot avoid publishing the resolutions adopted by this meeting of the American party in Indiana. They will show to the people of the South the position, the nationality, the pure patriotism of the American party in the free States. There is no sectionalism about them. They are national to the core. We are assured that they are the "heartfelt sentiments" of the American party of Indiana, and they will surely command the admiration and approval of every conservative man South or North, whatever may be his present political affiliations. They discard equally Northern sectionalism under the lead of the bogus Democracy. They are based upon broad national sentiments and a love for the American Union. They are such as every American and every Whig and every even conservative Democrat in the South as well as in the North must cordially endorse and approve. They are national. They are just. They are true. They are American. The party in the free States by which such resolutions are endorsed is the only national party. The South must see this and acknowledge it and act upon it, or it will be deaf to the voice of conscience pleading for the right and it will be utterly blind to its own best interest. The resolutions are as follows:

WHEREAS, We, speaking only for ourselves, not only see no reason why we should abandon the conservation of the American party, and cease to maintain its principles, but every possible reason why we should adhere to them more tenaciously than ever that a true national spirit may be preserved to counteract the dangers which may well be apprehended from Southern sectionalism under the lead of the Democratic party, and Northern sectionalism under the lead of the Republican party; therefore,

Resolved, That we will not unite with either the Republican or Democratic party in any party movement so long as they maintain the principles now professed by them.

Resolved, That, whatever we may do in the future, in reference to national affairs, there is one thing to which we solemnly pledge ourselves—that is, that we will maintain our nationality, and never unite with a sectional party, whether Northern or Southern.

Resolved, That the Government of the United States was, in our opinion, organized for other purposes than merely deciding who shall and who shall not hold office—that it is duty to "foster commerce, encourage enterprise, and protect, as far as practicable, the lives and property of its citizens," to "afford substantial aid in the prosecution of great works of internal improvement of a truly national character"—to extend all such proper protection to American labor and industry as shall be necessary to render it independent of the pauper labor of Europe—and so to conduct its affairs, with a view to integrity and economy, as to advance the public welfare and augment the public happiness.

Resolved, That we owe our highest allegiance to the American Union and that its preservation, at every hazard and under all emergencies, should be the first object as it is the chief duty of every attempt to weaken its bonds, from whatever quarter it may come, whether from the North or South. We adopt the sentiments conveyed by the Whigs of this country, in 1848, to their brother Whigs throughout the nation, which the most of us then endorsed and which were expressed in these words: "Resolved, That as Whigs and citizens of Vigo county—as Indians—we love and cherish the confederation of these States—that all our affections are centered in the glorious American Union—that we know no difference in our attachment to the North and South—in the language of the immortal Washington, we 'cherish a cardinal, habitual, and immutable attachment to that Union, assisting ourselves to think and speak of it as the palladium of our political safety and prosperity, watching its preservation with jealous anxiety, discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can, in any event, be abandoned, and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to substitute the sacred ties which now link

together the various parts." These are the sentiments of the citizens of Vigo, here assembled, and by the blessing of Heaven we shall live and die by them.

Resolved, That we are opposed to and will resist all efforts to array the citizens of one section of our country against another upon sectional or geographical issues.

Resolved, That we respond to the patriotic sentiments recently expressed by the "Union men," of Platte county, Missouri, and like them will adopt as the code of our political morals, the golden rule: "To do to others as we would they should do to us," will oppose abolitionism, border ruffianism, and every other fanaticism that has a tendency to infringe the rights of others; and that we will have for our motto: "The Constitution and the Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

Resolved, That we maintain, what the American party has always maintained, that the people of a territory, who they form their constitution for admission into the Union have the right to decide for themselves, whether they will or will not have slavery, and that they are entitled to admission into the Union, whether they decide it one way or the other, it is their business, not ours, and we don't intend to trouble ourselves about it.

Resolved, That, in our opinion, Congress ought not to legislate on the subject of slavery, either in the States, the District of Columbia, or in any part of the Territories of the United States—but ought to let it alone.

Resolved, That the control of the domestic institutions of the States, including slavery, belongs exclusively to the States themselves, and the Federal Government has no right or power, under the Constitution, to interfere with them, either directly or indirectly.

Resolved, That anti-slavery conventions and continued attacks in the Northern States upon slavery as it exists in the States of the South, have had a tendency to weaken the attachment heretofore existing between the two sections of the country, and to endanger the peace of the Union—and should therefore, be discontinued.

Resolved, That the peace, happiness, and prosperity of the country, as well as the security of life and property, depend upon the faithful execution of such laws as may be enacted by the proper departments of government—national or State.

Resolved, That we will not engage in any crusade against the Supreme Court of the United States, nor its decisions, holding it to be absolutely essential to the preservation of our institution; that our judiciary should remain independent of political parties, and because if it were otherwise, as Mr. Clay declared in his lifetime, "should have nothing settled, nothing stable, nothing fixed. There would be general disorder and confusion throughout every branch of administration, from the highest to the lowest officers—universal nullification." We are opposed to nullification in every form.

Resolved, That, in our opinion, Kansas is not entitled to admission into the Union under the Lecompton constitution, nor under any other that shall not be fairly submitted to and approved of by a majority of the bona fide inhabitants of that Territory.

Resolved, That we hereby tender to the Hon. J. Crittenden, of Kentucky, and the Hon. John Bell, of Tennessee, our thanks for the bold, noble, and manly stand taken by them in the Senate of the United States against the Lecompton constitution; that we hail them as statesmen worthy of the better days of the Republic, and upon whom the mantle of our fathers has fallen, and that we hereby declare our willingness to vote for (if we can) them for President at the next election.

Resolved, That we yet cherish and will maintain all the great principles of conservative Americanism as declared by the National American Convention held at Louisville, in June, 1857.

A COOL APOLOGY.

They had a ball down at Waverly the other night, which brought out some remarkable experience. Among other things, the following instance of a cool apology took place:

Bill P. is known all over, and Bill was at this in his glory. All of his necessities for pleasure on hand—good music, pretty girls, and excellent whisky, the evening passed off rapidly, as it always does, and Bill had about one o'clock become pretty mellow. Stepping up to a lady, he requested the pleasure of dancing with her. She replied she was engaged.

"Well," said Bill, "are you engaged for the next set?"
She said she was.
"Can I dance with you the next then?"
"I am engaged for that also."
"Can I dance with you to-night?"
"No, sir," she said, with some hesitancy.
"Go to Boston, then," said Bill, highly indignant, and turned on his heel.

After a few moments Bill is accosted by the brother of the young lady, and charged with insulting his sister. Bill denies, but professes himself willing to apologize if he has done wrong, and accordingly steps up to the lady, when the following conversation took place:

"Miss L, I understand I have insulted you."
"You have, sir."
"What did I say, Miss L?"
"You told me to go to Boston."
"Well," said Bill, "I have come to tell you that you needn't go!"

Squibs wants to know if doctors, by looking at the tongue of a wagon, can tell what ails it.

A MILWAUKIE SELL.—The Milwaukee Free Democrat has the following account of a painful tragedy:

"Melancholy Affair.—An individual named T. Hay, from one of the country towns, came into the city to-day with a team and sleigh, and stopped at the Manomonee Hotel. About noon he went into the barn for the purpose of feeding horses; and on going into one of the stalls, was attacked by a vicious horse, and bitten several times severely. The ferocious animal also got him or pulled him down, and stamped on him several times before he was rescued. He was insensible when taken out, and his injuries are of such a nature that it is thought he cannot recover."

It is hardly necessary to say that the full name of the "individual" is Timothy Hay, a gentleman well known in all the barns of the city.

WHAT HE MUST HAVE THOUGHT?—The girls of Northampton have been sending a bachelor editor a bouquet made of tansy and wormwood. He says he don't care, it's sweeter than matrimony, any how.

He probably thought wormwood and tansy better than wormwood and the gal (C)

A young physician doctored upon the loveliness of a female, proffered with "Wouldn't she make a magnificent subject—how I would like to dissect her?"—That's what you might call professional enthusiasm.

A critic speaking of J. C. Hamilton, author of the wretched Biography of Alexander Hamilton, as the man who attempted his father's life.

Ladies are like watches—pretty enough to look at—sweet faces and delicate hands, but somehow difficult to "regulate" when once set "a-go-in."

At a party the other evening, several gentlemen contested the honor of having done the most extraordinary thing. A Reverend D. D. was appointed to be the sole judge of their respective professions. One produced his tailor's bill with a receipt attached to it; a buzz went through the room that this would not be outdone. A second said he had returned two umbrellas which had been left at his house, to their respective owners. 'The palm is his,' was the universal cry; when a third observed:

"Gentlemen, I cannot boast of the feats of either of my predecessors; but here is a receipt from the Printer for all arrears and two years in advance for his paper!"

"I'll hear no more," cried the judge, this is the very *non plus ultra* of honesty and unheard of deeds; it is an act of virtue of which I never knew any person capable. The prize is yours."

A western editor, speaking of a large and fat contemporary, remarked that if all flesh was grass, he must be a load of hay. "Well, I verily think I am," quoth the fat editor, "from the way the asses are nibbling at me."

LYNCHING IN PARIS, KY.—We learn from Mr. Williams, of the Covington and Lexington Railroad, that a man named Bob Griffin, who had been confined in the Paris jail for the last few days, was taken from his cell on Monday night last, about 2 o'clock, P. M., by a crowd of men, and hung upon a beam of the railroad bridge. Our informant states that the executioners appeared at the jail about the hour stated, and demanded the keys from the keeper, which were refused; whereupon forced open the door with crowbars and battering implements with which they were provided, and immediately carried Griffin, it is stated, was a most reckless and dangerous man, and for a long time has been the terror of the neighborhood in Bourbon where he resided. A short time ago he kept a dogery in Clintonville, and carried on a traffic with slaves, and at last the farmer in the vicinity bought him out at a heavy price, upon condition that he would seek another home. Since that time, however, he remained in Bourbon, and it is alleged that he and another man named Kennedy have been tampering with slaves and burning barns in that country. A day or two before his execution he and his comrades were arrested for these offenses, and lodged in jail; and on Monday night the event which we have just recorded, occurred. As a matter of course, we always regret to hear of the subversion of the law, but we are never much surprised when we hear that an outrage community has risen up in its majesty and made the assurance of their safety from the depredations of such men as Griffin, doubly sure, by putting them to death. His fate is a warning that ought not to be lost upon others of his kind, and we have many such in this portion of Kentucky.—Lex. Observer.

"Is a man and his wife both one?" asked the w. f. of a certain gentleman, in a state of expectation, as she was holding his scolding hen in both hands.

"Yes, I suppose so," was the reply.

"Well, then," said she, "I came home drunk last night, and ought to be ashamed of myself."

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