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MISCELLANY.

THE BACHELOR AND THE BABY.

There was no one at home except the baby's mother, and baby, and I. Baby had just gone to sleep, when baby's mother remembered a trifling commission which she had promised to execute for me in the village. With an injunction to touch the cradle if baby woke, she departed, leaving me proud of my new employment, and lulled by past immunity into a state of fatal security.

With one eye on my boot, and the other on the cradle, like a faithful watch dog, I listened to the retreating footfall that should have warned me, but did not, "to look out for squalls." I had no idea of the awful responsibility which I had taken upon myself, or I should have shrunk from it, as a cat does from water, or a man from a churning machine. In fact, rather suspect I felt in a trifling degree ambitious that baby should open one eye—only one—that I might have the pleasure of shutting it again. Unwary mortal! How little do we know when we are well off! My ambition was but too soon to be gratified; I had yet to learn by bitter experience how weary is the lot of those who—tend on babies.

I wonder whether infants are conscious in their sleep of their mother's absence, and know that an opportunity has arrived for "cutting up dodos."

The baby, over whose slumbers I had become the guardian genius—how the fires pitched into its nose!—was as sound asleep as any baby could be when its mother departed; but no sooner had her shadow faded from the room than symptoms of wakefulness began to appear. First came a sigh, then a chuckle, that said, as plain as a chuckle could say, "New for some fun!" then one eye opened and shut, and then both began peeping about, till the head seemed inclined to bob-off the pillow. I felt a little nervous at these symptoms—only a little. "Poh," said I to myself, "a roll of the cradle will soon settle your business youngster." But it did not. Baby was bound to have a spree. It knew that "its mother was out." The big, bothersome blue bottle fly, too, tired of watching for the ship over the clock face, started on a voyage of discovery on its own account, and the first promontory which it reached was the nose of the baby, a tempting spot upon which it landed for refreshments, buzzing most villainously as it did so. It was a ticklish landing, however, and baby soon drove it off with a sneeze that astonished its nerves, and mine too, more than the fly's, for the fly was accustomed to ticklish situations, which I was not. Baby was thoroughly roused.—"Up went its round, chubby arm; but a rock of the cradle soon sent that back to its place. I did rock that cradle beautifully. The little head rolled to and fro as easily as if it had been fastened on by a toy mandarin's neck.

I could not help admiring myself for the way in which I did it, and I am sure that any reasonable baby would have gone to sleep again, if only for compliment's sake; but the baby in the cradle did not.—"The moment the rocking ceased, up popped the little head, like Judy's in the show, with a small peevish cry. That cry it was like the "sizzling of the fuse" of a powder magazine, sure to end in an explosion.

Were you ever roused in the middle of the night by the maid of all work, coming in her slippers and night cap to inform you that the house was on fire? Did you ever stand by a Dutchman who was weighing gunpowder with a lighted cigar in his mouth? Did you ever stand over the boiler of a Mississippi steambot, and expect every moment to be landed on the tree-tops half a mile inland? If not you cannot conceive my horror when I heard that cry. I was in cold perspiration from head to foot. I have no doubt that hail-stones as big as peas might have been picked off my face.

I rocked for dear life, and baby bounced about like a ball of India rubber. But it was useless. I sang all the songs I could think of, from the cabalistic "Hush-alaby," to "Cease rude Boreas!" I tried tenor, and I tried bass; but the baby did not know the difference. It seemed to think it all base. The louder I sang the louder

it cried. It was bawl and squall; and squall and bawl. The cry peevish became the cry indignant, and the cry indignant became the cry imperative. Blue-bottle buzzed with delight, and danced a horn-pipe on the window, while the clock kept up a tantalizing "Go it! go it!"

In an unlucky moment I lifted the little tempter out of the cradle. Never, will I commit such an act of thoughtless imprudence again. Before I did so I could have truly sang with the poet, "The white squall raves;" but afterwards the fiercest blasts of Boreas seemed belching from that little throat. In the hope of quieting the tornado, I took it in my arms, waddled it to and fro the room, tossed it up and down till my shoulders ached, dandled it on my knees, now the right one, now the left; but nothing would do. Like an easterly gale, that multiplied squall seemed to be endless. I felt really alarmed. I was completely terrified. I saw visions of convulsions, and such like ills that infant "flesh is heir to." If I had been in the city, I am sure that a crowd would have collected. I might have been taken up and accused of an attempt to commit infanticide—perhaps been published in the papers as a wretch guilty of cruelty to dumb animals. Dumb! How I wish that dear family organ had been dumb! I even envied the deaf men that pick up cinders!

I looked at the clock and exclaimed in despair, "When will the mother return?" and the clock answered, with mocking monotony, "not yet! not yet!" Bluebottle had ceased its buzzing and returned to its old quarters over the dial-plate, to watch the reappearance of the ship; perhaps asking as impatiently as I did, the question, "When will she return?" while the clock continued to repeat unceasingly, "Not yet! not yet!"

I know not what to do, and rushed a dozen times to the door, hoping to see the coming relief. But the walls of the distant church and the houses beyond were thick, and I could not see through them. The brook was laughing in the sunshine, and murmuring joyously as it glided over the stones, and I felt a strong temptation to pop the piping part of the baby into it.—I am sure the clock cried mockingly, "Do it! do it!" But the thought of a coroner's jury restrained me; a country jury of Dutch boors, with short pipes in their mouths, and skulls two layers of brick thick.

There was a rooster upon the fence flapping his wings and crowing like a Trojan.—I do believe it was over my perplexity, the pigs were grunting in their sty, pulling each other's ears for amusement, and a cow was giving nourishment to her calf in a distant field. Suddenly a bright idea struck me. I seized an old tobacco pipe that had been stowed away upon the mantle piece, and immersing the bulb in a tumbler of water, thrust the stem in the baby's mouth. Baby was no genius. I became satisfied of that in a minute. It is an attribute of genius to accomplish its desire with imperfect instruments. There was no stoppage in the pipe; I tried it myself.

I was at my wit's end, and laid the baby on the floor, cramming my fingers into my ears. It was of no use. I could not shut out the sound. It was like a thousand "ear-piercing pipes," drilling me through and through. I was riddled with screams that touched like galvanic wires an every nerve. The clatter of a three story cotton mill, with a hundred girls talking of new bonnets through the din, was nothing to it. All the locomotives in the Union, into a state of agony, would alone compare with it. But will and locomotive might be stopped, but baby could not be quieted, even for a moment. Anything but a baby's lungs would have been worn out by such an abuse of power—but their strength only increased, seeming to require new pipes at every blast.

What would I not have given for the sight of a petticoat bearing down to my relief? Never did Robinson Crusoe, on his desert island, gaze more longingly over the ocean in search of a sail than I did down the road for a bonnet and curls. I could have smiled lovingly on the fattest dowager that ever sweltered in the West Indies, or the thinnest scrub that pays her devotions to the door-steps. But the feminines, like other useful commodities, had all vanished when most wanted. Even the cat, accustomed to nursing as she was—even the cat, sensible creature, had disappeared.

Like the distressed hero of a novel, I was left to my own resources, and had no resources left. There was a baby flopping about on the floor like a porpoise on a ship's deck, as if lying on its beam-ends was a natural position. I righted it a dozen times, but over it went again, as if its tail had shifted to the head. I brought the shovel and tongs and bellows from the fire place, but baby wouldn't look at them, not a bit of it; although I took the trouble to blow the bellows in the bluebottle's face, and sent the threads on the carpet flying about the room. Even the clothes-brush and nutmeg grater proved no attraction.

Carefully compiled statistics show that twenty-eight thousand five hundred and thirty-one "laborers"—negroes, coolies and Yucatan Indians—were set on shore in Cuba since 1853, and that four thousand eight hundred and four hundred and thirty-one of these wretched creatures lost their lives in transit—a mortality of sixteen and one-fourth per cent on the gross number delivered.

and I broke a suspender button hopping about like a frog on all fours. If I had stood on my head and shook the pennies out of my pockets it would have had no effect. Even a lump of sugar would not bribe it to be quiet. It made wry faces at the mirror, and pitched savagely into the pillow, turned indignantly from the tea-kettle, and squared off at the rolling pin. If I had given it the carving knife I do verily believe it would have cut off its own head, and made two squalls instead of me; but I forbore. Give me the credit for my magnanimity! I forbore.

For nearly a mortal hour—an age—was I thus kept in a state of frenzy. My hair stood up "like quills upon the fretful porcupine." They have always stubbornly refused to lie down smoothly since. If my trial had lasted much longer, I should certainly have had a "gray head upon young shoulders." Perhaps I should have sunk into the grave with a nervous fever, and had "died of baby nursing" for an epitaph upon my tombstone. Fortunately for the public in general and me in particular, I was spared such a catastrophe by the return of the mother, who burst into the room at the critical moment when my Job like patience had perished—by degrees, as the water leaks from a broken-keg bucket. With what a feeling of relief did I look up at the old clock as it announced to me, in its most cheerful tones, "She's come! she's come!"

Would you believe it—but I'm sure you can't, the fact seems too great an enormity—that little piece of perversity was as quiet as a lamb in a minute! Why, the mother was so deceived that she actually called it her "precious lamb!" I heard her and was astounded. I wonder she didn't feel sheepish; I know I did. Lamb, indeed! If that was being a lamb, what would it be when it became mutton? Why, it was fast asleep again in no time, and laughing in its dreams over the fun it had enjoyed. Didn't I vow never to be caught alone with a baby again? If I ever am, may I be—served in the same manner again.

A DOCTOR'S LIFE.—The following are some of the sweets of a doctor's life:

"If he visits a few of his customers when they are well, it is to get dinner; if he don't do so, it is because he cares more for the fleece than the flock. If he goes to church regular, it is because he has no respect for the Sabbath nor religion. If he speaks to a poor person he keeps bad company; if he passes them by, he is better than other folks. If he has a good carriage, he is extravagant; if he uses a poor one on the score of economy, he is deficient in necessary pride. If he makes parties, it is to soft-soap the people to get their money; if he don't make them he is afraid of a cent! If his horse is fat, it is because he has nothing to do, if he is lean, it is because he isn't taken care of. If he drives fast, it is to make people believe somebody is very sick; if he drives slow, he has no interest in the welfare of his patients. If he dresses neatly, he is proud; if he does not he is wanting in self-respect. If he works on the land, he is fit for nothing but a farmer; if he don't work, it is because he is too lazy to be anything. If he talks much, "we don't want a doctor to tell every thing he knows; if he don't talk, "we like to see a doctor social." If he says any thing about politics, he had better let it alone, if he don't say any thing about it, "we like to see a man show his colors." If he visits his patients every day, it is to run up a bill; if he don't it is unjustifiable negligence. If he says any thing about religion, he is a hypocrite; if he don't he is an infidel. If he uses any of the popular remedies of the day, it is to cater to the whim and prejudices of the people to fill his pockets; if he don't use them, it is from professional selfishness. If he is in the habit of having counsel-offers, it is because he knows nothing; if he objects to having it, on the ground that he understands his business, he is afraid of exposing his ignorance to his superiors. If he gets pay for one-half his services, he has the reputation of being a great manager. Who would't be an M. D.

THE TRIAL OF GENERAL WALKER.—There are signs of a serious disposition on the part of Government to bring its whole resources to this prosecution. Captain Chaturd, of the United States sloop-of-war Saratoga—whose best place just now would be in the Gulf, looking after the Stars, Bazzard and such like pestiferous British craft—has been sent a good way for, and is in the city as a witness for the Government. Various other witnesses have also been summoned for the prosecution—among them S. F. Slatter and Mason Pilcher. It is considered probable that the trial will not be entered upon to-day as appointed, but postponed a few days longer.—*N. O. Delta, May 27.*

CAVING IN AT GRAND GULF, MISS.—The True Southron has the following: A letter from a friend at Grand Gulf, dated May 14, says, "Our town is fast caving in. A large mine, taking a house belonging to John Buckingham & Co., near the old McBryde tavern, is gone to-day. As it is only a few yards off we are beginning to feel nervous."

After a violent contest, however, Mike came off victorious, Pat being so completely subdued as to render him helpless. But fearing it was all over with him, he began to call wildly for Mike to hasten down the tree and assist him, or the "ungly bast" would have his life. By this time Mike fully comprehended the error into which his brother had fallen, and commenced using every means in his power to bring him to his senses, which after a great deal of persuasion he succeeded in doing. But the coon was allowed to escape unharmed, as neither of the adventurers felt in a humor for continuing the hunt that night. Indeed it was Pat's first hunting scrape and he swore by all the saints it should be the last.

BUILDING ON THE SAND.

What a happy blending of truth and poetry in the following exquisite gem by Eliza Cook:

'Tis well to win, 'tis well to wed,
For so the world hath done,
Since myrtle grew and roses blew,
And morning brought the sun.

But have a care, ye young and fair,
Be sure ye wed with truth—
Be certain that your love will wear
Beyond the days of youth.

For if you give not heart for heart,
As well as hand for hand,
You'll find you've played the "ow-wie" part,
And "built upon the sand."

'Tis well to save, 'tis well to have
A goodly share of gold;
And hold enough of the shining stuff—
For charity is cold.

But piece not all your hope and trust,
In what the deep mine brings;
We cannot live on yellow dust,
Unmixed with pure things.

And he who puts up wealth alone,
Will often have to stand
Beside his coffin-chest, and own
'Tis "built upon the sand."

'Tis good to speak in kindly guise,
And soothe where'er we can;
Fair speech should bind the human mind,
And love link man to man.

But stay no! at the gentler words,
Let deeds with language dwell;
The one who pities starving birds,
Should shatter crumbs as well.

The mercy that is warm and true,
Must lend a helping hand;
For those who talk, yet fail to do,
But "build upon the sand."

PADDY'S COON HUNTING.

An Irishman of our acquaintance named Michael O'Rodger, who settled in this part of the country some years ago, lately received and unexpected visit from his brother Pat, who was direct from the "sod." Mike heartily welcomed his brother and resolved to do everything in his power to make his visit an agreeable one. Accordingly at the end of the second day after Pat's arrival, which had been spent by them in general carousal, Mike armed his brother with a shillelagh, immediately led off in the direction of a cornfield about half a mile distant, where he assured Pat that they would enjoy a rare evening's coon hunting.

The night was too dark to distinguish the objects of their search at any great distance, but on entering the field and setting up a wild yell they soon discovered by the rustling of the corn-stalks in various directions that they had been successful in routing several of them from their hiding places. Mike's keen eyes were now fixed upon a large tree, which stood a few yards distant, and he soon had the satisfaction of detecting an object moving up its trunk at a rapid rate. This he knew to be a coon, and with a shout of joy he rushed toward the tree calling his brother to follow up. In a moment the two sportsmen were under the tree. Mike prepared to climb, and directed Pat how to act when the coon reached the ground.

"He'll be after makin a great noise to get away," said Mike, "but for your life don't let him escape ye."

"Och, be off up the tree wid ye," answered Pat, flourishing his shillelagh evidently growing impatient for the sport, "never fear I'll put an end to him when he comes down."

Mike now commenced climbing the tree with all possible haste and succeeded very well in the ascent until he reached the first branches and became hid from the wild gaze of his brother, when he paused a moment to ascertain in what part of the tree the coon had taken lodgings. While matters were in this state, the coon made a sudden move among the branches, which so startled Mike that he unfortunately let go his hold and fell headlong to the ground.

Pat supposing him to be the coon, rushed furiously upon him with his shillelagh, and commenced that delightful operation of putting an end to him.

"Murder! Murder!" cried Mike, attempting to raise his feet, "in the name of St. Patrick don't be after bating me to death."

"Ye needn't be givin me any yer dirty excuses; shure me brither told me ye'd be after makin a great noise to get away, but not a fut ye'll move out of 'this alive."

Mike now supposing his brother to be crazy, thought it time to make a desperate struggle for life; so seizing Pat by the legs he succeeded in throwing him to the ground, whereupon a rough and tumble fight commenced which lasted for some time without either of the brothers uttering a word.

After a violent contest, however, Mike came off victorious, Pat being so completely subdued as to render him helpless. But fearing it was all over with him, he began to call wildly for Mike to hasten down the tree and assist him, or the "ungly bast" would have his life.

The New Orleans Rebellion!

A CRISIS ANTICIPATED.

A COMPROMISE FROM THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE REJECTED BY THE CITY.

NEW ORLEANS, June 4.

The Mayor's forces are unorganized yet. All quiet. Great preparations are being made by both parties. The Vigilance commander is Maj. J. K. Duncan, late of the U. S. Army. They are well organized and drilled. The city papers are divided—the Picayune and Crescent for the city, and the True Delta and Delta for the Vigilance Committee. The rest of the papers are neutral. The crisis is expected to-day.

First Dispatch.
The excitement is increasing. The Mayor has issued an order to arrest John Maginnis. If taken, they declare they will hang him. Mac takes it coolly.

Second Dispatch.
The Vigilance Committee have offered to resign provided the city will vest the police authority in their hands. The city has refused. The Vigilance Committee is composed of all parties.

Third Dispatch.
There is a rumor current on the street that a compromise has been effected. The city is to deliver up twenty-five noted ruffians to the Vigilance Committee, and five hundred men on each side are to be sworn in as policemen.

ARRIVAL OF THE BLACK WARRIOR.

NEW YORK, June 4.

The Black Warrior has arrived from Havana with dates of the 30th ult.

The English officer who was so conspicuous in boarding the American vessels at Sagua la Grande has been arrested and sent to Jamaica.

Sugars active and firm.

The Herald's Havana correspondent says the captain of the American bark Reliance reports that he was boarded on the evening of the 24th between Salt Key Bank and the Coast of Cuba by a boat from a British war steamer, the vessel having first given a blank discharge.—After he had shown his flag, an officer came on board with his cutlars and inquired of him his latitude and longitude, and then told him that he was ordered to board all vessels he found in the Gulf waters.

The officer asked no other questions except where he was from or where he was bound.

The American brig Geo. H. Chase reports having been hailed, but that he declined stopping to be boarded. They threatened to shoot their guns. He told them to go ahead. Several other cases not quite so gentle have been reported. The officer who did the searching at Sagua la Grande has been arrested, it is said, for exceeding his instructions on the one side, and by others for permitting Captain Dunlavy, of the American ship Grotto, to drive him from the deck with his marines.

MORE OF THE NEW ORLEANS REBELLION.

June 4.

Four o'clock, P. M.—Fifty men, with two cannon, have just taken possession of Canal Street. They are said to be organized by men who have been marked by the Vigilance Committee for punishment.

Six o'clock, P. M.—The Vigilance committee is triumphant. The Mayor has resigned the municipal authority to the Vigilance Committee. The city is quiet. The crowd has withdrawn from Canal street. The Vigilance committee have appointed a special police of over one thousand men.

Eight o'clock, P. M.—A treaty has been signed and order is restored. The terms of the treaty are these: Mayor Waterman for the city and Gen. Lewis, superintendent of elections, accept the forces of the Vigilance committee as special police to protect property and life, and execute the laws. The committee do not disband, but will retain their organization as a military body so long as it may be necessary for defence and for the performance of legitimate duties. The rabble are still in the streets, but in very small numbers. No more trouble is expected. Arrests continue to be made.

Nine o'clock, P. M.—We are on the eve of fresh excitement. Inflammatory placards have been issued by a so-called American party, calling Americans to arms to resist the authority of the Vigilance Committee. [More than one-half of the Vigilance Committee is composed of members of the American party. Many of their leaders are well-known Know Nothings.]

One man was killed and another wounded, accidentally, at the Vigilance Committee's camp.

ADAM'S WEDDING.—We like short courtship, and in this Adam acted like a man—he fell asleep a bachelor and awoke to find himself a married man. He appears to have "popped the question" immediately after meeting Ma'maselle Eve, and she, without flirtation or shyness, gave him a kiss and herself. Of that first kiss in the world we have had, however, our own thought, and sometimes in a poetical mood, we have wished we were the man that did it. But the deed is or was done; the chance was Adam's and he improved it. We like the notion of getting married in a garden; it is in good taste. We like a private wedding, and Adam's was strictly private. No obnoxious beaux were there, no croaking old maids, no chattering aunts and gabbling grandmothers. The birds of heaven were the minstrels, and the glad sky shed its light upon the scene.

THE CLARKSVILLE MAIL

The manner in which the mail between this city and Clarksville is managed is an outrage upon the public, upon decency, and every thing else. We have received complaints until we can forbear no longer. We insist, on account of the suffering public, as well as our own account, upon reform. The mail carriers or postmasters between this city and Clarksville deserve a hauling over the coals. Our friends at Clarksville never come to Nashville but they rush hurriedly to our office to unburthen their pent up indignation against the abominable humbug denominated the Nashville and Clarksville Mail Route.—Our subscribers are writing us that "it is out of the question to attempt to get papers through the Clarksville office," and they must discontinue.

We make our last, long, loud, desperate appeal to the Post Office Department, from Aron V. Brown to the equestrian *attache* who rides his Rosinante hence to Clarksville, via Sycamore with his mail-bags, for a radical reform. Unless it is granted, we shall make a plank in the next Presidential platform to "Kiver the ease."—*Nash. Banner.*

LATER FROM UTAH

GOVERNOR CUMMING DRIVEN FROM SALT LAKE CITY.

A dispatch from Leavenworth of the 1st inst. says intelligence from Camp Scott to the 6th of May had been received at the Fort on that day. Two Mormons came into camp from the city, having dispatches from Gov. Cumming for Secretary Cass.

The troops were expected to move toward the valley by the end of May.—Nothing was known at the camp at this date of any proceedings within the city. The foregoer came by mail to the Fort. The expressman who brought it supplies the following additional particulars: He left Fort Laramie on the 18th ult. At Fort Kearney, the commanding officer directed him to inform Col. Monroe he had information that Gov. Cumming had been expelled from Salt Lake City, that the Mormons were in arms and determined to resist the army to the last, and requesting Col. Monroe to push on as speedily as possible.

The communication, is understood, was received at Kearney through mail brought by this messenger to whom it was communicated verbally for lack of time. Col. Hoffman's command were met seventy-five miles beyond Laramie, where they encountered snow three feet deep. They lost many animals. All the streams were very high.

The peace commissions had passed Laramie, and were obliged to swim the Platte at Laramie. The post reported the troops at camp Scott living on mule meat. No official information was received at the fort.

The authority for the foregoing intelligence is regarded unquestionable.

PROTECTION OF AMERICAN VESSELS.

WASHINGTON, May 28.—The United States steamer Water Witch reached the Washington navy-yard about noon yesterday, and by five o'clock in the afternoon had stowed on board a supply of coal, her provisions and guns, besides having her shaft mended. She left her, this morning, under command of Capt. Rogers, for the coast of Cuba to aid in preventing British outrages on American vessels.

The instructions to the naval forces are, in effect, to warn British cruisers against the visitation of American vessels, and, in case of resistance, prevent it by force.

MAY 29.—The ordnance ship Plymouth, Capt. Dablgreen, left this morning for the Gulf. She has an armament of one eleven-inch and four nine-inch shell guns, and a crew of 212 men. She is in a high state of efficiency, and all the hands are in good spirits.

The last Scalpel, in an article on "diet," assumes the position that the use of oil would decrease the victims of consumption nine-tenths, and that this is the whole secret of the use of cod liver oil, quotes the following observations made by Dr. Hooker:

1. Of all persons between the ages of fifteen and twenty-two years, more than one-fifth eat no fat meat.

2. Of persons at the age of forty-five, all excepting less than one in fifty, habitually eat fat meat.

3. Of persons who, between the ages of fifteen and twenty-two, avoid fat meat, a few acquire an appetite for it, and live to a good old age, while the greater portion die with the phthisis before thirty-five.

4. Of persons dying with the phthisis, between the ages of fifteen and forty-five, nine-tenths have never used fat meat.

The reader is invited to believe as much or little of the foregoing as he chooses. The statistics mentioned do not hold good.

Mr. Shillaber tells the following rather remarkable gun story.

Speaking to-day with a son of a gun, regarding some gunning exploits, he told me of a singular instance of a gun hanging fire, which were it not for his well known veracity, I should feel disposed to doubt. He had snipped his gun at a gray squirrel and the cap had exploded, but the piece not going off, he took it from his shoulder, looked down in the barrel, and saw the charge just starting, when brought to his shoulder once more, it went off and killed the squirrel.

Mock no man for his snub nose, for you can never tell what may turn up.

Wit and Humor.

Why is it easy to break into an old man's house? Because his *gait* is broken, and his *locks* are few.

Printer's accounts are said to be like faith—the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

GOOD TASTE.—A pretty young lady kissing a young gentleman.

Why is a musquito like a Wall street broker? Because he never stops bleeding his victims until some of them smash him.

"I say, Mick, what sort of potatoes are those you are planting?" "Raw ones, to be sure—your honor wouldn't be thinking I would plant boiled ones?"

Kit North says that it is no wonder that women love cats, for they are both graceful, and both domestic—not to mention that they both *scratches*.

A retired schoolmaster excuses his passion for angling by saying, that from constant habit, he never feels quite himself unless he's handling the rod.

"Won't that hoar constructor bite me?" said a little boy to a showman.

"Oh, no, he never bites—he swallows his wittles whole."

A young man who had a light incipient moustache, one day while fingering the few hairs, said to Harry:

"Hahn! I better dye this moustache?" "Oh, no," replied Harry; "let it alone, and it will die itself."

A balloonist who made an ascension at Montgomery, Ala., to amuse the Southern Convention, came down on a plantation, when the overseer and negroes fled in alarm. One old lame negro, left behind, approached with extended arms what he supposed his Jesus, exclaiming that he had been waiting for him these forty years.

"Did thee receive my remittance, Nathan, my son?"

"Yes, father."

"Then why did thee not buy a new coat—thy present one is certainly very frugile."

"Why, the fact is, I left all my money in the bank at New Orleans."

"Ah! thy economy is certainly commendable—in what bank?"

"I do not exactly remember in what bank, father—I know it was a very good one, as it had a scriptural name. It was—um! let me see—it was the Pharaoh bank, I think."

"Son, banks are very unsafe now, and thee had better send for thy money immediately."

Son took a coughing spell.

An Irishman went a fishing, and among other things, he hauled in a large-sized turtle. To enjoy the surprise of the servant-girl, he put it in her room.

Next morning, the first bounced into the breakfast table was Biddy, with the exclamation—

"Be jabbers, I have got the devil!"

"What devil?" inquired her master.

"Why, the hall bed bug, that has been eating the children for the last twelve months."

Mrs. Miggins.—"How's your husband, dear?"

Mrs. Wiggins.—"Oh, he's in a bad state."

Mrs. M.—"What state, pray?"

Mrs. W.—"The State Prison."

A Dublin mercer, recommending a piece of silk to a lady for a gown, said—

"Madam, it will wear forever, and make a petticoat afterwards."

"Whatever a man saith, that shall he also reap." Then what a bountiful harvest of old coats and breeches the tailor will reap one of these days.

Have the courage to cut the most agreeable acquaintance you have, when you are convinced he lacks principle. A friend should bear with a friend's infirmities, but not with his vices.